North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 31. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 1, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

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OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

DENTISTRY.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S., of the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, the 1st TUESDAY and the 3rd TUESDAY of every month, staying two nights and the full day. Next visits, 6th and 20th Nov., and 4th and 18th Dec. A first-class and reliable thing expeditiously done in every department of the business, without any delays or disappointments. Vitalized air used, and the new local anaesthetic. Best fit of teeth filling, &c.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, PROP.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel. JAMES McCAW, Manager.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

NOTICE.

I HAVE several farms and small lots in the Township of Thurlow, for sale at reasonably low prices, that I will be glad to show to intending purchasers. Small payment down will be accepted.

HARFORD ASHLEY.

Belleville, August 3rd, 1888. 19-3m

HOUSE TO LET

IN the Village of Madoc. That desirable good brick house now occupied by Mr. Charles G. Wilson. It is well finished throughout, with bath-room and all modern conveniences. Possession given on or about the 1st of October. Apply to

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, August 4, 1888.

House and Lot for Sale.

PART of lot No. 3, in the 6th concession, immediately adjoining the corporation of Madoc village, containing 2 acres of land, frame house and barn, and a good well of water. Terms reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.

Madoc, May 1, 1888. 5-3m

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place and convenient to Eagle Lake.

For further particulars apply at the law office of the undersigned, Madoc.

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc. May 1st, 1888. 5 3m

GEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CLASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

GRAIN ! GRAIN !

HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH FOR GRAIN.

The North Hastings Warehouse

Is now open for buying and receiving all kinds of Grain, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.

ELDORADO ELEVATOR

will also be opened in a short time.

A. MILLER, Warehouseman.

Madoc, Aug. 31, 1888. 23-2m.

Palmer's Grocery.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INform the public that he has purchased the business of Mr. R. Beaton, Whytock's old corner, and will enlarge the same with a fine new stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CANNED GOODS, MEATS of all KINDS,

&c., &c. The usual stock still kept in my old stand, 3 doors south.

Ice Cream and Fruits in Season.

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

5 **A. PALMER.**

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards eceived and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits equired.

J. H. McCLELLAN,

MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

WHEAT WANTED.

We are now prepared to buy any quantity of wheat, for which we will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Madoc Roller Mills.

FRED. ROLLINS.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

LOT No. 11, east side of Russel street, in the village of Madoc, on which is a good comfortable double brick house, wilh all conveciences, is offered for sale on very reasonable and easy terms. Apply at

REVIEW Office, Madoc.

WEEKLY EMPIRE

CANADA'S LEADING PAPER.

(Height, 11 inches.)

THE EMPIRE since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal; but, in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every Farmer in the Dominion this fall, the Publishers have had prepared a Handsome and Life-like Bust of

SIR JOHN MACDONALD,

To be given to every subscriber to the WEEKLY EMPIRE PAYING ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ONLY $1 PER ANNUM.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto

COUNTY NEWS.

Norwood is to have a private bank.

Diptheria is about stamped out at Norwood.

Peterborough expects a new custom house next year.

Pie socials are raging furiously all through the district.

Hastings comes out resplendent with a new fire engine.

Renfrew and Hastings have both enjoyed a visitation from burglars.

Peterborough's police force, a chief and three men, weigh 780 pounds.

Typhoid fever of a malignant character at Big Springs, north of Stirling.

Dr. McCartney, of Bath, has raised a pumpkin weighing 101 pounds.

About twenty-five men are employed in the railway quarries at Foxboro.

The store of Stewart Bros., Harrowsmith, was burglarized to the tune of $250.

Alderman Falkiner, of Relleville, has raised a sunflower sixteen inches in diameter.

From a pailful of seed Mr. Scriver of Brighton, dug twenty-three bushels of potatoes.

Kingston clergymen are kicking against turning their pulpits into advertising agencies.

The new drill shed at Belleville, will cost $4, 000 and will be completed by the middle of November.

THE roads throughout the County are reported to be in a terrible condition, on account of so much rain.

Belleville next to St. John has in proportion to population more annexationists than any city in Canada.

Ghouls broke into Pine Grove vault Pittsburgh, and removed two bodies placed there for interment.

The presence of malarial and typhoid fevers is making Picton people agitate for a hospital in that town.

THE Rathbun Company will send a large force of men into the lumber district this winter, and some have already gone north to commence operations.

Napanee and other towns adjacent to Kingston are making their cemetery vaults doubly secure to guard against incursions of medical students.

The *Beaver* says that Edward McCaul West Napanee, has a second crop of potatos full grown off the same ground this year. The first crop was dug on the fourth of July, and the second was ripe two weeks ago.

MANY of the children of Campbellford and vicinity have been, and are at present, affected with symptoms of a complaint resembling diptheria. One case has proved fatal. The physicians are attending to a number of cases.

Mr. McNern, a man who lives east of Ashburnham and suffers with cancer in the throat, is said to have not eaten solid food for seven months. He has lived during that time entirely on liquids.

The largest pike ever known to have been captured in Canada was taken at Sturgeon Falls on Thursday, and sent to Toronto, where it is being preserved by the Natural History Society. It was 4 feet 8 inches in length, 2 feet in girth, and weighed 35 lbs.

While workmen were shovelling in the gravel pit on the Grand Junction Railway, a short distance east of Hastings, on Monday last, they unearthed a number of human skulls and bones. they are probably those of Indians who made the spot a burying ground before the land in that locality was peopled by the white settler.

Says the Campbellford *Herald*:—A gentleman who has been travelling about throughout the several townships of East Northumberland lately, informs us that he has not seen such a breadth of fall wheat sown in many years. It has been well put in, he remarks, and every crop is in a most promising condition, beyond almost the possibility of a complaint.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Skipped!

A Citizen Takes a Hurried Leave of the Town.

It is authoratively stated that a citizen of Madoc took a sudden departure a few days ago, neglecting to bid any of his old friends here good-bye. The fact that he has no intention of returning leaked out yesterday, as well as some of the causes therefor. It seems that he had become involved for considerable amounts to different business people of the place, and doubtless decided that the easiest way to pay old debts was to skip out, and he accordingly skipped. We understand that he converted as much of his property into cash as he could before leaving, as well as taking away some borrowed money with him. No doubt further particulars will come out in a few days.

On Trial for Their Lives.

THE TWO LOVELESSES ARRAIGNED FOR MURDER.

PICTON, Oct. 29.—The Prince Edward Fall Assizes opened here this afternoon, Justice Rose presiding. The great Smoke Point shooting case absorbs the interest of the public to the exclusion of every other. This case is now before the grand jury, and will probably come up to-morrow and perhaps not until Wednesday. Quite a large crowd was in attendance at the court this afternoon awaiting the commencement of the trial. To-night the subject of discussion in every hotel and public place is the tragic affair at Smoke Point on a Saturday last August, which resulted in the death of young Church and the commitment of the Lovelesses, father and son, to the county gaol, where they now lie. Smoke Point is at the extreme western end of Ameliasburg, jutting out into Weller's Bay. The John A. Bonter farm, which recently came into the possession of Reuben Young, who is also the owner of another large farm close by, is the scene of the tragedy. The Bonters and Churches are relatives. The Lovelesses worked the Smoke Point farm on shares for Reuben Young. They came there from a back township in Hastings last spring, although some twenty years ago they lived in Prince Edward. Since their advent at the Point, there has been bad blood between the Lovelesses, on the one hand, and the Bonters and Churches on the other. The feud went on from bad to worse until it culminated in the fatal row by which young Church lost his life and the Lovelesses were put on their trial for murder.

Farmers Prospering.

Farmers in Manitoba are making money fast. The Brandon *Sun* mentions the case of a farmer living in the vicinity of that town, who this year had an eighty-acre field of wheat which will realize $2,768. Placing his expenses at $7 per acre, and they will not be that, as he did most of the work without hired help, he will have a balance of $2,260, or a profit of $28 per acre. Another farmer living north of Alexander will clear in the neighborhood of $4,500 and sold his wheat at 90 cents per bushel.

Farley's Sentence Commuted

OTTAWA, Oct. 28.—The petitions for executive clemency recently presented to the Government by citizens of Philadelphia and Peterboro on behalf of the young man Farley, who was sentenced to death at the last Peterborough Assizes for murdering a fellow-employe in Howe's circus have been duly considered, and the Governor-General has approved of the recommendation of the Privy Council that the sentence, in view of extenuating circumstances and the youth of the prisoner, be commuted to penal servitude for life.

Messrs. Dun, Wiman & Co., report the number of failures in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland for the first three quarters of 1888 to be 1,256, with liabilities amounting to $11,482,239.

Cardigan overshoes at Roberts'. The only place in Madoc where they can be bought.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE GREAT EASTERN TO GO.

History of the Largest Steamship Ever Constructed—From the Very Beginning the Vessel was Unlucky and the Owners Lost Money.

After experiencing off the Isle of Man a few of her customary misadventures the Great Eastern has been brought from the Clyde to the Mersey, where, at Tranmere, the giant steamship is to be beached and broken up. In twelve months, it is promised she will have been entirely taken to pieces. So ends the "strange, eventful history" of the mammoth creation of Brunel and Scott Russell! It is little exaggeration to say that to thousands of newspaper readers the information that the Great Eastern is to be broken up has come home just a trifle sadly. They have no pecuniary interest in shipping, and may never have had any; they may never have gone "down to the sea in ships;" they may never have seen the Great Eastern; but all the same the news of the end of her course and her impending destruction brings the shadows of regret.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The Great Eastern was certainly conceived under luckless stars. With the exception of the short interval during which the great vessel was employed for the laying down of the Atlantic and other cables, her existence has been one long chapter of disaster, disappointment and general failure. Scarcely any example of modern ingenuity has become so completely, or on so gigantic a scale, a money-devouring white elephant. Fortunes have again and again been sunk in the Great Eastern, and dividends in connection with her have hardly ever been heard of. Many of us are too young to remember the building of the great ship that was to revolutionize ocean travelling. It was in 1852 that the Eastern Steam Navigation Company was started to provide a steam route to the East via the Cape; and the next year the directors, having come to the conclusion that the cost of maintaining coaling stations along the route would prevent the venture paying if a ship could not be obtained big enough to carry an amount of coal sufficient both for the outward and the home voyages, and to accommodate a large number of passengers and a very heavy cargo, commissioned Mr. Scott Russell to build a mamoth steamship that would meet all the demands that could be made upon her.

They set to work. What they produced was the largest steamship in the world, as the following detailed figures will show:

Length	692 feet
Breadth	83 feet
Depth at the side	58 feet
Depth in the hole	24 feet
Tonnage, builders' measurement	22,927 tons
Tonnage, registered, including engine space	18,914 tons
Stowage for cargo	6,000 tons
Coal bunkers' capacity	10,000 tons
Draught of water, loaded	30 feet
Horse-power of paddle engines, nominal	1,000
Horse-power of screw engines, nominal	1,600
Horse-power of paddle engines, indicated	3,976
Horse-power of screw engines, indicated	3,976
Number of cylinders, paddle	4
Number of cylinders, screw	4
Diameter of cylinders, paddle	6 ft. 2 in.
Diameter of cylinders, screw	7 ft.
Daily coal consumption, paddle	123 tons
Daily coal consumption, screw	180 tons
Total coal consumption	303 tons
Pitch of screw	44 feet
Number of blades of screw	4 feet
Weight of screw	36 tons
Iron in hull	6,250 tons
Woodwork	2,500 tons
Weight of anchors (10) and cables	253 tons

GENERAL DIMENSIONS.

About 10,000 iron plates, weighing each about one-third of a ton, were used, each plate being fastened by 100 rivets. The number of rivets used was therefore 3,000,000. There were 5 funnels 100 feet high by 6 in diameter, and 6 masts, 5 of iron, and 7,000 yards of sail provided for them. Most of the masts and spars were iron and the shrouds and rigging were of iron wire rope. The united length of chain cables was a mile, the links weighing 50 pounds each. One or two of the 10 anchors weighed 10 tons apiece. There were 20 boats. The paddle-boats were 56 feet in diameter by 13 feet deep and had each 30 strokes. The original plan provided for the accommodation of 800 saloon passengers, 2,000 second-class passengers, 1,400 third-class passengers, 400 officers and crew, or 5,000 emigrants or troops.

USED AS A TROOP SHIP.

The Great Eastern was, by November, 1857, in readiness for launching. From 1854 to 1857 building operations were carried on whenever the company's treasury had money in it, for again and again all resources were exhausted. When her launching was attempted she declined to launch. Her immense bulk of 12,000 tons stuck on the ways upon which it rested, and it required three months' planning and tugging and the expenditure of some £60,000 to get her into the water. She had been built with her broadside to the water, with the notion that it would be a dangerous matter to launch so long a ship stern foremost. At length she was floated, and her works put in as fast as her owners could furnish money—which required a year and three-quarters more. Ready at last, her directors decided upon a trial trip to America. It was begun but never accomplished. When the great vessel was passing Hastings, Sept. 8, 1859, a steam pipe explosion occurred; seven persons were killed and several injured, and the voyage was ended almost before it had begun. Expensive repairs and lawsuits filled up the time until June 17, 1860, when from Southampton the transatlantic voyage was again attempted. It was successful. New York was reached in eleven days. Further trips were made, but neither the cargo nor the number of passengers was sufficient to meet even current expenses, and the owners only lost more and more money. In the winter of 1861, when troubles arose with the States, the Government obtained the services of the Great Eastern to convey several battalions of guards to Canada. So far as the comfort of the 2,000 passengers was concerned, the voyage was everything that could be desired. But troops were not always requiring conveyance; there were never enough voyagers to the States there was no paying employment to be got, and the company plunged deeper and deeper into debt. No passage to Australia was ever attempted. There were few ports to which the Great Eastern could go.

CONVERTED INTO A TELEGRAPH SHIP.

It was a godsend to the mammoth monstrosity's owners when the Telegraph-Construction and Maintenance Company wanted to lay a second cable between Ireland and America in place of the previously laid one, that had snapped, and accepted its services for the duty. The passenger accommodation was ruthlessly torn out and three great tanks were built in the fore, middle and aft holds from fifty to sixty feet in diameter, and the 4,000 tons of cable coils were placed in them. In July, 1865, the Great Eastern steamed out of Valentia, Aug. 2 the cable snapped, on account of the strain imposed on it, and sank 2,000 fathoms down, 1,064 miles from Ireland. For a week, with a grappel and a five-mile rope, the last cable was dredged for, but unsuccessfully, and all the available apparatus for dragging with having been either broken or lost in the attempt, the Great Eastern returned to England, leaving almost all its 4,000 tons of cable at the bottom of the Atlantic. In July, 1866, she set forth again with a new cable, and accompanied by three auxiliary steamers. On the 27th she reached Newfoundland, having succeeded in rejoining America and "the old country" by electric wire. This good work done, the Great Eastern laid up at Heart's Content till the next summer, when, proceeding to mid-Atlantic, she dredged for a little more than two weeks for the formerly lost cable, and had at length the luck, after many slips, of fishing it up. Joining the recovered end to the portion in her hold, the great vessel steamed back, and by Sept. 8, 1866, had stretched her second cable from Ireland to Newfoundland.

USED AS A SHOW SHIP.

These cables laid, the owners of the Great Eastern were again in the sad condition of having a gigantic steamer on their hands, which, as the lesser of two evils, they must perforce maintain in idleness. In 1867 a party of speculators came to their rescue with a scheme of refitting Brunel's monster ship as a passenger-carrying vessel, and employing her to convey visitors to the Paris International Exposition from New York to Havre and back again. At great cost the transformation was effected, but the crowd of visitors that had been expected to cross the Atlantic in the big steamship did not put in an appearance, and neither profit for the speculators nor pay for the sailors or engineers was realized. In the evil fortunes of the Great Eastern there was a break down when, in 1868, the cable-laying company that had formerly borrowed her took the vessel over for further prosecution of the work in which she had been alone successful. The passenger fittings were once more removed and the tanks were again put in, and from 1868 till somewhat recent years the Great Eastern laid cables in the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, across the Indian Ocean, in the Red Sea and from Europe to Brazil, as well as other important lines. But there is an end to cable laying, as to most things, and latterly the leviathan, degraded to the condition of a mere hulk, has sunk to the work of a "show ship." A firm of provincial universal providers started a £20,000 company at Liverpool, and had the Great Eastern brought around in May, 1886, to the Mersey, were filled with conjurer, entertainments, concert-rooms, and penny shows, she managed to realize a good round sum for her temporary owners.

CHANGES OF NAME BUT NOT OF FORTUNE.

From Liverpool, when her novelty had worn off, the mammoth was conducted to Dublin. Thence, brought, it was said, by the London and Australian Steamship Company for £26,000, she was sent north to the Clyde. There, it was rumored, she was to be refitted with new machinery, at a cost of £120,000, in order to be converted into "a first class passenger and cargo steamer." Apparently her owners have thought better of their intention, if it was really ever entertained, for we have heard no more of the Great Eastern till the tug Stormcock has brought her from Scotland to Tranmere, that she might be broken up for old iron. While lying at Dublin, it was declared that she was enormously strong, that she had been thoroughly overhauled and repainted, and that she possessed a Board of Trade certificate of seaworthiness. As this is but a short time since, it would seem that the Great Eastern, though she has at last ignominiously fallen into the hands of the wholesale marine-store dealer, and is to be torn in pieces in his yards, is not even now the battered derelict hulk that she might possibly be popularly pictured.

It may be of interest to add that throughout her long, eventful career the marine Frankenstein has sought fortune under other names than that of the Great Eastern; she has been known as Leviathan, as the Great Ship and again as the Great Eastern. By this last and present title she will, though smashed up into waste iron and effectually removed out of existence, be remembered for some years to come, apart altogether from her interesting record in the chronicles of shipping, by the wellknown "Floating City" of Jules Verne. The clever Amiens romancer made, as will be remembered, the Great Eastern the subject of one of not the least interesting among his armful of wonderful books for boys.

Log Cabin Success.

What ails the young men?

Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury; he received a splendid education with an especial training into a thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king.

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father, bred a stone mason, was of gigantic size and strength, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the log cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation and exciting pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective, and which leave no poison in the system, develop brawny, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

STATISTICS.

The principal fishing grounds of Newfoundland, the Grand Banks, are 600 miles long and about 200 wide with a bottom of shifting sands.

Striking was one of the principal occupations of the labourers of the United States in 1887. The total number of strikes for the year was 858, involving 340,854 labourers.

Excluding the islands, the area of Africa may be estimated at about 11,000,000 square miles. There at the most only 4,500,000 that are not more or less directly attached to some European power. Of these 4,500,000 some 2,300,000 are occupied by the unattached Sahara.

Wood fibre for paper is manufactured in 21 States of the American Union. The capital employed is about £4,000,000; number of men employed, 22,000; tons of fibre made, 225,000 ground wood and 112,000 chemical wood, value £2,475,000; cost of wood on the stump, £247,000, and the remainder of the cost largely labour. In Maine alone there are 84,000 lb. of ground wood fibre and 188,000 lb. of chemical wood fibre made daily.

The total area of Europe laid out in forest —exclusive of Turkey, Bulgaria, Bosnian and Herzegovina—is about 708,862,000,000 acres; that is, about 18·7 per cent. of the total area of Europe is forest-land. In proportion to its total area, Great Britain and Ireland has of all countries in Europe the least extent of forest, amounting to only 4 per cent. of its surface, and, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, enjoys by far the least allotment of forest, amounting to only 0·089, acre—*i. e.*, considerably less than the tenth of an acre to each inhabitant.

The population of the Russian Empire in 1884-85 amounted to 109,000,000, the male sex slightly exceeding the female. The density of population was as follows—19·3 per verst (about two-thirds of an English mile) for the fifty governorships of European Russia, 71·4 for Poland, 17·9 for the Caucasus, 0·4 for Siberia, 1·8 for Central Asia, and 7·6 for Finland. There were 1,300 towns and 524,000 other inhabited localities. Four towns contained a population exceeding 200,000, nine more than 100,000, and twenty-three over 50,000. The annual total of births averages 3,400,000. The death total is 2,500,000. In 1885 there were 867 hositals in towns, with 47,000 beds, and 800 country hospitals, with 11,000 beds, not included lunatic asylums, of which there are 77, with 15,000 inmates. More than 11,000,000 sick persons were supplied with medicine.

Subdued.

There is nothing like the presence of a real lady to keep a company of rough men in order. She may not be handsome, she may not be richly dressed, nor highly educated, but unless the men are very low indeed, her presence will be more effective than any policeman. A little scene described by a late religious paper is one which might happen almost anywhere, for, in spite of rough exterior, most Canadian men are gentlemen.

A group of men was sitting in a railroad station, smoking and exchanging the remarks commonly heard in such resorts. The men were of several grades of society, but most of them were of the hard-laboring classes, coarsely dressed, with hands roughened by toil, and, what was worse, hearts and minds seamed with the rude associations which seem to be almost inseparable from a life of hard manual labor. Their conversation was coarse, and sometimes it bordered on the vulgar and profane.

Suddenly from the open window of the ticket office came the low, musical tones of a woman's voice singing an old familiar hymn. In a moment, as if by magic, the conversation was hushed, and the men listened, looking silently at each other until the verse was ended.

For the moment the rough men were completely subdued. No more vulgar jokes were heard; in fact, no one seemed to care to renew the conversation. One by one the men departed, and left the singer in occupation of the field which she had fairly won.

Bad Times in Cochin China.

Things are not improving in the French colony of Cochin China. Merchants, both Chinese and French, are failing in all directions, and for the six months up to the end of June the revenue had fallen off to the tune of nearly £250,000. The Governor has accordingly had to stop the making of roads, the building of bridges, and other public works; and his action is making the state of affairs still worse, as it has thrown so many coolies and Chinese out of work. No wonder, then, that M. Constans is anxious that Floquet should accept his resignation. If the Premier does this, it is suggested he should send in the place of M. Constans as Governor-General the present active and not too scrupulous French President-General at Madagascar, M. le Myre de Vilers.

When very large areas of the atmosphere have been by excess of heat brought into an unequal state, as large areas of lower stratum of highly-heated air and vapor, which is also intensely electric, the conditions to produce sandspouts, waterspouts, and tornadoes are fully ripe. The upper and colder layers of the atmosphere cannot cool the lower highly-heated and vapor-laden stratum so evenly and quickly as to prevent vents in the form of funnels forming from the lower stratum to the higher stratum, and causing a rupture which takes place upwards in a pipe-form, just as water in a tank or basin, having a bottom means for discharge by a pipe, flows out with a whirling motion—in our northern hemisphere, always in the direction of the hands of a clock—and so the heated, highly electric, and excessively vapour-laden atmosphere breaks into the cold atmosphere above. When at the level of the "dew-point," invisible vapour becomes visible, parting with its latent heat, which so rarefies the air as to force some of the condensed atmosphere in visible clouds, mounting thousands of feet above the condensing dew-point and into a region above the highest peaks of the highest mountains.

AGRICULTURAL.

FAILURE OF THE WHEAT CROP IN DAKOTA.

Two days after my report of Aug. 16th, we had a heavy frost all through the Red River valley, which has done an untold damage, and thousands of acres of wheat are not worth harvesting. Some farmers are plowing the straw under, and others are burning it off, and the larger portion that has been cut will little more than pay expenses. Some who have threshed and taken a load to market as it came from the threshing machine, got 40c. per bushel, and were docked 20 pounds per bushel. Nine-tenths of the wheat raised in the West is sold as it comes from the threshing machine. There were some sections that escaped the frost, and even some farms escaped, while all around them were damaged. One farm in my neighborhood on which we raised last year over five thousand bushels, this year produced on the same land seven hundred bushels that will not stand grade.

I have just returned from the Territorial fair held at Grand Forks, and while there conversed with farmers from all parts of Northern Dakota and Northern Minnesota and Manitoba, and all agree that their different sections of country are damaged to an extent that is not yet known, and will not be until after the threshing season is over. Two months ago Manitoba claimed she would have 30,000,000 bushels of wheat for export; it is now thought she may have 10,000,000 bushels. Northern Dakota's prospects before the frost were good for 40,000,000 bushels for export. If we export one-quarter that amount now it will be the outside figure. Still farmers are pushing forward fall ploughing, and back-setting the new summer's breaking, as if nothing had happened to this season's crop. We must go forward; we cannot stop—wheat is our great staple for export, and should we be favored with a good crop next season, we will astonish the world with the number of bushels we will send to the seaboard from Northwest. Many farmers now acknowledge that we must go more into diversified farming. We cannot afford to take such fearful chances and have all swept away at one blow.

We have very fine weather here just now for threshing and all kinds of farm work.

CARE OF SHEEP.

Mr Editor:—There are but few places where sheep have no enemies, although each State or locality has its peculiar enemy. Iowa has its share, such as dogs, wolves, grub in head, tapeworm, and so on. I think there is little excuse for men letting scab or foot-rot damage the sheep in Iowa, and by using pine tar in troughs and on the nose of sheep once a week during July and August, the grub in the head can be greatly reduced. But the tapeworm often gets a hold on our lambs in July when we are busy with haying, and especially in rainy weather. When fungus is rusting wheat and timothy, the sheep undoubtedly eat the eggs. This is the third time in fifteen years that my sheep have suffered much loss from this source. I find it no new thing, however, for in Indiana and Illinois sheep men often have to put their sheep in dry lots or in a brush patch and feed oats or also lose half the lambs. In most cases the lamb scours. I have used copperas mixed with their salt, also wood ashes and sulphur, with good effect. Where it can be obtained, the male fern found in bottom timber, boiled into a strong tea and mixed with tannin of any kind, is excellent, but in all cases change of pasture is necessary and a brush pasture is the best. How greedily they devour oak or hazel leaves for a few days after leaving blue grass or timothy pasture.

Charliale, Iowa. ANDREW HASTIE.

A NEW SWINDLE.

A sleek chap is taking in the staid Pennsylvania farmers with a new scheme, or rather a new form of an old one. He agrees to furnish seventy-five pear and seventy-five plum trees, enough for one acre, or he will furnish quince trees and grape vines enough for part of an acre for $125 and contract to take the fruit for five or ten years at the rate of five cents per pound for the grapes and $2.50 per bushel for pears, plums and quinces, the purchaser giving his note without interest for one year, renewing it the second year without interest, but paying three per cent. interest the third year.

He is said to be catching plenty of farmers on this bare hook, but none who will stop to think that they are paying four times the cost of the trees to begin with, that they are giving a negotiable note which will pass speedily into the hands of the "innocent purchaser" at a heavy shave, and that the agent is in no sense bound by the contract. It is the Bohemian oats scheme over again. When will farmers learn that it is not safe to sign any kind of a note or contract at the solicitation of entire strangers?

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Here is one man's experience. He says: "I got more eggs last year from twelve pure Leghorns, than I did from eighteen common hens."

Sow a "patch" of rye; it will furnish green food for the fowls this fall, next winter when the snow happens to be off, and in the spring before the grass starts.

Envy has a mean shipirit, but if my neighbor's cabbages vhas bigger ash mine, it vhas natural dot I vhas glad. If his baby vhas cross-eyed.—Carl Dunder.

Many recommend sheep for feeding in orchards rather than swine. They leave no safe cover for insects to breed, and will keep the orchard healthy and the trees manured.

The average life of the city horse is said to be six years. In view of the enormous number of horses used in cities, it is no wonder the demand for good ones is so large and steady.

Wheat bran, being light, apparently has but little value, yet a ton of it contains forty-seven pounds of nitrogen and over sixty pounds of phosphoric acid, with a large proportion of potash.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper, should consider well whether he would not make more money by making the land he has deeper and richer.

Chicks from a cross between Light Brahmas and White Leghorns make fine broilers at ten or twelve weeks. In these, as in crosses between the large and the small breeds, the male bird should be of the smaller breed.

Corn, when in silk and tassel, ordinarily yields both honey and pollen in good quantities. The honey is of fair quality. In some localities and seasons it has been the sole honey-producer upon which bees could work in the fall, and build up for winter.

The coming law which our farmers will support almost to a man, will require the owner of a dog to give bonds to the amount of $1,000 for the good behavior of the cur, on which bond he may be sued for all damage to life or property which his worthless animal may cause.

Hon. Lafayette Funk, of Shirley, Ill., has succeeded in getting a calf from a buffalo bull upon a grade Short-horn cow. This cross has been very successfully made, we believe, by the great buffalo breeder, Jones, of Southern Kansas, although the reverse cross, has, we believe, usually failed.

A lousy chicken will not grow. Examine them, searching especially about the top of the head and under the wings. A little Persian, Dalmatian or Carbolic insect powder, dry sulphur, fresh lard or sweet cream will be found useful. As you dust the chickens the lice will "get up and dust."

Practical tests go to show that late-sown oats make a capital winter mulch for strawberry-beds. Clean the beds of weeds and sow oats on them in time to make about six inches growth before winter weather kills them down. They do not blow off; they hold the snow and protect the plants, and in Spring help to keep the berries clean.

Two Lions In a Tunnel.

An exciting Montana story is told in the Minneapolis *Tribune* by Station-agent Brown of the Northern Pacific Railroad, describing a night's adventure in the great Mullan Tunnel, in the spring of 1888.

It was Brown's "watch off" that night, and he was preparing to sleep at the station when "Jim," the tunnel-walker on duty, rushed in, the picture of fright, gasping out, "There's some kind of a critter in that tunnel that cries like a baby—and, howly St. Patrick, what a yell!"

Agent Brown went to the tunnel, and coaxed his courageous big dog Tip to go in and investigate. The dog's courage cost him his life. A minute after he disappeared, there was a chorus of frightful yells, and—that was the last of poor Tip!

Satisfied that there were mountain-lions in the tunnel, and impressed with the idea that they must be got out before the midnight passenger-train came along, the agent collected all the force he could command, and prepared to hunt the "varmints." Brown and his "section crew" together numbered seven men, reinforced by several dogs, and the arms of the party were a shotgun and two rifles, and four revolvers.

Lighted by three huge torches made of oily cotton-waste, they crept into the darkness of the tunnel, and slowly advanced, until the dogs stopped and whined. Peering ahead through the gloom, the men soon saw four fiery eyes. What happened next is told in Agent Brown's own words:

"I kept the torch-carriers in front, for I was certain they would run after the first fire, for they had nothing but pistols.

"'Now, boys, be steady, just as if you were firing at a mark for fun, and you men with the torches, don't move back when we fire; hold your ground, for your life depends on it. I'll take those two eyes on the left, you men those on the right; shoot square to hit between the balls of fire, and the battle's over. I'll give the order. All ready! One, two, fire!'

"One of the brutes gave a death yell, but the other didn't, and, with the courage of the guns behind them, the noble dogs rushed in.

"The fight was on in an instant. I knew the dogs could only get killed, and I also knew well if the fight began to approach us, my entire force of hunters, torches and all, would desert. Whatever was done had to be done in a moment, or both brutes might be upon us.

"'Now, boys, quick! All take aim at that mass of dogs and lions, and blaze away!'

"Three pistols and two rifles answered. The fight wasn't over yet, but was getting weak. 'Give it to 'em again, boys!' and all hands responded.

"'Now, boys, advance slow; there is no particular danger now, unless we get too close to their claws.' It was fully five minutes before I could get the torches up close enough to see that the dogs and lions were all dead or fatally hurt."

A hand-car was brought as soon as possible, and the dead lions and dogs were piled upon it, and the men had the track clear in ample time for the midnight train to pass.

Money to Elections.

In answer to a correspondent who asks what becomes of the money contributed for campaign purposes the New York "Herald" says:—Money is required for many purposes. In no canvass has so much been expended as in the present, so much betting, so many urgent and continuous appeals for money. Some goes to the purchase and dissemination of tracts and caricatures, some to keep up starving newspapers, a great deal for beer! Money sends eloquent statesmen to the village country groceries to whoop things up and arouse the masses. This means beer—and beer costs money. Then lamps, banners uniforms, medals, music, and more beer—all to be paid for. Champagne at the various headquarters, cigars and extras, hacks (by the hour), flowers, unlimited beer—and of course the more money the more beer. Little of this money is stolen, we believe, although Colonel George Bliss had startling theories to the contrary four years ago. The election would go on just as well without the money, but there would not be so much beer, nor so many idle statesmen howling around bar rooms. It is not a bad thing to have this money in circulation. The boys have only a chance in four years at unlimited beer, and so we advise liberal subscriptions. After the elections moral reflections upon money in elections would be in order, but just now there is so much fun on hand that one does not care to be the mummy at the Egyptian feast. By-and-bye—after election!

A Druggist's Customers.

An uptown druggist took stock of his customers for two hours one day last week and they were as follows: Six to see the directory, four to use the telephone, five for postage stamps, three to enquire for persons living in the neighborhood, one for five cents' worth of sal-volatile powders, and one whiskey detective who wanted more than the legal quantity of whiskey. The druggist is delighted with the locality; he considers it a very healthy and friendly neighborhood.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The Kingston mills have cleared over $3,000 on the recent wheat deal.

The Kingston car works are at present very busy, and are employing 200 men.

The Toronto Zoological Society has been declared insolvent and an interim liquidator appointed to wind up the estate.

Suspecting the extensive adulteration of baking powders, the Department of Inland Revenue has called for samples for analysis.

Toronto University baseball enthusiasts propose to send a team next spring to play against teams of Yale and Harvard Universities.

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's Society was held in Toronto, when it was decided to erect a statue in Toronto to the memory of Burns.

The Kingston Board of Trade urges that the Government should increase the depth of water in the Rideau canal to prevent traffic being diverted from that route.

The right of a civic corporation to tax churches and schools in the Province of Quebec for local improvements will probably be settled at the present session of the Supreme Court.

Prof. Ellis, of the School of Practical Science, has completed his analysis of the candy and of the viscera of the child Meta Cherry, of Galt, and found strychnine present in large quantities.

At Montreal on Monday the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of Caso, accused of murder at Cotsan Landing. Jacobs, the Caughnawaga wife-killer, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The National line steamer Queen, on the 5th inst., in a fog off the banks of Newfoundland, ran down the French fishing schooner Magdeline, cutting her in two. Twenty of the crew of the schooner were drowned.

Captain Creighton, of the Salvation Army, was fined $20 and costs by the Police Magistrate at Kingston for obstructing the streets, the ruling of the court being that the army has no right to stop on the streets. Notice of appeal was given.

A series of naval and military manœuvre took place off Halifax to test the practicability of the capture of the city. By a brilliant feint on the part of the attacking ships the land forces were thrown off their guard, and the enemy effected a landing on Macdab's Island.

Mr. Mung Koon, merchant, of Montreal, who was naturalized as a British subject in 1886 and has resided in Canada for five years, is very indignant because the United States authorities will not allow him to proceed to New York to attend to his business. He is anxious to test the case in the law courts if that is possible.

The Board of Regents of Victoria University and the Advisory Committee of the General Conference met again in Toronto on Monday, and decided to erect a group of college buildings instead of one large university buildings and that the work of construction of three buildings be commenced as soon as $100,000 is paid into the treasurer's friends.

After hearing counsel representing the Canadian Pacific railway, the Fuller estate, and the city of Toronto, Mr. Pope on Saturday decided to make the order expropriating certain water lots for the railway. It is proposed that the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk have a union station in Toronto, and use each other's lines. York and Simcoe streets are to be carried over the railway tracks, and a splendid roadway is to be built along the Windmill line.

AMERICAN.

It is estimated that the recent disastrous accident will cost the Lehigh Valley railway half a million to settle with the relatives of the dead and injured.

In accordance with an arrangement made between the Chicago strikers and President Yerkes, the car traffic was resumed on the West side on Saturday morning.

General Master Workman Powderly has a letter in this week's Philadelphia "Journal of United Labour" indignantly denouncing the manipulation of corners in food.

A man named Jules Kolberger was arrested in Chicago on Thursday for throwing suspicious-looking cones on the street car track. An examination of these cones shows that they are the most violent explosives ever found by the Chicago police.

A young man moving in good society in East Saginaw, when arrested a few days ago charged with robbing his employer, pleaded that while under the influence of morphine he remembered the safe combination and took the money. A hard-hearted court committed him for trial notwithstanding the ingenuity of his excuse.

A terrible railway accident occurred on the Lehigh Valley railway near Mud Run station, Pa., on Wednesday night. A large excursion party was being carried home in trains following each other at short intervals. One of these trains ran into another with disastrous effect. Fifty-five persons were killed outright. The number of wounded is very large, probably amounting to 500, with 150 of that number seriously injured.

Dr. Alfred Williams, coloured pastor of the Antioch coloured church in Edgewood, some time ago formed a co-operative store among the parishioners, and acted as storekeeper. Dissensions soon arose, and the store was put into the hands of receivers. The other morning the preacher was found in the woods with over a hundred buckshot wounds in his body, inflicted by members of his congregation. He will die.

FOREIGN.

It is stated that the Italian Government are unearthing a huge conspiracy.

The Holy Office has sent a letter to the Bishops of France condemning cremation.

The Nile has fallen thirty inches in a week, and the water is now lower than ever known before.

Twenty-five persons were killed by the explosion of a gun at a village festival near Madras yesterday.

The excitement on the African coast is subsided, and the tribes are continuing to resist the Germans.

There is stated to be a cordial understanding between Germany and England on the Zanzibar question.

Emperor William has presented to the Pope a gold snuff-box set with jewels, with his own portrait in the middle.

Cholera is still raging in Hong Kong, where the daily average of new cases ranges from forty to fifty, most of whom die.

The *Borsen Zeitung*, published in Berlin, saddles the "jealous, mischief-making English" with the Zanzibar trouble.

Mukhar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner in Egypt, fears that Suakim will fall into the hands of the rebels.

Russians are buying extensive tracts of land in Palestine for the purpose of increasing their religious establishments.

The Government of Morocco persist in their refusal to salute the Portuguese flag and the dispute is becoming acute.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mr. P. Mahoney, M. P. for North Meath, for inciting tenants not to pay rent.

It is reported that Russia has signed a secret treaty with Corea, giving her commercial advantages over other nations.

The Dean of Winchester and a number of other English clergymen have contributed to the fund for the relief of evicted families in Ireland.

It is stated that Germany, without directly intervening in the Tunisian question, will recommend the French Government to settle the matter.

A disastrous flood occurred near Fang Shan Hsein, in the vicinity of Perkin, on August 13, which drowned more than ten thousand persons.

The Pope is making arrangements for the holding of a consistory, at which he will deliver an allocution concerning the visit of Emperor William.

Herr Schoforn, the Austrian Minister of Justice, is in favour of the union of Bohemia and Moravia as a separate kingdom, with complete Home Rule.

Twenty thousand Yorkshire colliers have notified their employers that they will strike unless they are conceded a ten per cent. increase in their wages.

This week Hamburg and Bremen surrender most of their privileges as free Hanse towns and become incorporated in the general German Customs system.

Emperor William decorated Signor Crispi on Saturday with the order of the Black Eagle, saying that nobody deserved it more than the Indian diplomat.

M. Floquet, the French Prime Minister, introduced a bill for the revision of the constitution in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday, amid the applause of the Left.

The French Government have issued an order forbidding the reception of foreign officers in the military colleges of France, and also forbidding their service in the army.

It is understood Empress Frederick has postponed her English visit until after Prof. Gefincke's trial, as she is resolved to remain in Berlin to prevent the suggestion that she ran away.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* challenges the German authorities to carry out the threat of instituting proceedings to prevent the publication in London of the late Emperor Frederick's tyranny.

Speaking at Leeds on Wednesday night Lord Rosebery said that if England wished to retain her colonies she must admit them to a larger share in promoting the influence of England in foreign affairs.

Cardinal Moran, in sending £50 to the Parnell fund, said that he desired to add his mite to enable the Irish party to defend itself from the vile aspersions the enemies of Ireland have sought to cast upon her.

Daniel Goulding, formerly a warden in Tullamore gaol, has been arrested on a charge of perjury in having deposed that he had maltreated John Mandeville while in prison by order of the Governor of the gaol.

It is stated that Drs. Bergmann and Gerhardt will bring actions for libel in the English courts against Dr. Mackenzie for the statements made in his book regarding their treatment of the late Emperor Frederick.

The Berlin semi-official papers abuse Dr. Mackenzie's book in unmeasured terms, and the police are seizing it on sight, while the doctors under accusation retort by saying that Dr. Mackenzie is grossly ignorant of medicine, both as to diagnosis and treatment.

The latest dispatches from Zanzibar report that the natives on the coast and in the interior are in full revolt against the Europeans. They have stopped many caravans, forbidden all Englishman entering the country and are determined to resist the further landing of Germans on the seaboard.

The famous toad which was dug out alive from a stratum of clay belonging to the glacial period died at the end of three days. A local surgeon cut a slit across the membrane which closed the toad's mouth, in order to feed it, and the poor batrachian had not enough vitality to bear the operation. Much interest is manifested in the toad, which has been preserved in alcohol in the Greenock Museum.

A Sharp Aberdonian.

Dr. J., late of Aberdeen, was a man of pawky humor, and one of the most inveterate "beggars" for charitable purposes who ever got up a subscription list. He called one morning on a wealthy merchant in Aberdeen whom he had successfully canvassed on more than one occasion, and, having recounted the misfortunes of a widow whose husband had been killed by a fall from the cliff, asked for a cheque on her behalf. "Well, doctor," said the merchant "I'll give you the sum you ask for on on one condition, namely; that you'll allow me inscribe on your tombstone the words, 'And it came to pass the beggar died.'" "Willingly," replied the doctor, with a laugh, "But you must add the rest of the verse, 'And was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'"

How He Knew It.

The Boston "Herald" says:—After the parade the other day a well-known Bostonian, who is unfortunate in having a face calculated to stop a clock, approached an officer of the cadets in a patronizing sort of way and said:—I saw your company to-day, old man. It looked very well, very well, indeed." "It was just as we turned into Commonwealth avenue, was it not?" asked the officer. "Yes, but how did you know? Did you see me?" "No," said the officer, "but I noticed the company shied at that point."

Must Everything Fade?

BY ROSA BYANGELYN ANDRE.

"Must everything fade and grow old?" I smiled,
As I turned to answer the beautiful child,
With her wide gray eyes and her wonderful hair—
A cloud of light with its sun-tints rare.

"Yes, darling," I said, "in this world of ours,
From the baby birds and the baby flowers,
The song must slip and the blossom must fall,
And the boys and the girls grow strong and tall!"

"But I do not want to grow old," she said,
And the smile I loved from the quick tears fled;
So I gathered her close in my arms and sought
To comfort the pain that my words had brought.

"You will never grow old, my precious one,
There is one sweet thing since the world began
That hath known no age; 'neath the stars above,
All treasures of earth grow old, except Love.

"And you are Love and the poets all say
Love is young and must fair and sweet alway;
And so my wee darling can never be
Or ugly, or old, she is Love, you see!"

I kissed her bright hair, and her eyes and chin,
Till the tears fain must let the sunshine in,
And sent her to play, the pet lamb of the fold;
I heard her sing "I shall never grow old!"

Ah me! All my hungering heart is stirred
With the memory now of each love-taught word!
That day all unwitting I spoke the truth—
My beautiful Love hath eternal Youth!

Kiss Her and Tell Her So.

BY LILLIE SHELDON.

You've a little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you'd wish to see;
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
And fond as wife can be;
A genuine home-loving woman,
Nor caring for fuss and show,—
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As, likewise, your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cosy home nest, John,
A haven of rest below,—
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know,
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding-stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other mind go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first, John,
'Twill be comfort amid your woe,
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

The Night.

BY T. FERGUSON.

How beautiful the Night is when the golden stars are shining
And the world is full of restfulness and dreams,
When the hearts that have been broken in the struggle cease repining,
And the moon in all her silent glory gleams!

You can catch the silv'ry babble of the busy brook untroubled,
And the murmur of the ocean to the shore:
You can hearken to the night-bird till the melody seems doubled
Of all the day's sweet singers sang before.

You can almost think you listen to the breathing of the roses
While the faint wind flings their fragrance in your face,
And the dim and dewy gardens where each sleeping flow'r reposes
Are full of nameless quietude and grace.

And, if—as is my fancy I can picture you—as lovers
You walk and talk together hand in hand,
You will find how half Love's tenderness the Night alone discovers,
And all his gracious secrets understand.

With words of holy passion you will paint your love immortal
As the starry lights above you; you will see,
With souls grown keen of vision, all that lies beyond the portal
That hides the deeper ecstasies to be.

Many gifts the bounteous Giver to His glorious world has given—
Warmth and beauty, and the sun's unshadowed light—
But the purest and divinest of the joys that fall from Heaven
Are the stillness and the sweetness of the Night

Changes in Bible Lands.

A writer in the New York *Independent* gives some interesting illustrations of the rapid changes that are taking place in Syria and Palestine. The old is everywhere giving place to the new. "Western ideas and methods are coming in with resistless push." Customs which have doubtless clung to those historic lands for 2,000 years are one after another dropping out of sight forever. The writer in question, Mr. Henry W. Hulbert, thinks it a moderate statement to say that the last twenty-five years have seen more transformations in this part of the East than the many centuries which have gone before, and urges that something should soon be done to photograph, for the benefit of future generations, the old life and ways which will soon exist only in memory. As one instance, Mr. Hulbert says that twenty-five years ago all the older women of the Druze sect wore a long silver or tin horn on the head, covered with a veil, which also enveloped the face with the exception of one eye. But during the last two years he has visited every section of the Lebanon range inhabited by Druzes and has never seen a "horned woman." Not only so, but a long search in Syria recently failed to find such a horn for a gentleman who wished it for an American museum, and the agent had finally to have one manufactured at Beirut for the purpose. A lady friend of Mr. Hulbert's who lately attended a Druze wedding at Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, found the bride dressed in the latest Parisian fashions. Another illustration of the change going on is the recent erection by a wealthy German of a new mill for grinding grain near the Damascus gate of Jerusalem. This mill, imported from Manchester, England, contains the latest improved apparatus and is run by gas generated from petroleum. There is every indication that the old handmills, which date from Bible days, will soon be entirely superseded, as will also the time-honoured method of threshing grain by driving cattle round and round the threshing-floor.

A Legal Story.

A prominent legal firm in Boston which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment, who was accustomed to liberal charges, thought was too high. He therefor took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with $10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill."

The Caribou on Ice.

After the ice has broken in November it is soon followed first by snows, and then by thaws or rain. The latter converts the snow into slush, resting on the firm ice beneath. Now, any sensible creature would keep away from such a mess. But not so the caribou, for to it this makes the very gala time of the year. The herd go out upon the ice in single file, then scatter, and each one falls to pawing up the slush with its fore feet. After they have tired of this performance they fall upon their knees, and seem to lap the ice with their tongues. Why they do this, as far as the writer has been able to learn, is a mystery. It certainly is not thirst, since they have crossed a dozen open brooks in their morning ramble. Perhaps, to use one of those slang expressions so happily indefinite in leaving unbridled liberty of detail to the imagination of the hearer, "they do it for grandeur." This is the most simple, and indeed at times it seems the only explanation of many of the vagaries of this most singular creature.

After a while one will suspend operations, seem to think things over generally, then go gravely over to where another has mined down to a piece of ice of extra flavor and prod and poke it with the utmost vigor. The assaulted party rises to its feet and meekly resigns its place to the intruder, which immediately drops upon its knees and continues the operations of its predecessor, while the ousted either passes along the compliment by routing out another or proceeds to dig a new spot for itself. Then perhaps all will lie down for a while, and though one would think the bed about as congenial as the inside of an ice cream freezer, chew the cud in apparently the acme of bovine comfort. Next, one will slowly rise to its feet, round up its back, and stretch itself, survey its comrades to select the one which seems most comfortable, and then, actuated by that perversity of disposition we so often see and anathematize in the human early riser, proceed to stir it up with hoof and horn, until it too gets upon its legs and joins in the game.

Soon all are on their feet, and, falling in one behind the other, move for the woods in single file, headed by the leader—always a bull, though not invariably the largest in the herd. They move off at a walk, their heads hanging down precisely like cows driven to pasture. Suddenly one will become possessed of a devil, and, breaking from the ranks with a hop, skip and a jump, charge through the line again and again, until it is thrown into complete disorder. Then it will as suddenly fall into place, as demure as a cat, saying, as distinctly as an attitude can speak, "What! you do not mean to charge this untimely disturbance to me, do you?" The march is then resumed and all may disappear at the meekest kind of a walk in the surrounding forest; or, without the slightest apparent cause, the herd will break into a run at a pace so keen you almost fancy you can hear them whiz as they cleave a passage through the air. This burst of speed may last for a hundred yards it may be kept up through thick and thin for five miles; the one is about as likely as the other.

Slavery Among the English.

Samuel Smiles, in his note book called "Thrift," says:

Slavery long existed among ourselves. It existed in Saxon times, when Cæsar landed. It existed in Saxon times, when the household work was done by slaves. The Saxons were notorious slave dealeres, and the Irish were their best customers. The principal mart was at Bristol, from whence the Saxons exported large numbers of slaves into Ireland, so that according to Irish historians, there was scarcely a house in Ireland without a British slave in it. When the Normans took possession of England they continued slavery. From that time slavery continued in various forms. It is recorded of the "good old times" that it was not till the reign of Henry IV, (1399 1413) the villeins, farmers and mechanics were permitted by law to put their children to school, and long after that they dared not educate a son for the church without a license from the lord. The kings of England, in their contests with the feudal aristocracy, gradually relaved the slave laws. They granted charters founding royal burghs, and when the slaves fled into them and were able to conceal themselves for a year and a day they then became freemen of the burh and were declared by law to be free. The last serfs in England were emancipated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the last serfs in Scotland were not emancipated until the reign of George III, at the end of the last century. Before then the colliers and salters belonged to the soil, and were bought and sold with it. They had no power to determine what their wages should be.

The "Old Baby's" Grief.

What a curious thing it is to think that that wonderful new baby will turn into a commonplace old baby in a year or two—that with the advent of number two his reign is over.

A little girl, though she is only 2 years old, takes an interest in that new baby, feels that she must help take care of it it, goes about maternally airing its garments and holding the pinchushion for nurse, delights in its baths, and boasts about her baby brother before she can talk plain But the boy—that is another matter. He scowls when that wrinkled piece of humanity is presented to him, and refuses to kiss it. He wants none of it. Why should it have his place on mamma's shoulder? Why should he be told to go away? He thinks as ill of it as his limited knowledge of mundane affairs will permit him to think of anything. He has been known to request that it might be "frowed away," and to call it "nasey sing;" and, indeed, his trials are very great. Life has altered signally for him. He feels it to his heart's core, if he is made of sensitive stuff.

It is all very well for Bridget to take him into the kitchen and tell him to "be a nice lad, an' she'll make him a cake." He wants his mother; he never was turned out of mother's room before. His heart is full. Well for him, at this time, if he has a grandmother ready to make him her idol, a little jealous for him as the first born. Then, indeed, his ways shortly become the ways of pleasantness, and life assumes a holiday, cake, candy, gingerbread and toy aspect. But in any event that old baby has a very unhappy day or two before it, a season when knowledge of the bitterness of life comes to him prematurely, and he understands the feelings of a deposed emperor.

PERSONAL.

Henry Irving has gone to Scotland with the desire "to catch something of the inspiration of the country before assuming the role of *Macbeth*."

Mr. Gaidstone's delivery of late years has grown more impassioned, rapid, and difficult to report. But he complains of his hearing as beginning to fail.

James J. Brooks, an Englishman now living in Boston, is anxious to go in search of Henry M. Stanley. Living in Boston has made him desperate.

Latui Baba, a Japanese nobleman and a leader of the Liberals in his native country, is dying of consumption at the University Hospital, Philadelphia.

The Comtesse de Paris is considered by the Scotch gillies at Strathspey one of the finest shots ever seen in that locality. Her gun is much more effective in hitting the mark than her husband's manifestoes.

The Emperor of Russia is extremely fond of fishing. His favorite spot is at the Longilla fishery in Finland. He built there a modest house, and after the day's sport is over he fetches the water and the Empress cooks the fish.

In a letter to one of his New York friend a venerable Oliver Wendell Holmes says that he has not felt able to write anything for the public of late, "but," he adds, "in the sweet by-and-by (if a by-and-by I am to have) I hope to please my friends by once more using my pen for them."

Dr Tanner, who won glory a few years ago by breaking the fasting record, is now proposing to give his soul a rest for sixty days, having his body sealed meanwhile in an air-tight casket. At the end of the two months he promises to come out of the coffin just as well as he was when he was boxed up.

The daughter of the King of Shoa has recently married the eldest son of King John of Abyssinia, with a splendor unparalleled in modern ceremonies. The crown worn by the bride is regarded as the one which decked the head of the Queen of Sheba. According to the native records, it has been in the possession of the Ethiopian kings for twenty-five centuries.

The librarian and secretary of Shakespeare's birthplace thinks that he has found fragments of a missing Shakespearean drama called "Irus" in a book of dramatic quotations of the time of Elizabeth. The title is found on a page headed "Pl. Shaksp." Mr. Savage thinks he detects "an unmistakable Shakespearean ring" in various passages, as, for example: "The faults of many are buried in their humor:" "Your heart is greater than your person;" "Dearer than the pomegranate of my eye," &c. Mr. Savage is regarded as a little impulsive.

It's pretty well known that Mr. Gladstone is a great talker, and quite apt to monopolize conversation on most occasions. One day he sent for a nobleman, who is very fully posted on the Eastern question. The young man went, and the next day was congratulated by a friend on the impression that he had made on the Grand Old Man. "Mr. Gladstone says that he never met any one who knew so much about the Caucasus." The young man smiled. "I was with him two hours," said he, "and never opened my mouth."

It is asserted in a London paper that the discovery made by Mr. Hewett in the artificial manufacture of quinine will result in the reduction of the price of that article to a few cents per pound. The importance of this discovery is rendered greater by the fact that, while hitherto dependence has been on the cultivation of the cinchona tree for quinine, the bark yielding only about 2 per cent of the same, the new process admits of the substance being produced without limit from an article which can always be got in abundance in any part of the world.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A man may say too much, even on the best subjects.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume.—[Spurgeon.

Keeping God's commandments is better and more pleasing to Him than building churches.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Failure after long perseverance is much better than never to have striven and so have incurred failure.

The great thinker is seldom disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.

Talent is power; tact is will. Talent makes a man respectable, tact makes him respected. Talent commands; tact is obeyed.

What can a man do more than "die" for his countrymen? "Live" for them. It is a longer work, and therefore a more difficult and nobler one.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of groaning in their virtue, how many would they gain to the good cause!

No man ever yet made one single thing grow by the storms of winter, and nothing on earth can prevent things growing under the sweet influence of the summer sun.

The shortest and the surest way of arriving at real knowledge is to unlearn the lessons we have been taught, to remount to first principles and take nobody's word about them.

As by flattery a man is usually brought to open his bosom to his mortal enemy, so by detraction and a slanderous misreport of person he is often brought to shut the same even to his best and dearest friend.

So far from duty and happiness being antagonists, they are necessary each to each for their perfect development. There can never be a just and true and righteous life where the element of happiness is ignored or contemned, and there never can be true happiness where a life of duty is scorned or avoided.

Children should be taught, so far as they are permitted to concern themselves with the character of those around them, to seek faithfully for good, not to lie in wait maliciously to make themselves merry with evil; they should be too painfully sensitive to wrong to smile at it, and too modest to constitute themselves its judges.

John Wesley once wrote to Adam Clarke this laconic epistle:—"Do not please the devil by preaching too loud or too long, but please God by denying yourself herein."

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

—TUESDAY, the 6th day of November next, may well be called Election day in the United States this year. There will be elections in every State of Presidential electors, and in every Territory of a delegate to Congress. In thirty-five States additional elections of some kind will be held, either of executive officers, members of the Legislature or members of Congress. There will also be mayoralty contests in some large cities, as New York, so that the American citizen will not likely do much that day but vote.

—OUR Canadian cheesemakers will have to look to their laurels, a new and formidable competitor in European markets having made its appearance. It is reported by the trade papers that a consignment of cheese made in New Zealand has been received in England, and was found to be of remarkably good quality; and it is predicted that if the New Zealanders can produce similar cheeses in large quantities, there will be a ready sale for them. Canadian cheese is generally acknowledged to be superior to the American article, but its quality will have to be well maintained if future competition is to be defied.

—THE Toronto *News* has unearthed a copy of the *Grumbler*, published in October, 1858, thirty years ago, in which is an article under the heading, "Who's the coming Man?" stating that Mr. John A. Macdonald is weary of the toils of office, and contemplates retirement into private life. It goes on to say that the organs are seriously agitated as to on whose shoulders his mantle will fall, and mentions among the leading aspirants the names of Mr. J. H. Cameron, Mayor D'Arcy Boulton, Samuel Sherwood, and R. A. Harrison. In the light of subsequent events this is interesting reading as showing how little men know of the future, and how sadly they go astray when they guess at it. This report of John A. Macdonald's retirement from political life, and the hints or suggestions as to who should be his successor, was published thirty years ago, yet the gentleman is in office yet, and all the others mentioned in the article are dead if not forgotten. The first, John Hilliard Cameron, probably the greatest jurist this country has produced, his fame as a lawyer extending to England, has been dead ten years or more. Chief Justice Harrison, who was also a great lawyer, rendered up his account about a decade and a half ago, and Mayor Boulton has long since joined the majority. The Globe, too, which is said to have given currency to the report of Mr. Macdonald's retirement, was probably then looking for it as it has looked ever since, even at this late day. Then as now the papers could not shape events, let alone forecast them. Mr. John A. Macdonald, now Sir John A. Macdonald, has seen great changes in these thirty years. There is not one near him now who was with him when he started in his public career, yet from all accounts his intellect is as bright, his memory as clear, his ability for work as great as ever they were. While one by one the great minds of the country dropped off though not without eager aspirants for their places, he has been spared through many years, and who can say that the trend of that long career has not been to make for Canada a place among the powers of the earth. Taking the clipping from the *Grumbler*, coupled with the fact that the subject of it still holds the leading position in the political affairs of the country, and there is plenty of room for moralizing.

—IT is authoritatively stated that the Hon. Edward Blake will finally retire from politics and devote himself to his profession. By carrying such a decision into practice the legal profession and Mr. Blake's pocket will be the gainers, and the House of Commons, and consequently the country, the losers; for even those who differ from him in politics cannot but recognize the depth of his logic and the eloquence of his tongue in debate.

—CANADIAN barley has sold in Buffalo for equal to 90 cents cash, and dealers are very much satisfied. It is likely that Canadian barley will have the call in England also, samples of it having been forwarded to prominent brewers for their report. This will be good news for Manitoba farmers, who can produce as fine barley as can be grown anywhere, and as the frost does not affect the crop, it is a safer one to grow than wheat. The next few years may see a great developement of the barley trade in Canada.

Madoc Model School.

The following is the October report of the standing of pupils in the senior division, in the Model School, of the ten highest in each class:—

	School Exercises.	Home work.	Written examinations.	Times present at exam.	Standing.
CLASS V.					
Maximum in each.	125	137	382	3	
John Volume.....	80	83	202	3	1
Robert McCaffrey..	99	94	172	3	1
F. W. O'Flynn...	95	83	157	2	2
Lilian Whytock..	93	107	132	3	3
James Caskey....	83	94	148	3	4
May Best.....	87	96	104	3	5
Gertie McGowan..	69	84	129	3	6
Andrew Harper...	81	82	106	3	7
Ida McCaw	80	84	93	3	8
Minnie Moore....	65	90	83	3	9
CLASS IV.					
Maximum in each.	234	114	290	3	
Jessie McLennan..	174	90	147	3	1
Annie Lynde.....	167	83	187	3	2
Nettie Marrin....	172	93	164	3	3
Fraser McCoy....	139	72	183	3	4
Fred. Geary.....	132	58	185	3	5
George Burns....	123	41	179	3	6
Etta Caldwell....	148	57	131	3	7
Willie Connor....	117	68	135	3	8
Willie McBain...	106	66	112	3	9
Sandy Miller.....	69	24	87	2	10

Died.

MILLIGAN.—In Madoc village, on Sunday, October 28th, Margaret, wife of William Milligan, aged 38 years.

MOORE.—On October 24th, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. John Bonnar, Belleville, Elizabeth Moore, aged 82 years, mother of Mr. William Moore, of Madoc Village.

GREAT SUCCESS.

Direct Importations by Cross & Mouncey.

The large increase in their sales since their new importations, is the best evidence to Cross & Mouncey, that their customers appreciate the change. In addition to Scotch, English, German and French goods, they keep the largest range of Canadian and American goods, in Madoc. In millinery they keep all the new designs, also in hats, ribbons &c. A visit to this store will convince buyers, first:—That they keep the largest stock of tweeds in North Hastings, Second;—That they keep the largest stock of dress goods in Madoc. Third;—That they keep first class goods in all departments, and that their prices are so low that few can equal and none can beat.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

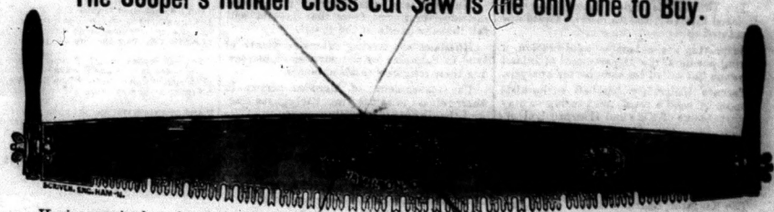
MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$1	10	to $1	15
Spring Wheat	1	10	to 1	15
Barley		65	to	70
Rye.....		65	to	65
Oats.....		40	to	45
Peas.....		70	to	75
Buckwheat		50	to	60
Corn		70	to	75
Flour per 100 lbs.....	2	75	to 3	00
Butter per pound		20	to	20
Eggs per dozen		15	to	15
Lard per pound		12	to	12
Potatoes per bag.....		50	to	55
Hay per ton	12	00	to 15	00

Holloway's Pills.—Enfeebled existence.—This medicine embraces every attribute required in a general and domestic remedy. It overturns the foundations of disease laid by defective food and impure air. In obstructions or congestions of the liver, lungs bowels, or any other organs, these Pills are especially serviceable and eminently successful. They should be kept in readiness in every family, being a medicine of incomparable utility for young persons, especially those of feeble constitution. They never cause pain or irritate the most sensitive nerves or most tender bowels. Holloway's Pills are the best known purifiers of the blood, the most active promoters of absorption and secretion, whereby all poisonous and obnoxious particles are removed from both solids and fluids.

THE ONLY ONE!

The Cooper's Runner Cross Cut Saw is the only one to Buy.



Having received such encouraging reports from its working powers, from last year, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public again, this year.

It differs from other Saws in being THREE GUAGES THINNER on the back than in the teeth, thus allowing it to saw easier, cut faster, and requires far less setting.

EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.

Cheapest stoves in town. Palace Aladdian and Royal Art Square Base Burners, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves. Call and See for Yourselves.

M. W CONNOR & Co.

A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* states that Harry Dee, the potato king of Thomasburg, exhibits four hunkers weighing respectively 2 lbs. 5 ozs., 3 lbs. 4 ozs., 3 lbs. 2 ozs., and 4 lbs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

ON Church Street, in the Village of Madoc, a good frame house, situated about 50 yards from the Model School, and about 100 yards from the new High School. The lot is a corner lot, 95 feet frontage. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1888. 31

VOTERS' LIST, 1888.

Municipality of Elzivir and Grimsthorpe.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of The Voters' List Act, the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of said municipality to be entitled to vote in said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal elections; and the said list was first posted up at my office at Bridgewater on the 12th day of October, 1888, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors corrected according to law.

R. W. MILLER,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1888.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north-east ½ of lot 12, 9th concession, Township of Madoc, containing 50 acres, all cleared, 45 acres under the plow, well watered and well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

FRED. McKINNON.

Madoc, October, 1888. 30-2m

VOTERS' LIST, 1888.

JUDGE'S COURT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Court will be held, pursuant to "The Voters' Lists Act," by His Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Hastings, at the Town Hall, Madoc, on the 9th day of November, 1888, at one o'clock, to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the Municipality of the Township of Madoc for 1888.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the said time and place.

JOHN R. KETCHESON,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

Madoc, October 23rd, 1888.

MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 16th November, 1888, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on proposed contracts for four years, between Cooper and The Flats, Flinton and Madoc, Marmora and Stirling, and Ormsby and Thanet, from the 1st of January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Cooper, The Flats, Flinton, Madoc, Marmora, Stirling, Ormsby, and Thanet; and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 5th Oct., 1888. 29-3w

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHNSTON CAREY,

Wholesale Manufacturer, Peterboro, has just opened out a large stock of

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Which he is Selling at Astonishingly Low Price.

NOTICE A FEW OF OUR PRICES:

Ladies' all leather Slippers, 50 cents; Ladies' Felt Slippers, 22 cents; Ladies' American Rubbers, 35 cents; Men's Gum Rubbers, 75 cents; Men's Felt Socks, 50 cents.

A Large Stock of Men's, Women's, Boys', Misses', and Children's

HAND MADE BOOTS

alway kept on hand.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

Remember the Name and Place,

JOHNSTON CAREY,

First door north of Dr. Loomis' house, Madoc.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until

Wednesday, 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie on and after

Wednesday, 24th day of October next

By Order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals, Ottawa, 27th September, 1888. 27-4t.

HAVING ADDED LARGELY

To the stock bought from J. Robertson, I am prepared to sell as

Close for Cash

as can be done by the trade.

COME AND SEE US.

Eggs, Butter and other produce taken at cash value.

E HILL.

FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF LAND, being part of Lot 26, Concession 10, Madoc, close to a good school, store, church, post office, and cheese factory. Upon the premises are a good brick house and a frame barn. Stock and implements also for sale. Apply to

M. M. ALLEN,
30-tf Cooper P. O., Ont.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

NEW CLOCKS,

WATCHES,

And SCARF PINS

15k. Keeper Rings.

18k. Plain Rings.

SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

—THE—

Furniture Depot

on Durham street, opposite Ross & Co's, are

HEADQUARTERS

for all that pertains to the

Furniture Trade.

At present we are giving our attention to

WIRE & FILLED MATTRESSES

A CALL SOLICITED.

In our Undertaking Department

we guarantee management unsurpassed. We aim to be

Reliable,
Considerate,
and Punctual.

J. G. FROST,
Manager.

Latest Local News.

—A lead of deer passed south through the village one day last week.

—Mr. S. Barnum has erected a lamp post in front of his new residence.

Boys rubber coats at Roberts'.

—Rev. W. C. and Mrs. Beer, of Marmora, were in the village on Tuesday.

—Dr. Loomis is improving slowly, but is still confined to his residence.

Hand-made long boots at Roberts'.

—Mr. W. H. Calder, jeweler, of Stirling, has compromised with his creditors.

—J. Dale & Son have something special in their new advt. this week. Read it.

D. W. Wright's prices for groceries, crockery, boots and shoes are pronounced to be the cheapest in the village, by everybody who has seen them.

—Three or four new frame dwellings are nearing completion in this village this fall.

A fine line of ladies' neckerchiefs at Roberts'.

—We learn that Mr. Wm. Thompson, Reeve of Madoc Township, is just recovering from a severe illness.

Youths', boys' and men's underclothing at Roberts'.

—The foundation of the new High School building will be built this fall, being already well under way.

—Mr. R. R. Casement has started the foundation for a new residence on the hill opposite the Presbyterian Church.

Groceries, crockery, glassware, boots and shoes for everybody that will pay for them at prices that defy competition, at D. W. Wright's.

—A Belleville hunting party, under the care of S. B. Burdett, M. P., encamped near Loon Lake, has killed already 18 deer.

If you want a cup of hot tea or coffee, or a good lunch, go to W. W. Hudgins.

—When are we to have our Indian Summer? is getting to be an anxious question. The fall so far has been unusually wet and cold.

—If you want a first-class saw this winter, or anything special in the hardware line try M. W. Connor & Co. See their new advt. in this issue.

Women's felt boots and slippers, men's felt boots, socks and rubbers at D. W. Wright's.

—Mr. George Reid entered on the duties of night watchman in this village a week ago last Monday. He is paid by subscription from the business people of the main streets.

Now, if you want to get up an oyster supper, go to W. W. Hudgins for your oysters and crackers.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Clarke and family left Madoc on Saturday last to take up their residence in Toronto. Mr. Clarke will go into business in that city, in the boot and shoe line.

Trunks and valises keep down fine at T. Roberts.

—Mr. Chas. D. McDonald returned to his old post in J. Dale & Son's establishment this week, having just passed a successful term in the Ontario Business College, Belleville.

—The exodus to the woods of men destined for the lumber camps, continues. Both firms, Rathbun & Co. and Gilmour & Co., will have a great army at work in the woods this winter.

—A meeting of the creditors of A. Landon & Son, general dealers, of Coe Hill, was lately called by the Sheriff of the County, but not a single creditor put in an appearance. The Sheriff then applied for power to wind the estate up.

Positive proof has been given by several responsible persons, that D. W. Wright has not got all his boots and shoes hanging outside of the shop, and that there are more first class goods inside than there is in any other place in town. Call and see for yourself.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

—A couple of foot ball matches have been played during the past week between the the Model School students team and one picked from the village. In the two games so far played the modelites are ahead by one goal to none.

—You are invited by the Ladies' Sewing Society of St. John's Church to meet them at an "At Home" at Mrs. Gream's residence on Thursday evening next, November 8th. Music, games, and refreshments. A hearty welcome extended to all.

—Business activity in and around many of the cheese factories will cease this week and next, and then will come a reckoning of accounts and a distribution of the profits. Dairymen are enabled to congratulate themselves on having done a very fair business this year.

—Money has been reclaimed, help secured, lost animals returned to their owners, dwellings rented and sold, farms disposed of, teachers obtained, and the public benefitted in a score of other ways by advertising in the REVIEW. Advertise for anything you want, and if it is obtainable, you will get it in every instance.

—The *Toronto Weekly News* is presenting to its subscribers, a most creditable etching, in fac-simile, of Munkacsy's great picture, "Christ before Pilate," 28in, x 21in., which created such interest when exhibited in New York last year, and was purchased by Mr. Wannamaker, of Philadelphia, for $120,000. The etching is a beautiful piece of work and should be prized by all who receive it.

Fifth of November.

Monday next will be the Fifth of November. Allen Settlement L. O. L. will celebrate the day by holding a shooting match in the afternoon, and lectures in the church in the evening, by Rev. Mr. Leitch and Rev. Mr. Childerhose.

New Counterfeit Bills.

Word comes from Montreal that a number of American counterfeit $5 and $1 bills are in circulation in that city, and that counterfeit $10 bills on the Canadian Bank of Commerce have come to light. It is pronounced to be a clever imitation, but the shading of the letters comprising the word "ten" on the face of the note is unlike the genuine one.

A Prosperous Farmer.

A farmer who was in no mood to grumble, but who modestly did not wish his name mentioned, says the Peterborough *Review*, was met on Tuesday. He had grain checks for 1618 bushels of oats at 35 cents a bushel, 600 bushels of peas at 66 cents and 200 bushels of barley at 75 cents, and was on his way to draw $1,112. That was only part of his crop.

A Day of Rest and Thanksgiving.

Our nation's rulers have seen fit to appoint Thursday, the 15th day of November as a day of general thanksgiving throughout our peaceful and blessed Dominion. The date is two days earlier than it was last year, yet the old fossilized way of fixing upon a day bordering upon the winter, nearly three months after the harvest has been gathered, is judgment which every person cannot commend September would be a better month.

Cure for Drunkenness.

If the following will be of any benefit to any of our readers they are welcome to it. It is given by a Chicago physician, and is said to have cured 2,800 cases:—Take a pound of the best red quill Peruvian bark. Powder and soak in a pint of diluted alcohol. Strain it and evaporate down to a half pint. Give the inebriate a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue with it for the first three or four days. It takes away the love of liquor entirely.

Sore Affliction.

Few families, says the Norwood *Register* have been so sorely afflicted by death as the Gebbie family of this place. Within seven years father, mother and four or five children have fallen victims to the fell destroyer, consumption. On Monday last two of the family, Thomas and Bella, aged 22 and 24 respectively, were laid side by side in the Norwood cemetery, the former dying on Saturday, and the latter on Friday, within a few hours of each other.

Registered Letters.

It is understood that the Postmaster General has decided not to enforce in future the regulation under which it has been required that the registration charge made in the case of registered letters should be prepaid by a special registration stamp. Hereafter, therefore, any letter posted for registration, bearing upon it ordinary postage stamps of sufficient amount to cover the charge for registration, in addition to the postage charge, may be registered and sent forward to its destination. The change will doubtless be appreciated by country people, who have heretofore in many cases suffered inconvenience by being compelled to go a long distance to obtain registration stamps.

Rubbers, crack proof, the celebrated Goodyear make, at Roberts'.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, visits Madoc twice a month, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays. For November the dates will be 8th and 20th.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Cold and Wet Month.

The month of October has been marked by an unusual amount of cold and wet weather from the beginning to the present time, there having been scarcely a warm day, and few days of continuous sunshine. All the fine weather has not departed, however as the dreamy days of Indian Summer whose beauty the poet ever loves to dwell upon, have yet to come. Observers of the weather think that such early low temperature and great flow of rain will stand off wintry weather later in the season, and effect to some extent, the fall of snow.

Belleville Markets.

The *Intelligencer* reported last Saturday's market in Belleville as follows:—The market this morning was, despite the inclemency of the weather, well attended. The prevailing prices for all produce were high. Potatoes have gone up to 65c. per bag, and apples have also risen 5 cents being now worth 50c. per bag. Butter sold at 24 to 26 cents, eggs 20 to 22 cents. Fowls were in abundance and sold reasonable, chickens 30 to 40 cts., geese 60 to 75cts. A few turkeys were offered for sale but where as high as $1 each. Meats of all kind were in abundance.

A Good "Send Off."

The Hastings *Star* says:—

"A very pleasant time was spent in the parlors of the Clarendon House, on Friday evening of last week, the occasion being a farewell supper tendered by the baseball club to one of their members, Mr. E Brough, on the eve of his departure for Madoc. Mr. A. M. Paton occupied the chair, and after the more substancial part of the programme was disposed of, music, songs, and speeches followed. Ed is an excellent young man, and deserved this tribute from his companions, whose best wishes follow their friend to any field of occupation, which he may be called on to fill."

Mr. Brough has taken his old position in Cross & Mouncey's, in this village.

Charge of Fraud.

The *Intelligencer* says:—A short time ago two brothers named Welsh, of Coe Hill, who were engaged in the milling business, sold out their mill and property, stating that they were about removing to another locality. It has since been rumored that their object in so doing was to defraud their creditors. We are informed that, on being advised of the fact, the creditors immediately took steps to have them arrested. Word was received today that their capture had been effected at Clifton, which is situated at the boundary line of the two countries, just as they were crossing over into Uncle Sam's domains.

Church of St. John the Baptist.

The ladies of the Sewing Society met on Tuesday afternoon and decided to hold a series of "At Homes" during the coming season. Their object is to reduce the debt on the parsonage. Mrs. Gream has kindly offered her house for the first evening, and with Mrs. Kelly's and Miss Coe's co-operation she hopes to provide ample pleasures and comforts for all. The first "At Home" takes place at the residence of Mrs. Gream on Thursday evening next, November 8th, at 8 p. m. The ladies will be most happy to welcome all their many friends and supporters and they wish to inform the public generally that this is an invitation to everybody in Madoc and its vicinity.

Seamless Boots, youths' and boys', at Roberts'.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Two in One.

STYLE AND COMFORT

—AT—

SMALL COST.

Ladies' Reversible Jubilee Collars

—IN—

BEAVER, PERSIAN LAMB, SEAL, AND ASTRACHAN

—AT—

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

JUST OPENED!

THE BEST STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.

Quality and Style equal to the best ordered goods.

COME AND SEE.

Also a large stock of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

will be opened up this week.

T. ROBERTS.
Weiss Block.

L. C. Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

A FINE THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT FOR SALE.

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., Always on hand.

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS MADOC

FALL STOCK

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

JUST ARRIVED

500 Shirts and Drawers,	200 Men's and Boys' Suits,	20 pieces grey & check flannel,
200 Top Shirts,	100 Pairs Pants,	10 " scarlet & white flannel,
200 Cardigan Jackets,	100 Pairs Overalls,	50 " wool Tweeds,
300 Pairs Wool Socks,	75 Pieces Dress Goods,	50 " Fullcloth,

And a lot of Towels, Table Linens, Tickens, Velvets, Plushes, Table Oilcloths, Shawls, Jerseys, Handkerchiefs, Collars, and Ties.

Any goods you want from the above list you will find extra value for the money.

T. McNAMARA.

Exploding a Crocodile.

"Yes," said Uncle Cap, "I have not only seen hundreds of alligators and crocodiles in the course of my wanderings, but I once had the pleasure of destroying in a novel and most effectual manner a great man eating caymon, as the crocodile is called in South America."

"Was he like my alligator?" asked Bryce.

"Very like him, the only difference being that while your alligator is about sixteen inches long, my caymon was a little over sixteen feet, and as ugly a looking monster as ever swam. I had been detached from the *Porpoise*, and ordered to explore a portion of Venezuela, in company with a party of American engineers, who were constructing a telegraph line for the government of that country. We were following down a tributary of the great river Orinoco, and rested one Sunday at a little village on the bank of the stream. During the afternoon, as we were all lying asleep in our hammocks, there came a terrible screaming and crying from the village, and we ran to see what was up.

"It seemed that several boys had been bathing in the river just below the village, when all at once, without the slightest warning, one of them had been seized and drawn under the turbid waters by the great "devil caymon," as the Indians called one of these creatures which had long been a terror to the community.

"I suggested to the chief of the engineers, a fine young fellow named Roberts, and we set a trap for the man-eater, and after explaining my idea, got him to agree to try it. As we were to be in that vicinity for several days, we waited until we thought it was about time for the caymon to be hungry again. Then we shot a fat monkey, sewed inside of him a stone bottle containing five pounds of powder, inserted in it the ends of two long coils of fine wire, bound these to strong ropes of equal length, and connected the other ends with the little test battery that we carried.

"When all was ready we floated our bait, upheld by two inflated bladders, near where the poor boy had been seized, and crouched in the bushes to await developments. We had waited in perfect silence for more than an hour, and were about ready to give it up, when there came a ripple in the water, and a huge head, with horrid open jaws, was cautiously lifted. Then the jaws closed with a snap upon our bait, the head instantly disappeared, and the ropes began to run swiftly out, showing that the monster was making for deep water. I had charge of the battery, and quickly connected the wires. Like a flash there came a deep muffled explosion, a torrent of blood-stained water was thrown high in the air, and mingled with it were fragments of the scaly hide of the monster, in whose side a hole two feet square had been blown.

"The poor natives were at first terrified, then mystified, and finally overjoyed at the success of our experiment, and ever afterward they treated us like beings possessed of supernatural powers. Notwithstanding this, we noticed that the boys did not seem to care for bathing for some time afterward."

The Opium Habit.

We find an interesting and somewhat startling article in Popular Science Monthly on this subject, by Virgil G. Eaton, who puts the responsibility for the increase upon the physicians who give the prescriptions. They know that in many cases it effects an immediate relief, and he feels that they are the men who need reforming. We quote from the article:

For the past year or more I have studied the growth of the opium habit in Boston. It is increasing rapidly. Not only are there more Chinese "joints" and respectable resorts kept by Americans than there were a year ago, but the number of individuals who "hit the pipe" at home and in their offices is growing very fast. A whole opium "lay out," including pipe, fork, lamp and spoon, can now be had for less than $5. This affords a chance for those who have acquired the habit to follow their desires in private, without having to reveal their secret to any one. How largely this is practiced I do not know, but, judging from the telltale pallor of the faces I see, I feel sure the habit is claiming more slaves every day.

In order to approximate to the amount of opium, in its various forms, which is used in Boston, I have made a thorough scrutiny of the physicians' recipes left at the drug-stores to be filled. As is well known, all recipes given by physicians are numbered, dated, and kept on file at the drug-stores, so that they may be referred to at any time. To these I went in search of information:

I was surprised to learn how extensively opium and its alkaloids—particularly sulphate of morphia—are used by physicians. I found them prescribed for every ailment which flesh is heir to. They are used for headache, sore eyes, toothache, sore throat, laryngitis, diphtheria, bronchitis, congestion, pneumonia, consumption, gastritis, liver complaint, stone in the gall-duct, carditis, aneurism, hypertrophy, peritonitis, calculus, kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all general or special maladies of the body. It is the great panacea and cure-all.

Dame Experience

His convinced many that to use any of the substitutes offered for the only sure-pop and painless corn curels attended with danger. Get always and use none other than Putnam's painless Corn Extractor, at druggists.

Look for certain forms of the bot or breese flies this month; the adults of some species are now ready to deposit eggs.

Livery Stable Proprietor to Young Man—"What made the horse run away?" Young Man—"I was jumped out of the bushes by the second and fattest lady." Livery Stable Proprietor—"He's a small horse. Couldn't you hold him?" Young Man—"Yes, but I couldn't hold him and the girl, too."

Mr. Robert J. Burdette, the genial humorist, has been licensed to preach by the Baptist Church, to which he belongs. He has hitherto frequently preached and undergone all the experiences of a preacher from pastor-at visits to a donation party. He didn't want the latter, but they forced it upon him in lieu of a salary which he positively refused to accept. All he took away from the donation party was one silver dollar, which he preserved as a memento.

HELP YOUR WIFE.

A Man's Part in Good Housekeeping.

A man should first of all help his wife in planning her work. Let every husband give his wife the benefit of his practical business experience, and advise with her how she may best arrange and time her several duties that they may least conflict.

In the second place, the husband should give the wife the full amount of money necessary properly to care for the home.

Third, he should see that she has the best tools that can be had to lighten her labor.

Fourth, he should by every possible means shorten her hours of labor. If he finds that she is obliged to work earlier and later than he, then he should at once give, or procure for her, such assistance as will make their working hours equal.

Fifth, realising that for her labor she receives no direct compensation, he should, at the least, be careful to give continually with reward of cordial praise which costs him nothing and so much pleases her.

Finally, the man must recognise that many of the domestic duties are essentially proper to him, and not to the woman; such are all that require great physical exertion. Therefore, not only should proper implements be generously furnished for the woman's use, but all the materials she must use should be provided and made easily accessible. Plenty of coal, wood and kindlings should be kept near the place where they are to be burned, water should be supplied so as to be handy and abundant, plenty of hooks, shelves, closets, etc., should be arranged to the best advantage.

At house-cleaning time the man should either move, or get moved, the heavier articles of furniture; he should attend to the cleaning and putting down of carpets, the setting up of stoves and the like; in other words, he should assume the responsibility for all the heavier and more disagreeable duties connected with good housekeeping, and be willing on occasion to take a hand in those which are lighter.

But if he won't do these things that he ought to do, let him, at least, have grace enough to keep out of the woman's way while she is doing them for him, and refrain when they are done from rewarding his overworked helpmate with cross and complaining speech.

Incentives for Children.

It is not sufficient to instruct a child to follow certain lines of conduct and to avoid others. We must supply him with incentives; and upon the nature of these will his future character largely depend. Instead of assuring children that if they are good they will be happy, and offending the assurance by artificial rewards or bribes, we should lead them gently to choose and to prefer the good, without reference to self at all. They can be accustomed to plan for and to aim at giving pleasure, not getting it, and, although in doing so they will experience a rich enjoyment themselves, it will be incidental, never one for which they have striven. Artificial rewards and penalties will thus be rarely needed, and they will grow up with generous and unselfish instincts instead of mean and calculating ones.

There ain't any blemishes about this animal!" asked the would-be purchaser of a cow. "No, she is all right: but I must tell you candidly that sometimes she kicks when she is being milked," replied the owner of the cow. "That's of no consequence. My wife does the milkin'."

My love was like a lily fair,
I've drooping in the sultry air,
My heart was rent with grief and care,
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose.
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip,
The nectar of her perfect lip,
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription wrought the spell.

"Some fellows," says Carl Pretzel, "will shpout sharidy und dhen got dheir next-door nabor to practice dot."

"He most lives who thinks the most,
Acts the noblest, feels the best,
And he whose heart beats quickest
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

These lines describe that condition of perfect health which all men and women *wish* to enjoy. To be able to think clearly, to incline to do noble acts, to live long and joyously, we must be free from the domination of disease. By taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery we may, by purifying the blood, escape consumption, general debility, and weakness, and *all* blood and skin diseases, and verify the truth of poetry as well as fact.

Our objection to the foolhardy man is not that he is a fool, but that he is hardy. He never seems to die.

The only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A sooty trick—Catching a fish.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Some painters work in oil, some in water colors and very many in liquor.

THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO
—Manufacturers of the highest grades of—
SILVER - PLATED WARES
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—FACTORIES and SALESROOM:—
420 to 426 King St. West, TORONTO
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Ask for tickets via the old established and favorite Overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western Union and Southern Pacific Railway. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time tables and maps given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Teach self-denial, make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, or loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

A. P. 421.

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PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—A GOOD THING.—Ussher's Spark Arrester and Draw Condenser.—Works on Stove Pipes, Mill Stacks, Etc. City and County Rights, or Entire Canadian Patent For Sale. W. J. USSHER, Norwich, Ont.

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MONEY TO LOAN on Farms. Lowest Rates. No delay. Correspondence solicited. Established 1860. E. W. D. BUTLER, Financial Agt., 72 King st. E., Toronto

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ATTENTION! AGENTS! Ladies or Gentlemen or Girls or Boys. The best selling 25c article in the world. Something new and needed in every household. Sells like hot cakes. Sample by mail, post paid, with full particulars, on receipt of 15 cts. Address, C. W. DENNIS, 5 Yonge Street Arcade, Toronto, Ont.

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CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Steamer Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50, and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90, and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round trip tickets, $60. Steerage, $20. Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure births, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

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BEST VALUE IN THE DOMINION.
F. E. DIXON & CO., MAKERS, 70 KING ST. E, TORONTO
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY ACTIVE MEN to sell the Reliable Nursery Stock of the well known St. Catharines Nurseries. Liberal terms and steady work. Address THE D. W. BEADLE NURSERY CO., Ld., St. Catharines, Ont.

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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CALF SKINS
For us. Cash furnished on Satisfactory Guaranty. Address,
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FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
M'CAUSLAND & SON,
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SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES
CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
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Wasting Diseases
Wonderful Flesh Producer.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. Containing the stimulating Hypophosphites and Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE NERVES, THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow the nerves to remain weakened and irritated, and these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
WILL CURE BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS,
By quieting and strengthening the nerves, and causing free action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys, and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why suffer Bilious Pains and Aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over Disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use Paine's Celery Compound and rejoice in health. It is an entirely vegetable remedy, harmless in all cases.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1.00. Six for $5.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, MONTREAL, P. Q.

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INCORPORATED 1855.
Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto.
Subscribed Capital, $ 4,500,000
Paid Up Capital, 2,500,000
Total Assets, 10,000,000
The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Applications may be made to either of the Company's local Appraisers or to J. HERBERT MASON, Manager Toronto.

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Sailing weekly between Portland and Liverpool via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., and Liverpool via Londonderry during the winter months, and between Quebec and Liverpool during the summer months. Also between Portland and Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia, and other lines between Glasgow and Montreal weekly, Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Canard & Co., Portland; Kerr & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., Halifax; Allan, Bros. & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Beardsley, Toronto; Allans, Bros & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooks, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan, Portland; Boston Montreal.

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TAILORS' SQUARE.
Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 340½ Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents Wanted.

Young Men
SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also Middle-Aged and Old Men who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address
M. V. LUBON Wellington St. E. Toronto.

Nervous Debility.
DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
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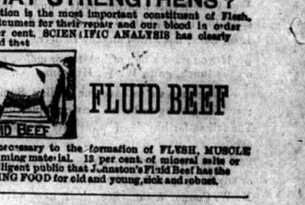

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast *is the subject before us—*
Mamma tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best, [lightest,
'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.
BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

There are many imitations of
"Peerless" MACHINE OIL,
but none equal it in lubricating properties. Farmers, Millers, etc., find none equal to the genuine Peerless made by
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WHAT IS IT IN MEAT THAT STRENGTHENS?
The ALBUMEN it contains this substance beyond all question is the most important constituent of Flesh. OUR NERVE TISSUES are entirely dependent upon Albumen for their repair and our blood in order to be healthy must contain it in no less than seven per cent. SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS has clearly demonstrated that
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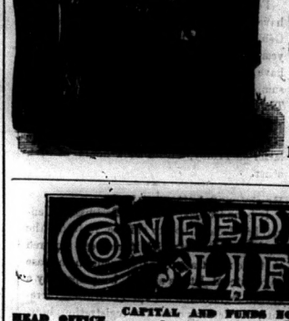

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THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Pooh!" Hugh answered, in one of his heroically emphatic moods, as he sat in the diningroom with his back to the window and the hated poplar, and his face to the ground-plans and estimates upon the table before him. "I mean to go up to town for the season always, and to keep up my journalistic connection in a general way; and in time, no doubt, I shall begin to get work at the bar also. I shall make friends assiduously with what a playful phrase absurdly describes as "the lower branch of the profession." I shall talk my nicest to every dull solicitor I meet anywhere, and do my politest to the dull solicitor's stupid wife and plain daughters. I'll fetch them less at other people's At Homes, and shower on them tickets for all the private views we don't care about, and all the first nights at uninteresting theatres. That's the way to advance in the profession. Sooner or later, I'll get on at the bar. Meanwhile, as the estate's fortunately unencumbered, and there's none of that precious nonsense about entail, or remainders, or settlements, or so forth, we can raise the immediate cash for our present need on short mortgages."

"I hate the very name of mortgages," Winifred cried impatiently. "They suggest brokers' men and bailiffs, and bankruptcy and beggary."

"And everything else that begins with a B," Hugh continued, smiling a placid smile to himself, and vaguely reminiscent of "Alice in Wonderland." "Why with a B?" Alice said musingly.—"Why not?" said the March Hare.—Alice was silent.—"Now, for my own part, I confess, on the contrary, Winifred, to a certain sentimental liking for the mortgage as such, viewed in the abstract. It's a document intimately connected with the landed interest and the feudal classes; it savours to my mind of broad estates and haughty aristocrats, and lordly rent-rolls and a baronial ancestry. I will admit that I should feel a peculiar pride in my connection with Whitestrand if I felt I had got it really with a mortgage on it. How proud a moment, to be seized of a mortgage! The poor, the abject, the lowly, and the landless don't go in heavily for the luxury of mortgages. They pawn their watch, or raise a precarious shilling or two upon the temporary security of Sunday suits, kitchen clocks, and second-hand flat-irons. But a mortgage is an eminently gentlemanly form of impecuniosity. Like gout and the lord-lieutenancy of your shire, it's incidental to birth and greatness.—Upon my word, I'm not really certain, Winnie, now I come to think upon it, that a gentleman's house is ever quite complete without a History of England, a billiard table, and a mortgage. Unencumbered estates suggest Brummagem: they bespeak the vulgar affluence of the *nouveau riche*, who keeps untold gold lying idle at his bankers on purpose to spite the political economists. But a loan of a few thousands, invested with all the glamour of deposited title deeds, fore-closing, engrossed parchment, and an extremely beautiful and elaborate specimen of that charming dialect, conveyancers' English, carries with it an air of antique respectability and county importance that I should be loth to forego, even if I happened to have the cash in hand otherwise available, for carrying out the necessary improvements."

"But how shall we ever pay it back?" Winifred asked, with native feminine caution.

Hugh waved his hands expansively open. When he went in for the sanguine, he did it thoroughly. "One thing at a time, my child," he murmured low. "First borrow; then set your wits to work to look around for a means of repayment.—In the desk at home in London this very moment lies an immortal epic, worth ten thousand pounds if it's worth a penny, and cheap at the price to a discerning purchaser. Ormuz and Ind are perfect East Ends to it. It teems with Golcondas and Big Bonanzas. In time the slow world would most surely discover that this England of ours still encloses a great live poet. The blind and battling must open their eyes and look at last placidly about them. They'll then be glad to buy fifty editions of that divine strain, varying in character from the large paper *edition de luxe* in antique vellum at ten guineas—five hundred numbered copies only printed, and issued to subscribers upon conditions which may be learnt on application at all libraries—to the school selection at popular prices, intended to familiarise the ingenuous youth of this nation with the choicest thoughts of a distinguished and high-minded living author.—Winnie, I'm tired to death of hearing people say when I'm introduced to them: "Oh, Mr Massinger, I've wanted to ask are you descended from the poet Massinger?" I mean the time to arrive before long when I can answer them plainly with a bold face: "No, my dear sir, no madam, I am not; but I am the poet Massinger, if you care to be told so."—When that time comes, we'll pay off the mortages and build a castle—in Spain or elsewhere—with the balance of our fortune. Meanwhile, we have always the satisfaction of knowing that nothing on earth could be more correct or squirearchical in its way than a genuine mortgage."

"I'm not so sure as I once was, Hugh, that you'll ever make much out of your kind of poetry."

"Of course not, my child; because now I happen to be only your husband. A prophet, we know on the best authority, is not without honor, et cætera, et cætera. But I mean to make my mark yet for all that; ay, and to make money out of it, too, into the bargain."

So, in the end, Winifred's objections were overruled—since this was not a matter upon which that young lady felt strongly—and the money for "improving and developing the estate" having been duly raised by the aid, assistance, instrumentality, or mediation of that fine specimen of conveyancers' English aforesaid, to which Hugh had so touchingly and professionally alluded, a fashionable architect was invited down from town at once to inspect the Hall and to draw up plans for its renovation as a residential mansion of the most modern pattern.

The fashionable architect, after his kind, performed his work well—and expensively. He spared himself no pains and Hugh no money on rendering the Hall a perfect example on a small scale of the best Elizabethan domestic architecture. He destroyed ruthlessly and repaired lavishly. He put mullions to the windows and pillars to the porch, and moulded ceilings to the chief reception-rooms, and oaken balustrades to either side of the wide old rambling Tudor staircase. He rebuilt whatever Inigo had defaced, and pulled down whatever of vile and shapeless Georgian contractors had stolidly added. He "restored" the building to what it had never before been: a fine squat old fashioned country mansion of the low wind-swept East Anglian type, a House Beautiful everywhere, without and within, and as unlike as possible to the dingy Hall that Hugh Massinger had seen and mentally discountenanced on the occasion of his first visit to Whitestrand. "You give an architect money enough," says Colonel Silas Lapham in the greatest romance—bar one—in the English language, "and he'll build you a fine house every time." Hugh Massinger gave his architect money enough, or at least credit enough—which comes at first to the same thing—and he got a fine house, as far as the means at his disposal went, on that ugly corner of flat sandy waste at forsaken Whitestrand.

When the building was done and the papering finished, they set about the furnishing proper. And here, Winifred's taste began to clash with Hugh's; for every woman, though she may eschew ground-plans, elevations, and estimates, has at least distinct ideas of her own on the important question of internal decoration. The new Squire was all for oriental hangings, Turkey carpets, Indian durrees, and Persian tiling. But Mrs Massinger would have none of these heathenish gewgaws, she solemnly declared; her tastes by no means took a Saracenic turn. Mr Hatherley and the Cheyne Row men would make fun of her, and call her house Liberty Hall, if she furnished it throughout with such Mussulman absurdities. For her own part, she renounced Liberty and all his works: she eschewed everything east of longitude thirty degrees: inlaid coffee-tables were an abomination in her eyes; pierced Arabic lamps roused no latent enthusiasm: the only real thing in decoration was Morris: and on Morris she pinned her faith unreservedly. She would be utterly utter. She had a Morris carpet and Morris curtains; white ivory paint adorned her lop-sided overmantels, and red De Morgan ware with opalescent hues ranged in long straight rows upon her pigeon-hole cabinets. To Hugh's poetical mind this was all too plaguy modern; out of keeping, he thought, with the wide oaken staircase and the punctilious Elizabethanism of the eminent architect's facade and ceilings. Winifred, however, laughed his marital remonstrances to utter scorn. She hated an upholsterer's house, she said, all furnished alike from end to end with servile adherence to historical correctness. Such puritanical purism was meant for slaves. Why pretend to be living in Elizabethan England or Louis Quinze France, when we're really vegetating, as we all know, in the marshy wilds of nineteenth century Suffolk? Let your house reflect your own eclecticism—a very good phrase, picked up from a medish handbook of domestic decoration. She liked a little individuality and lawlessness of purpose. "Your views, you know, Hugh," she cried with the *ex cathedra* conviction of a woman laying down the law in her own household, "are just the least little bit in the world pedantic. You and your architect want a stiff museum of Elizabethan art. It may be silly of me, but I prefer myself a house to live in."

"'The drawing-room does look so perfectly lovely,' you remember," Hugh quoted quietly from her own old letters. "'We've done it up exactly as you recommended, with the sage-green plush for the old mantel-piece, and a red Japanese table in the dark corner;' and I really think, now I see the effect, your taste's simply exquisite. But then, you know, what else can you expect from a distinguished poet? You always do everything beautifully!' Can you recollect, Mrs. Massinger, down the dim abyss of twelve or eighteen months, who wrote those touching words, and to whom she addressed them?"

"Ah, that was all very fine then," Winifred answered with a pout, arranging Hugh's Satsuma jars with Japanesque irregularity on the dining-room overmantel. "But you see that was before I'd been about much in London, and noticed how other people smarten up their rooms, and formed my own taste in the matter of decoration. I was then in the frankly unsophisticated state. I'd studied no models. I'd never seen anything beautiful to judge by."

"You were then Miss Meysey," her husband answered, with a distantly cold inflection of voice. "You're now Mrs Hugh de Carteret Massinger. It's that that makes all the difference, you know. The reason there are so many discordant marriages, says Dean Swift, with more truth than politeness, is because young women are so much more occupied in weaving nets than in making cages."

"I never wove nets for you," Winifred cried angrily.

"Nor made cages either, it seems," Hugh answered with provoking calmness, as he sauntered off by himself, cigar in hand, into the new smoking-room.

Their intercourse nowadays generally ended in such little amenities. They were beginning to conjugate with alarming frequency that verb to nag, which often succeeds in becoming at last the dominant part of speech in conjugal conversation.

One portion of the house at least, Hugh succeeded in remodelling entirely to his own taste, and that was the bed-room which had once been Elsie's. By throwing out a large round bay window, mullioned and decorated out of all recognition, and by papering, painting, and refurnishing throughout with ostentatious novelty of design and detail, he so completely altered the appearance of that hateful room that he could hardly know it again himself for the same original square chamber. Moreover, that he might never personally have to enter it, he turned it into the Married Guest's Bedroom. There was the Prophet's chamber on the Wall for the bachelor visitors—a pretty little attic under the low eaves, furnished, like the Shunammite's, with "a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick;" and here was the Maiden's Bower on the first floor, for the young girls, with its dainty pale green wardrobe and Morris cabinet; and there was the Blue Room for the prospective heir, whenever that hypothetical young gentleman from parts unknown proceeded to realise himself in actual humanity; so Hugh ventured to erect the remodelled chamber next to his own into a Married Guest Room, where he himself need never go to vex his soul with unholy reminiscences. When he could look up at the Hall with a bold face from the grass plot in front, and see no longer that detested square window with the wisteria festooning itself so luxuriantly round the corners, he felt he might really perhaps after all live at Whitestrand. For the wisteria, too, that grand old climber, with its thick stem, was ruthlessly sacrificed; and in its place on the left of the porch, Hugh planted a fast-growing new-fangled Ampelopsis, warranted quickly to drape and mantle the raw stone surfaces, and still further metamorphose the front of the Hall from what it had once been—when dead Elsie lived there. All was changed, without and within. The Hall was now fit for a gentleman to dwell in.

Only one eyesore still remained to grieve and annoy him. The Whitestrand poplar yet faced and confronted him wherever he looked. It turned him sick. It poisoned Suffolk for him. The poplar must go! He could never endure it. Life would indeed be a living death, in sight for ever of that detested and grinning memorial. For it grinned at him often from the guarled and hollow trunk. A human face seemed to laugh out upon him from its shapeless boles—a human face, fiendish in its joy, with a carbuncled nose and grinning mouth. He hated to see it, it grinned so hideously. So he set his wits to work to devise a way for getting rid of the poplar, root and branch, without unnecessarily angering Winifred.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—REHEARSAL.

Meanwhile, when the house was all finished and decorated throughout, Hugh turned his thoughts once more, on same intent, to his great forthcoming volume of verses. Since he married Winifred, he had published little, eschewing journalism and such small tasks as unworthy the dignity of accomplished squiredom; but he had been working hard from time to time at polishing and repolishing his *magnum opus, A Life's Philosophy*—a lengthy poem in a metre of his own more or less novel, and embodying a number of moral reflections, more or less trite, on the youth, adolescence, maturity, and decrepitude of the human subject. It exactly suited Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known definition, being, in fact, an exhaustive criticism of life, as Hugh Massinger himself had found it. He meant to print it in time for the autumn book-season. It was the great stake of his life, and he was confident of success. He had worked it up with ceaseless toil to what seemed to himself the highest possible pitch of artistic handicraft; and he rolled his own sonorous rhymes over and over again with infinite satisfaction upon his literary palate, pronouncing them all, on impartial survey, of most excellent flavour. Nothing in life, indeed, can be more deceptive than the poet-aster's confidence in his own productions. He mistakes familiarity for smoothness of ring, and a practised hand for genius and originality. It is his fate always to find his own lines absolutely perfect; in which cheerful personal creed the rest of the world mostly fails altogether to agree with him.

In such a self-congratulatory and hopeful mood, Hugh sat one morning in the new drawing-room holding a quire of closely written sermon-paper stitched together in his hand, and gazing affectionately with parental pride at his last-born Stanzas. Winifred had only returned yesterday from a shopping expedition up to town and was idling away a day in rest and repair after her unwanted exertion among the crowded bazaars of the modern Bagdad. So Hugh leaned back in his chair at his ease, and, seized with the sudden thirst for an audience, began to pour forth in her ear in his rotund manner the final finished introductory prelude to his *Life's Philosophy*. His wife, propped up on the pillows of the sofa and lolling carelessly, listened and smiled as he read and read, with somewhat sceptical though polite indifference.

"Let me see, where had I got to?" Hugh went on once, after her frequent and trying critical interruptions. "You put me out so, Winnie, with your constant fault-finding! I can't recollect how far I'd read to you."

"'Begotten unawares:'" now go ahead," Winifred answered carelessly—as though it were some other fellow's poems he had been pouring forth to her.

"'Or bastard offspring of unconscious nature, Begotten unawares,'" Hugh repeated pompously, looking back with a loving eye at his much-admired manuscript. "Now listen to the next good bit, Winifred; it's really impressive.—

XXXII.

When chaos slowly set on sun or planet,
And molten masses hardened into earth:
When primal force wrought out on sea and granite
The wondrous miracle of living birth;
Did mightier Mind, in clouds or glory hidden,
Breathe power through its limbs to feel and know,
Or sentience spring, spontaneous and unbidden,
With feeble steps and slow?

XXXIII.

Are sense and thought but parasites of being
Did Nature mould our limbs to act and move,
But some strange chance endow our eyes with seeing,
Our nerves with feeling, and our hearts with love?
Since all alone we stand, alone discerning
Sorrow from joy, self from the things without;
While blind fate tramples on the spirit's yearning,
And floods our souls with doubt.

XXXIV.

This very tree, whose life is our life's sister,
We know not if the ichor in her veins
Thrill with fierce joy when April dews have kissed her,
Or shrink in anguish from October rains;
We search the mighty world above and under,
Yet nowhere find the soul we fain would find;
Speech in the hollow rumbling of the thunder,
Words in the whispering wind.

XXXV.

We yearn for brotherhood with lake and mountain,
Our conscious soul seeks conscious sympathy;
Nymphs in the coppice, Naiads in the fountain,
Gods on the craggy height or roaring sea
We find but soulless sequences of matter;
Fact linked to fact in adamantine rods;
Eternal bounds of former senses and latter;
Dead laws for living gods.

"There, Winifred, what do you say to that now? Isn't that calculated to take the wind out of some of these pretentious fellows' sails? What do you think of it?"

"Think?" Winifred answered, pursing up her lips into an expression of the utmost professional connoisseurship. "I think 'granite' doesn't rhyme in the English language with "planet;" and I consider 'sentience' is a horribly prosaic word of its sort to intro duce into serious poetry.—What's that stuff about liquor too? 'We know not if the liquor in her something.' I don't like 'liquor.' It's not good; bar-room English, only fit for a public-house production."

"I didn't say 'liquor,'" Hugh cried indignantly. "I said 'ichor' which of course is a very different matter. 'We know not if the ichor in her veins.' Ichor's the blood of the gods in Homer. That's the worst of reading these things to women: classical allusion's an utter blank to them.—If you've got nothing better than that to object, have the kindness, please, not to interrupt me."

Winifred closed her lips with a sharp snap while Hugh went on, nothing abashed, with the same sonorous metre-marked mouthing.

XXXVI.

"They care not any whit for pain or pleasure
That seem to men the sum and end of all.
Dumb force and barren number are their measure:
What can be, shall be, though the great world fall.
They take no heed of man, or man's deserving,
Reck not what happy lives they make, or mar,
Work out their fatal will, unswerved, unswerving,
And know not that they are.

"Now, what do you to say that, Winifred? Isn't it just hunky?"

"I don't like interrupting," Winifred snapped out savagely. "You told me not to interrupt, except for a good and sufficient reason."

"Well, don't be nasty," Hugh put in, half smiling. "This is business, you know—a matter of public appreciation—and I want your criticism; it all means money. Criticism from anybody, no matter whom, is always worth at least something."

"Oh, thank you, so much. That *is* polite of you. Then if you want criticism, no matter from whom, I should say I fail to perceive, myself, the precise difference you mean to suggest between the two adjectives 'unswerved' and 'unswerving.' To the untutored intelligence of a mere woman, to whom classical allusion's an utter blank, they seem to say exactly the same thing twice over."

"No, no," Hugh answered, getting warm in self-defence. "'Unswerved' is passive; 'unswerving' is active, or at least middle: the one means that they swerve themselves; the other, that somebody or something else swerves them."

"You do violence to the genius of the English language," Winifred remarked curtly. "I may not be acquainted with Latin and Greek, but I talk at least my mother-tongue. Are you going to print nothing but this great, long, dreary, incomprehensible 'Life's Philosophy' in your new volume?"

"I shall make it up mainly with that," Hugh answered, crest-fallen, at so obvious a failure favourably to impress the domestic critic. "But I shall also eke out the title-piece with a lot of stray occasional verses—the "Funeral Ode for Gambetta, for example, and plenty of others that I haven't read you. Some of them seem to me tolerably successful." He was growing modest before the face of her unflinching criticism.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All About It.

How interesting it is to hear an account of a wedding from the lips of the happy, chattering little bride herself, as she recounts the whole affair to one of her intimate friends, who listens eagerly while the bride says:—

"And, oh, everything went on perfectly lovely. There wasn't a single hitch from beginning to end, although I was dreadfully nervous, and Will was so nervous himself that I was in mortal terror all the time for fear he'd drop the ring or make some horrible mistake when he came to saying, 'I, William, take thee, Annabelle, etc.,' but he didn't, although his voice trembled and so did his hand when he took mine. It's a mercy we didn't drop the ring between us! What if we had? What if we had? I'd have died? But we got through the ceremony without a single mistake. And, oh, the church was lovely! Then came the reception and all that—and the congratulations. And it did sound too funny to hear Will saying 'my wife' at first—he'd give my hand a little squeeze every time he said it, and I'd come awful near giggling right out, and what if I had? Then the supper! Oh, it was elegant! Everything went off perfectly beautiful! And as for the presents—oh, oh o-oh! They——

The short time allotted to our readers fors their sojourn on this terrestrial globe move us to cut this story short.—Time.

Tender Care.

The depth and tenderness of the poet Goethe's heart, while he was yet a child, was evinced at the death of his little brother Jacob.

To the surprise of his mother, Johann Wolfgang did not shed a tear over the sad event, for he believed, with a child's simple trust, that God had taken little Jacob to live with Him in heaven. His mother, not understanding the cause of his calmness, asked him: "Did you not love your little brother, then, that you do not grieve at his loss?"

He ran up to his room, and from under the bed drew a quantity of papers, on which he had written stories and lessons.

"All these I had written," he said to his mother, "that I might teach them to little Jacob."

The boa will be a fashionable article of women's attire during the coming season, both in feathers and fur.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

"Portieres" and all curtains must have frequent shakings, or moths will be sure to lodge in their folds.

To make mastic varnish from gum-mastic, dissolve the gum-mastic in turpentine enough to make it of the proper consistency.

Messrs. Judd & Co. of Sidcup, Eng., have introduced a "carbo-eucalyptic" salt for baths. It produces a fragrant smelling bath, and is, moreover, useful where the water available for washing is very hard.

There is no better mode of cleansing dirty glass bottles than by paring a raw potato, cutting it into small bits, and putting them into the bottle with cold water. Shake it smartly till the fur is quite gone, and then rinse with clean water.

A gentleman who has made a study of the eye says, for the benefit of people who have to earn a livelihood with the pen, "Never write on white paper if you can get yellow. A sheet of paper or card of the same shade placed on the wall over the desk will assist in giving the eye rest, and this will facilitate the work."

Mr. Stockhardt of Leipsic has recently patented a process of treating ordinary soft wood so as to be fit for those purposes for which lignum-vitæ has hitherto been almost exclusively used. The soft wood in question is first impregnated with oil, after which it is subjected to great pressure, causing a considerable increase in the density of the material. Thus prepared the artificial is said to have all the properties of good lignum-vitæ.

THE CELLULOGRAPH.—This beautiful style of photograph was lately exhibited before the New York Society of Amateur Photographers, and is made by Mr. C. Theo. Caix, of Owensboro, Ky. A positive is made on glass with collodio-chloride emulsion, toned in the usual way, and then transferred on to a sheet of white celluloid. The process is quite simple. The resulting picture looks very similar to the well-known ivorytypes. The sheet of celluloid can be easily embossed, shaped, and moulded into beautiful designs. It makes a very novel and durable picture.

Professor Brown-Séquard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapour of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood-vessels being engorged with blood. M. Brown-Séquard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than the carbonic acid it contains.

A correspondent in the "Journal of Horticulture" calls attention to the danger of a rubbish-heap in a garden, owing to the impure vapours which arise from such during fermentation and decomposition. To obviate this he recommends the following plan. A deep trench is dug across one of the quarters of the kitchen-garden, and the garden refuse as made is deposited in it and covered with a sprinkling of soil. When the trench is sufficiently full, it is covered in, leaving another by its side; this in time is served likewise, and so the operation continues till the whole quarter has been traversed. By this process the soil receives a good dressing, and is thoroughly trenched into the bargain, the ground being cleared and cropped as the work proceeds, so that at no time will there be any great amount of land unoccupied. The plan answers admirably, and excellent crops result.

FALL FOLLIES.

After a poor man has succeeded in climbing the ladder of fame nobody notices the patches on the dome of his trousers.

It was complained at a child's party whore grown-up people were in the majority, that it was too much adult, erated.

"So it is Mike Robe who made the people sick in Florida," exclaimed Mrs. McGinness, "shure he must be a baste."

A middle name does not do much toward making a man great, but it is the basis of na the claim to greatness that a good many mel possess.

Muskoka owes its popularity to the salubrity of its air. It is a sort of millionaire that people go there for, particularly if they have marriageable daughters.

"So your name is Dorothy! Well, Miss Dorothy, do you know that you are the perfect image of your papa?" "Oh, yes! I am often taken for my papa."

Impecunious Lover—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."

Ethelinda is a very pretty name for a girl, but it shuts her out forever from eating beans, unless she is willing to be an anachronism, or to eat her beans in solitude from the pantry shelf.

Mabel (a stranger in town)—"Is Maude Hiffy a girl who cares much for style?" Mamie—"Style? I should think so. Why, they say the affected thing eats her meals off a fashion plate!"

"Your husband, Mrs. Murphy, is suffering from a complication of diseases. I must first make a diagnosis—" "Kin yer make it out of ould muslin, doctor? I haven't a bit of flannel in the house."

Enraged Husband—"Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!" Wife (calmly)—"Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets."

Caller—"Does Miss De Guzzle live here?" Bridget—"Yis, sorr." Caller—"Is she at home?" Bridget (who has received her instructions and is following them)—"Yis, sorr, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Mrs. Ennui—"Did the ladies leave any message, Bridget, when you told them that I was not in?" Bridget—"No'm, not to me, mum: bud wan av thim turrund to the other and sez: "There, Nellie, didn't I tell you that the four-leaf clover phwat Of found his mornin' wud bring us luck?"

"Why are we like angels visits?" said a pretty girl on a sofa to her bashful lover, who was sitting lonesomely on a chair at the other end of the room. "Really," he stammered and blushed, "I must give it up. Why are we?" "Because," she said significantly, "we are few and far between." He destroyed the similarity almost instantly.

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LADIES' SCOTCH WOOL VESTS AND COMBINATION SUITS.

We make money by saving money for you. Buy from us and you will be a Steady Customer.

B. O'HARA.

Adulteration of Food.

In the report on the adulteration of food, just issued by the Department of Inland Revenue, a strong attack is made upon the many adulterated baking powders now in the market. The Customs Department is in receipt of samples of a compound which the importer frankly confesses is to be used in the manufacture of baking powder. It is known as Teva Alba, and is nothing more nor less than a powdered white clay, which cannot but be most injurious to health. The outcome of the analysis made by the department here should be a prosecution of the offending parties, as seemingly only by inflicting the utmost penalty of the law can the public health be protected.

Encourage the Children.

A farmer told his seventeen-year-old son in the spring that if he worked well that season he should have a quarter of an acre to plant in potatoes for his own. To be sure of a good crop the boy gave it extra hoeings moonlight nights. When the potatoes were sold the father kept the money. That boy ran away and made a miserable wreck of life. Many a father gives the children an animal or something else, and when sold he has no thought of turning the money over to the rightful owner. A bright lad said, sorrowfully, "This colt is mine until sold, and then father takes the money; but he won't do so always." These and similar transactions are what drive the boys away. Nothing is lost by giving to children, for they are always willing to expend it for their own clothing: besides, it gives them confidence in themselves, and teaches them self-reliance and the art of earning a living. All children when arrived at proper age, should have something of their own possessing a money value. The sense of ownership begets feelings of importance and of independence.

A new rifle introduced in the British army has given some astonishing results as, for instance, hitting a target at 104 time out of 629 shots, at a distance of 2, 800 yards, or something more than a mile and a half.

Mr. Jacob Hardy, of Norwood, while shooting partridge a mile or so east of the village on Tuesday afternoon, met with a serious accident. It appears that after firing one barrel he brought the gun sharply from the shoulder to the ground and in doing so the hammer of the other barrel struck a log, discharging it and lodging the contents in his right arm close to the shoulder. It is thought the arm will have to be amputated.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PHOTOGRAPHS

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

W. MACKAY,

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT.

Over the Hardware Store of Connor & Co., Durham Street, Madoc, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot 6, in 9th con. of Madoc. There is on the farm a log house and a frame barn. There is about 40 acres of wood land of beech and maple, and 60 acres cleared. The land is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM McMECHAN.

O'Brien's Hotel,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Rates, - $1.00 a Day.

Newly Furnished & Refitted Throughout.

HAVING leased the O'Brien House for a term of years, I have furnished it new throughout in first-class style, and the bar is stocked with best liquors and cigars. Good yard and stable accommodation. I will be glad to meet all my old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

SAMUEL CURRY.

Belleville, May 1st, 1888. 5

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25.000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th. 1888. 6-3m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block — Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Fall Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon,
Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

MADOC.

WHITE'S

Agricultural, Wagon and Sleigh WORKS.

WE have in stock for this season's trade a choice assortment of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

including the steel Wellington. We are agents for the famous

Steel Frame Spring Tooth Harrow,

the best in the market.

LUMBER WAGONS,

Tubular Axles, Pipe Box and Skein, at prices to suit the purchaser.

A full and complete assortment of

STOVES

for Coal or Wood. We would invite inspection to our line of Cook Stoves.

Special attention given to

Wagon Repairing and General Blacksmithing.

Would be pleased to have farmers visit our works and examine the stock we are putting in wagons and sleighs.

J. & J. WHITE.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $3,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,**

Appraiser at Madoc.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

We have pleasure in announcing that in a few days our Fall and Winter Stock will be complete in every department, when we shall be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

Our stock, as usual, will consist of Dry Goods, Carpets, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

We feel confident that a better selected stock of goods has never been offered to the public in Madoc, and at the lowest possible prices.

We have some lines of fall and winter goods left over from last season which we are disposing of at below cost.

Rare bargains are now being offered. Don't fail to give us a call.

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Sept. 19th, 1888. **POST OFFICE BLOCK**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 32. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 8, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

G. A. ROLLINS, Secretary. JAMES WHITE, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE— Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc,

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office Monday evening, Tuesday, and Tuesday evening of each week, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART, Solicitor, Madoc

507

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

DENTISTRY.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S., of over 20 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, the 1st TUESDAY and the 3rd TUESDAY of every month, staying two nights and the full day. Next visits, 4th and 20th Nov., and 4th and 18th Dec. A first-class and reliable thing expeditiously done in every department of the business, without any delays or disappointments. Villainous advised, and the new local anæsthetic. Best fit of teeth filling, &c.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the travelling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, PROP.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel. JAMES McCAW, Manager.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c., MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

NOTICE.

I HAVE several farms and small lots in the Township of Thurlow, for sale at reasonably low prices, that I will be glad to show to intending purchasers. Small payment down will be accepted.

HARFORD ASHLEY.

Belleville, August 3rd, 1888. 19-3m

HOUSE TO LET

IN the Village of Madoc. That desirable good brick house now occupied by Mr. Charles G. Wilson. It is well finished throughout, with bath-room and all modern conveniences. Possession given on or about the 1st of October. Apply to

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, August 4, 1888.

House and Lot for Sale.

PART of lot No. 3, in the 6th concession, immediately adjoining the corporation of Madoc village, containing 2 acres of land, frame house and barn, and a good well of water. Terms reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.

Madoc, May 1, 1888. 5-3m

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place and convenient to Eagle Lake.

For further particulars apply at the law office of the undersigned, Madoc.

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc, May 1st, 1888. 5 3m

GEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CLASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

GRAIN ! GRAIN !

HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH FOR GRAIN.

The North Hastings Warehouse

Is now open for buying and receiving all kinds of Grain, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.

ELDORADO ELEVATOR

will also be opened in a short time.

A. MILLER, Warehouseman.

Madoc, Aug. 31, 1888. 23-2m.

Palmer's Grocery.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INform the public that he has purchased the business of Mr. R. Beaton, Whytock's old corner, and will enlarge the same with a fine new stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CANNED GOODS, MEATS of all KINDS,

&c., &c. The usual stock still kept in my old stand, 3 doors south.

Ice Cream and Fruits in Season.

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

5 **A. PALMER.**

The Dear Departed !

Numerous Creditors who are Mourning absent ones.

The sudden departure of James Latimer, our late baker, to which we referred last week, is very deeply regretted by many of our citizens. It was a great shock to many that he would be guilty of such proceedings, and it was more than a shock to others of his friends to whom he showed such ingratitude as to leave them his creditors for large amounts. Among the largest of his liabilities is $275 owing Fred. Rollins, $175 to N. M. Maybee, $150 to M. Bristol, besides numerous other smaller amounts to different parties. He leaves a wife and child here.

Nothing, we understand, has since been heard of Seth and Moses Welch, who took French leave from Coe Hill the week before. Their creditors are many, distributed around that section, in Madoc, and in Belleville. Mr. Nugent, father-in-law of the former, we understand loses about $700, and Mr. J. M. Welch, brother, of this village, is also on their paper for a large amount. It was reported that they had been arrested while trying to cross the boundary into Uncle Sam's domains, but nothing has been heard since.

Born.

ROBERTS.—In Madoc, on the 30th October, the wife of Thos. Roberts, of a daughter.

Married.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of Jas. A. Pringle, by the Rev. O.H. Lambly, Thomas A. Emerson and Mary McGuire, both of Huntingdon.

GREAT SUCCESS.

Direct Importations by Cross & Mounce.

The large increase in their sales since their new importations, is the best evidence to Cross & Mounce, that their customers appreciate the change. In addition to Scotch, English, German and French goods, they keep the largest range of Canadian and American goods in Madoc. In millinery they keep all the new designs also in hats, ribbons &c. A visit to this store will convince buyers, first:—That they keep the largest stock of tweeds in North Hastings, Second;—That they keep the largest stock of dress goods in Madoc. Third;—That they keep first class goods in all departments, and that their prices are so low that few can equal and none can beat.

THE

TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

WHEAT WANTED.

We are now prepared to buy any quantity of wheat, for which we will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Madoc Roller Mills.

FRED. ROLLINS.

For the Heathen Land.

A Young Madoc Lady goes out as Missionary to India.

Miss Jennie Sinclair, of this village, sails on November the 15th for India, where she enters upon her duties as a missionary. She has for the past two years been studying medicine at the Kingston Women's Medical College. A year ago she made application to the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church to enter the mission field, through the medical profession, and has just completed her education for that purpose. She is yet young in years, and her large circle of friends in Madoc and vicinity will sincerely wish her God speed in her good work. Of course all expenses in connection with the voyage and her maintenance while laboring in India are defrayed by the Board who accepted her application without consideration. In addition we believe she is to receive a salary equal to $750 per annum, the engagement to last for seven years. Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston, once remarked that she was one of the most fearless students of surgery he ever had experience with.

Last week's Deseronto *Tribune* thus refers to Miss Sinclair's appointment:—Miss Jennie Sinclair, of Madoc, spent Wednesday in town bidding farewell to former friends in this place previous to her departure for India, to which country she, together with Miss Scott, of Manitoba, has been appointed as a missionary by the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Miss Sinclair, as will be remembered, was formerly a teacher in the public schools of Deseronto, and has during the past two years been attending the Women's Medical College in Kingston. About a year ago she made application to the board for a commission on the completion of her studies, but in consequence of the urgent need of female missionaries at present she has consented to enter on her great work immediately. Her future field will be Indore, in Central India, where the Presbyterian Church in this country has already several missionaries employed. The two young ladies will be designated to the work with appropriate services at a public meeting to be held in Chalmer's Church, Kingston, on Friday, 9th inst. During her stay in Deseronto, Miss Sinclair was the guest of Miss Davis, Dundas street, and was called upon by many of her former friends, including several members of the Women's Missionary Association of the Church of the Redeemer, of which she was at one time secretary. After visiting friends in Madoc, Belleville, etc., Miss Sinclair will sail from Montreal on the 15th inst., followed no doubt by the good wishes and prayers of many Christian friends in Canada who will watch her future career with interest, hoping that success may crown her self denying work among the *Zenanas* of India.

Miss Sinclair was given a farewell reception by her friends in Madoc, in the Presbyterian Church, last evening, an account of which will be given in our next issue.

Village Council.

The council met on Monday evening, all the members present except Councillor Wilson.

A communication from F. E. O'Flynn, re mill dam, also one from Bruce, Burton & Culhane, in reference to High School debentures, were ordered to be received and filed.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—R. O'Riordan, streets and sidewalks, $21.75; J. R. Orr, printing, $62.04; *Globe*, advertising High School debentures, $18.00.

Moved by Mr. Dale, seconded by Mr. Rollins, that $1.05 be refunded Chas. Roberts for overcharged taxes.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Rollins, seconded by Mr. Whytock, that the sum of $15.00 be placed in the hands of the Poor and Sanitary Committee, to be used as they see proper.—Carried.

The Council then adjourned.

Strange Freaks of Nature.

Says the Deseronto *Tribune*:—Mr Thomas Thompson, of the Napanee road has brought us in samples of potatoes grown on his farm in Richmond. Their history manifest one of those strange freaks of nature which are continually cropping out to surprise and bewilder man and convince him that his knowledge is after all very limited. Mr. Thompson planted the seed early in the season and dug a first crop about the first of August. Now comes the curious part of the story; he again planted the original seed and strange to state he obtains a second crop of potatoes well formed and excellent in quality. No farmer in this section ever remembers hearing of anything of the kind before. Mr. Thompson has also some cabbage with three heads on one stalk, and that without cutting the stalk during growth. Mr. Thompson, we may state, attributes the second crop already mentioned to the very dry season experienced this year.

COUNTY NEWS.

A new Orange Lodge will be established at Picton.

Cemetery disturbers have been at work in Stirling.

Bath wants a tinsmith to locate in that burgh.

Picton bakers have advanced bread to 13 cts, a loaf.

The whole back country is swarming with deer hunters.

Deseronto will be proclaimed a town on January 1st, next.

The Marchmont home at Belleville is undergoing renovation.

There is a great apple barrel famine in Prince Edward this year.

Mrs. Griffin, aged 100 years, died in Kingston goal on Wednesday.

William Corbell, of Belleville, fell from a tree sustaining very serious injuries.

Thomas Britton, cooper at Napanee cement works, put up 100 apple barrels in a day.

Stephen Lake, of west Lake, has King of Tompkins apples, 175 of which will fill a barral.

N. H. Field, Lyn, has absconded with $3,000 belonging to patrons of several cheese factories.

James Black, Shannonville, has a colt which when four months old tipped the scale at 630 pounds.

The Norwood *Register* has been presented with a cabbage weighing 20 pounds and a parsnip 3 feet long.

There is some talk of again starting glassworks in Napanee. Let us hope that the new scheme will be successful.

The Gananoque Carriage Works are manufacturing 3,500 cutters for the coming season.

The Brighton *Ensign* man will not allow a potato into his office unless it weighs 4 pounds 3 ounces, he having received a sample of that degree of ponderosity.

In many places, particulatly in low districts and swamps, the ground is thoroughly soaked and flowing over by the numerous rainfalls of the past month. Complaints are now arising of too much rain.

Railways are now doing an extensive business in the transportation of grain across the country. Hundreds of thousands of bushels will be marketed and shipped during this month.

A guide for Toronto hunting party, named Gunsolus, arrived at Haliburton on Thursday with the report that wolves had attacked and killed their entire pack of hounds the first night in camp.

East Northumberland is to have another election to the Commons on the 20th inst., which will be the sixth election contest in that constituency since December 28th, 1886, or an average of three political battles per annum.

The body of Alex. Dubleau, commonly known as "Dixie," of Belleville, was found floating in the at Belleville last Saturday morning by some hand on the Quinte. It is supposed he was murdered for his money and the body then thrown into the bay.

A week ago last Saturday something occurred which had never been known in Marmora previously, viz, two funerals. In the forenoon T. Nihill who died suddenly of heart disease, was buried; and in the afternoon, Mrs. M. Depe was buried. She had been sick a long time with consumption.

It is reported that diphtheria has manifested itself in the villages of Norwood, Campbellford and Warkworth, and that several deaths have resulted from the disease. It is stated, also, that diphtheria is prevalent at Plympton settlement, back of Brighton. There were 30 cases in the settlement. Alex. Austin lost three children and has two down; J. Montgomery lost two and has two down; Wm. Gunther lost one and has one down. Mr. Austin had to bury his own children. Dr. Clemenson, of Warkworth, who has been attending the afflicted ones, is now down himself.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

At their regular meeting, the directors of the Bank of Montreal declared a half-yearly dividend of five per cent.

At the Toronto Hunt Club races on Saturday afternoon, one of the jockeys, named Cook, was fatally injured.

One of the patients of the small-pox hospital, Toronto, died on Saturday afternoon. The other patients are doing well.

Brantford on Monday carried by-laws to raise $195,000 and $10,000 for water-works and drill shed purposes respectively.

At the meeting of the Toronto Trades and Labour Council a resolution was passed favouring the exemption from taxation of dwellings to the extent of $600.

It is rumoured that Sir John Macdonald will proceed to England shortly to have a consultation with members of the Imperial Government on the Fishery question.

The American Humane Association concluded its annual convention in Toronto on Monday. During the afternoon the delegates visited various places of interest in the city.

The whitefish catch on Lake Erie is reported to have been very large last season, which is regarded as a result of the extensive artificial propagation carried on by the United States.

The annual meeting of the Board of Management of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was opened in Toronto with a large attendance of delegates. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were most satisfactory.

Mrs. Thomas Lennox, of Barrie, received through the post-office a small paper box containing four chocolates similar to those received by the Galt people. There not being anything to indicate who the sender was, she handed them over to the chief constable.

The Ontario Mining Commission, while in Ottawa, took evidence regarding the region north of Lake Nipissing, and bordering on Opeongo Lake, Lake Temagami, and the Montreal river, and found that the district is reported to be very rich in silver, copper, and mica, with traces of gold.

AMERICAN.

A cargo of Canadian barley has been sold in Buffalo at a price equal to 90 cents cash.

Snow lies deeper in Northern Minnesota than it has done at this season during the last six years.

Julia Beck, of Kansas City, committed suicide on Wednesday because she thought she was too homely to live.

Prof. Virchow and Dr. Waldeyer have signed a document contradicting some of Dr. Mackenzie's statements.

The Chinaman at Sarnia who was refused re-admission into the States has disappeared and is supposed to have escaped secretly into the land of the free.

A post-office clerk in Buffalo has been arrested for stealing and opening over a bushel of mail matter, from which he took about $5,000 in sight drafts.

Kingtye Cheong, the Montreal merchant, has been informed by the Washington authorities that he can visit New York, as the Chinese Exclusion Act only refers to coolies.

FOREIGN.

Bremen has joined the German Zollverein.

The native porter who murdered Major Bartelot has been hanged.

Father McFadden, of Gweedore, Donegal has been released from gaol.

The London *Times* indicts as Fenians 64 Irish members of Parliament.

Lieut. Wiseman, of Berlin, believes that Stanley has joined Emin Bey.

M. de Lesseps says the Panama Canal will be open for traffic in July, 1890.

The report is confirmed that Emperor William intends to visit Madrid and Lisbon.

Mr. Parnell's defences in the libel suit against The Times in Scotland have been entered.

Emperor William is said to be an incessant smoker of cigarettes, heavily charged with opium.

Paris is shortly to have an immense ice chamber for the preservation of meats in case of a siege.

M. Peytral, French Minister of Finance, has presented a bill to impose a nominal tax on incomes.

The British Company in Zanzibar has been successfully started, and has conciliated all classes of natives.

The price of coal in London has advanced two shillings a ton, owing to the strike of miners.

A celebration of Father McFadden's release from gaol ended in a row between the police and the people.

The German consul at Havre has been insulted, for which the French authorities have tendered apologies.

Mr. Labouchere says Mr. Parnell has obtained overwhelming evidence that the Times letters are forgeries.

A French officer who attended the recent Italian review has a very poor opinion of the discipline of the soldiers.

Sixty-four Irish members of Parliament and several outsiders connected with the League are indicted by the Times.

Dr. Mackenzie denies the report of a German publisher that Empress Frederick revised the English proofs of his book.

While on voyage between Batavia and Singapore, Landgrave Frederick Wilhelm of Hesse fell overboard and was drowned.

A movement is talked of to provide a new building at Westminster for monuments to distinguished dead, the Abbey being nearly full.

The St. Petersburg newspapers again urge that an "entente cordiale" with England is opportune, owing to the coolness between Germany and England.

It is reported that the differences of opinion among the English Currency Commission have been settled, and the report will be decidedly in favour of bi-metallism.

Meetings in memory of Emperor Frederick were held in fifteen German towns on Thursday, and the Berlin palace in Unter den Linden was draped with crape.

The Berlin Supreme Court has refused to release Prof. Geffcken, who is under arrest for furnishing the *Deutsche Rundschau* with extracts from Emperor Fredrick's diary.

Dr. Peters, of Berlin, believes that the rising in East Africa has a close connection with the Mahdi movement, and that both are a struggle of Mahomedism against Christianity.

Official returns show that the effect of the system instituted in the British army last year, of greater lenity in the matter of punishment, has been attended with very satisfactory results.

While the bloodhounds, for the capture of the Whitechapel murderer, were being exercised on Thursday morning, they followed a scent that had been laid for them, got out of sight, and were lost.

Doctors Bergmann and Gerhardt do not advise that Dr. Mackenzie and his German publishers should be indicted for libel, but Dr. Bergmann is quite prepared to fight a duel with the English specialist.

London city circles are very suspicious over the withdrawals of gold to the extent of $10,000,000 on account of the Russian Government. The theory is that Russia is hoarding gold in preparation for war next spring.

Emperor William visited Pompeii yesterday morning, and while there an excavation was made in his presence, and some bronze ornaments were presented to him. The Emperor and King Humbert returned to Rome in the afternoon.

Mr. John Finucane, M.P. for East Limerick, will bring an action against the London "Times," for libel for stating that in a speech he had advised the farriers in Ireland, upon shoeing land-grabbers' horses, to drive the nails into the quick.

Prof. Virchow and Dr. Waldeyer say that the *post-mortem* examination of the late Emperor contradicts Dr. Mackenzie's two statements that cauterization was employed, or that Dr. Bergmann made a false passage while attempting to insert a canula.

The commissioners appointed by the Imperial Government to select a number of Scotch crofter families for Manitoba have returned to London from the New Hebrides, having picked nearly forty families, containing a large proportion of adults, who will leave for Canada next March.

The Corset Questions.

In the Biological Section of the British Association at Bath recently the vexed question of stays and tight lacing was discussed in a separate department. The attendances of the fair sex was especially large. The general expectation which they apparently entertained that the paper would condemn the wearing of stays was, however, agreeably disappointed. Mr. C. S. Roy, professor of pathology at Cambridge, and J. G. Adams, university administrator of pathology, who had announced a joint paper on the Physiological Bearing of Waistbelts and Stays," blessed instead of banning these articles.

They have lately been making some pathological experiments, and had found that a good deal of blood stored uselessly in the abdominal veins is, by slight pressure, placed advantageously at the disposal of the muscles, brain and skin. This explains how men, as well as women, instinctively employ some method of abdominal compression, wearing waistbands or belts, or the more elaborate corsets, at periods of increased activity. No doubt fashion has sometimes led to distortion of the female figure by means of stays, but if not laced too tight the modern corset, by clasping the waist and supporting the bosom and back, constitutes a convenient combination of the different forms of girdle which have been found useful by the women of all civilized nations from the remotest times. Of course during sleep they are put off, but during hours of exertion, social or otherwise, reasonable tight lacing is fitted to increase mental and physical activity. They, however, cautioned young ladies against carrying this to an injudicious extreme.

The Biggest Passenger Engine Yet.

The "Boston Advertiser" says:—There is a locomotive now nearly completed by the Hinckley Locomotive Works on Albany street which is intended to far surpass anything and everything in the railroad line in the United States, if not in the world. This wonderful engine was designed by G. S. Strong, of the Strong Locomotive Co., of New York, and is expected to make the lightning speed of eighty miles an hour with ten passenger cars on an ordinary road. It is the largest passenger engine ever built, and will run on the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fe road, between Chicago and Fort Madison. The first thing that would strike the observer is the singular position of the engineer's cab. It is perched on top of the boiler about the centre, and is occupied by the engineer alone, as another cab is built behind the boiler for the fireman. The engine alone will weigh fifty-five tons, and with the tender, which is built to ride like a passenger coach, will weigh eighty-five tons.

A Way They Have in Turkey.

"Mahmud Djalladelleu Pasha, the late Minister of Finance at Constantinople, has narrowly escaped strangling," says London "Truth." "He came into office a few years ago when a very poor man, but by means of systematic swindling of the most outrageous kind he has realized a fortune of 350,000 Turkish pounds. The sultan, on being informed of his fraudulent practices, ordered his arrest, and announced his intention of having him strangled and of confiscating his savings. It then turned out that Mahmud had been sufficiently farsighted to invest his fortune abroad, so that, if he were strangled the Sultan would not gain a piastre; and, after much negotiation, it has been decided that he is to pay a fine of 120,000 Turkish pounds and to be banished from the vicinity of Constantinople. This fine will not be employed to compensate the officials who have been robbed by Mahmud, but it is to go into the Sultan's private purse.

Mrs. Godolphin—"Now, what would be your terms, Mr. Jones, for giving me a course of say a dozen lessons in painting?" Jones—"Well, frankly, Mrs. Godolphin, I'm afraid it's too late in life for you to begin to start a career of art—that is, if you wish to take it up seriously." Mrs. G.—"Oh, but I don't. I only want to learn enough to be able to teach."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Portions of the North-West of Canada abound in feathered game in countless thousands, but they are being slaughtered too indiscriminately and with such persistence that it is feared they will go the way of the buffalo in a few years if the pot hunters are not restricted in their business. The Calgary "Herald" says that game is already getting scarce around the town and in the vicinity of the settlements, and calls upon the Legislature to protect the prairie chickens, snipe and duck.

Mormon missionaries are making such progress in the rear townships that Rev. A. R. Whatham, the Church of England clergyman in Cardiff and Monmouth, has found it necessary to meet them on the platform and to challenge them to a discussion of their doctrines in print. Mr. Whatham now makes a very fair proposal to the Saints. He says he will combat them in the columns of their own official journal, and will leave it to a committee composed of four professors of divinity, two nominated by himself and two nominated by the Mormons, to say who comes out best.

The citizens of Detroit are complaining of the nuisance of overcrowded street cars, from which Toronto has suffered so long and is still suffering. A correspondent of the Detroit "Journal" suggests a resort to a well-equipped line of Hercic coaches. One advantage of the coach is that when halted it is driven up to the kerb, and the passenger thus avoids the dirt and danger of going to or coming from the middle of the street. It seems to us that there would be little objection to the street railway system if the City Council could be prevailed upon to enforce a law forbidding overcrowding.

So jealous are the people of the Pacific coast of Chinese encroachments that even the employment of a Chinese cook on the Government steamer Sir James Douglas is made the subject for compl int against the Dominion authorities. Th Celestial is much to be pitied. Rejected by Australia, the United States, and Canada, he has no encouragement to settle in Christian lands. But though Christians will not fraternize with him on earth they have not lost interest in him altogether. We are sending him missionaries to expound to him the principles of the religion we profess, in the hope that we may meet him on equal terms hereafter.

In a few days an addition will be made to our long list of legislative bodies. Ever since is has been under Canadian control the North-West has been ruled in certain minor local matters by a council under the Lieutenant-Governor. At first the council was composed of nominated members, all of whom were officials; then, as population crept in, representatives were admitted, until the council was half nominated and half representative. At the last session of Parliament the council received its quietus, and a legislative assembly with somewhat restricted powers was created in its place. The Assembly has been elected, and it is to meet at Regina this week.

There has been a good deal of satisfaction expressed over the news transmitted by cable, that No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat is the highest-priced wheat on the British market. A Montreal journal says, however, that "the people of Manitoba would rather have the standard lowered, as they are not satisfied with the proportion of the whole crop which reaches that standard. They think that if the standard was lowered a very much larger quantity of wheat would reach it, and bring a price very little if any lower than the price paid for the comparatively small quantity which reaches the present high standard. The Manitobans prefer the material advantage of higher prices to the honour of having their wheat head the market lists."

In a recent sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage attributed the suicidal epidemic to two causes, viz., infidelity and insanity. Medical statistics prove that insanity and religious mania lead to many cases of self destruction, and it is very much to be questioned that infidels, at any rate in America and Great Britain, are more prone to commit suicide than other classes of the community. The assumption has been that agnosticism, by depriving death of the terrors of the orthodox hereafter, fosters the suicidal tendency. It has been shown over and over again that the ratio of suicides in every country is governed by the existing social conditions. It may be expected, for instance that with dear coal and bread this winter the percentage of suicides will be increased. Suicide is often resorted to as a refuge from starvation.

There is an American Philistine as well as an English Philistine, and the former is not one whit less offensive than the latter. The American Philistine abroad is thus hit off by Prof. Boyesen; "He brags of his opulence, patronizes the effete monarchies whose manners (which he designates as 'frills'), customs, and institutions fill him with a grand patriotic contempt. He discourses loudly in the reading rooms of the banks and exchanges on the superiority of the United States and all that appertains to them to Europe and all that appertains to it; spits on the floor (as an illustration of the national superiority), and makes himself generally obnoxious. To Europe he represents America, is the typical American, and cheerfully accepts his representative character." The American Philistine is a familiar figure in Canada.

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OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHATER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"Read me *Gambetta*," Winifred said with quiet imperiousness. "I'll see if I like that any better than all this foolish maundering Philosophy."

Hugh turned over his papers for the piece "by request," and after some searching among quires and sheets, came at last upon a clean-written copy of his immortal threnody. He began reading out the lugubrious lines in a sufficiently grandiose and sepulchral voice. Winifred listened with exclusive attention, as to a matter little worthy her sublime consideration. Hugh cleared his throat and rang out magnificently:

"She sits once more upon her ancient throne,
The fair republic of our steadfast vows;
A Phrygian bonnet binds her queenly brows;
Athwart her neck her knotted hair is blown.
A hundred cities nestle in her lap,
Girt round their stately looks with mural crowns:
The folds of her imperial robe enwrap
A thousand lesser towns."

"'Mural crowns' is good,' Winifred murmured satirically; 'it reminds one so vividly of the stone statues in the Place de la Concorde."

Hugh took no notice of her intercalary criticism. He went on with ten or twelve stanzas more of the same bombastic, wouldbe sublime character, and wound up at last in thunderous tones with a prophetic outburst as to the imagined career of some future Gambetta—himself possibly:

"He still shall guide us toward the distant goal;
Calm with unerring tact our weak alarms;
Drain all our youth in skill of manly arms,
And knit our sires in unity of soul;
Till bursting iron bars and gates of brass
Our own Republic stretch her arms again
To raise the weeping daughters of Alsace,
And lead those homes, Lorraine."

"Well, what do you think of *that*, Winnie?" he asked at last triumphantly, with the air of a man who has trotted out his best war-horse for public inspection, and has no fear of the effect he is producing.

"Think?" Winifred answered. "Why, I think, Hugh, that if Swinburne had never written his Ode to Victor Hugo, you would never have written that Funeral March for your precious Gambetta."

Hugh bit his lip in bitter silence. The criticism was many times worse than harsh; it was true; and he knew it. But a truthful critic is the most galling of all things.

"Well, surely, Winifred," he cried at last after a long pause, "you think those other lines good, don't you?—

And when like some fierce whirlwind through the land
The wrathful Teuton swept, he only dared
To hope and act when every heart and hand,
But his alone, despaired."

"My dear Hugh," Winifred answered candidly, "don't you see in your own heart that all this sort of thing may be very well in its own way, but it isn't original—it isn't inspiration; it isn't the true sacred fire: it's only an echo. Echoes do admirably for the young beginner; but in a man of your age—for you are getting on now—we expect something native and idiosyncratic.—I think Mr. Hatherley called it idiosyncratic.—You know Mr. Hatherley said to me once you would never be a poet. You have too good a memory. Whenever Massinger sits down at his desk to write about anything," he said in his quiet way, "he remembers such a perfect flood of excellent things other people have written about the same subject, that he's absolutely incapable of originality." And the more I see of your poetry, dear, the more do I see that Mr Hatherley was right—right beyond question. You're clever enough, but you know you're not original."

Hugh answered her never a single word. To such a knock-down blow as that, any answer at all is clearly impossible. He only muttered something very low to himself about casting one's pearls before some evanescent beautiful.

Presently, Winifred spoke again. "Let's go out," she said, rising from the sofa, "and sit by the sea on the roots of the poplar."

As the word, Hugh flung down the manuscript in a heap on the ground with a strong expression that Winifred had ever before heard fall from his lips. "I hate the poplar!" he said angrily; "I detest the poplar! I won't have the poplar! Nothing on earth will induce me to sit by the poplar!"

"How cross you are!" Winifred cried with a frown. "You jump at me as if you'd snap my head off! And all just because I didn't like your verses.—Very well then: I'll go and sit there alone.—I can amuse myself, fortunately, without your help. I've got Mr. Hatherley's clever article in this month's *Contemporary*."

That evening, as they sat together silently in the drawing room, Winifred engaged in the feminine amusement of casting admiring glances at her own walls, and Hugh poring over a serious-looking book, Winifred glanced over him suddenly with a sigh, and murmured half aloud: "After all, really I don't think much of it."

"Much of what?" Hugh asked, still bending over the book he was anxiously consulting.

"Why, of that gourd I brought home from town yesterday. You know Mrs. Walpole's got a gourd in her drawing-room; and every time I went into the vicarage I said to myself: "Oh, how lovely it is! How exquisite! How foreign-looking! If only I had a gourd like that, now. I think life would be really endurable. It gives the last touch of art to the picture. Our new drawing-room would look just perfection with such a gourd as hers to finish the wall with." Well, I saw the exact counterpart of that very gourd the day before yesterday at a shop in Bond street. I bought it, and brought it home with exceeding great joy, I thought I should then be quite happy. I hung it up on the wall to try, this morning. And sitting here all evening looking at it with my head first on one side and then on the other, I've said to myself a thousand times over: 'It doesn't look one bit like Mrs. Walpole's. After all, I don't know that I'm so much happier, now I've got it, than I was before I had a gourd of my own at all to look at.'"

Hugh groaned. The unconscious allegory was far too obvious in its application not to sink into the very depths of his soul. He turned back to his book, and sighed inwardly to think for what a feeble, unsatisfactory shadow of a gourd he had sacrificed his own life—not to speak of Winifred's and Elsie's.

By-and-by Winifred rose and crossed the room. "What's that you're studying so intently?" she asked, with a suspicious glance at the book in his fingers.

Hugh hesitated, and seemed half inclined for a moment to shut the book with a bang and hide it away from her. Then he made up his mind with a fresh resolve to brazen it out. "*Gordon's Electricity and Magnetism*," he answered quietly, as unabashed as possible, holding the volume half-closed with his forefinger at the page he had just hunted up. "I'm—I'm interested at present to some extent in the subject of electricity. I'm thinking of getting it up a little."

Winifred took the book from his hand, wondering, with a masterful air of perfect authority. He yielded like a lamb. On immaterial questions it was his policy not to resist her. She turned to the page where his finger had rested and ran it down lightly with her quick eye. The key-words showed in some degree at what it was driving: "Frank's Experiment"—"Means of Collection"—"Theory of Lightning Rods"—"Ruhmkorff's Coils"—"Drawing down Electric Discharges from the Clouds."—Why, what was all this? She turned round inquiringly. Hugh shuffled in an uneasy way in his chair. The husband who shuffles betrays his cause. "We must put up conductors, Winnie," he said hesitatingly, with a hot face, "to protect those new gables at the east wing.—It's dangerous to leave the house so exposed. I'll order them down from London to-morrow."

"Conductors! Fiddlesticks!" Winifred answered in a breath, with wifely promptitude. "Lightning never hurt the house yet, and it's not going to begin hurting it now, just because an Immortal Poet with a fad for electricity has come to live and compose at Whitestrand. If anything, it ought to go the other way. Bards, you know, are exempt from thunderbolts. Didn't you read me the lines yourself, 'God's lightnings spared, they said, Alone the holier head, Whose laurels screened it,' or something to that effect? You're all right, you see. Poets can never be struck, I fancy."

"But 'Mr. Hatherley said to me once you would never be a poet,'" Hugh repeated with a smile, exactly mimicking. Winifred's querulous little voice and manner. "As my own wife doesn't consider me a poet, Winifred, I shall venture to do as I like myself about my private property."

Winifred took up a bedroom candle and lighted it quietly without a word. Then she went up to muse in her own bedroom over her new gourd and other disillusionments.

As soon as she was gone, Hugh rose from his chair and walked slowly into his own study, Gordon's "Electricity" was still in his hand, and his finger pointed to that incriminating passage. He sat down at the sloping desk and wrote a short note to a well-known firm of scientific instrument makers whose address he had copied a week before from the advertisement sheet of "Nature."

Whitestrand Hall,
Almudham, Suffolk.

Gentlemen—Please forward me to the above address, at your earliest convenience, your most powerful form of Ruhmkorff Induction Coil, with secondary wires attached, for which cheque will be sent in full on receipt of invoice or retail price list.—Faithfully yours,

Hugh Massinger.

As he rose from the desk, he glanced half involuntarily out of the study window. It pointed south. The moon was shining full on the water. That hateful poplar stared him straight in the face, as tall and gaunt and immovable as ever. On its roots, a woman in a white dress was standing, looking out over the angry sea, as Elsie had stood, for the twinkling of an eye, on that terrible evening when he lost her for ever. One second, the sight sent a shiver through his frame, then he laughed to himself, the next, for his groundless terror. How childish! How infantile! It was the gardner's wife, in her light print frock, looking out to sea for her boy's smack, overdue, no doubt—for Charlie was a fisherman.—But it was intolerable that he, the Squire of Whitestrand, should be subjected to such horrible turns as these. He shook his fist angrily at the offending tree. "You shall pay for it, my friend," he muttered low but hoarse between his clenched teeth. You shan't have many more chances of frightening me!"

CHAPTER XXIX.—Accidents Will Happen.

During the whole of the next week, the Squire and a strange artisan, whom he had specially imported by rail from London, went much about together by day and night through the grounds at Whitestrand. A certain air of mystery hung over their joint proceedings. The strange artisan was a skilled workman in the engineering line, he told the people at the *Fisherman's Rest*, where he had taken a bed for his stay in the village; and indeed sundry books in his kit bore out the statement—weird books of a scientific and diagrammatic character, chokeful of formulæ in Greek lettering, which seemed not unlikely to be connected with hydrostatics, dynamics, trigonometry, and mechanics, or any other equally abstruse and uncanny subject, not wholly alien to necromancy and witchcraft. It was held at Whitestrand by those best able to form an opinion in such dark questions, that the new importation was "summat in the electric way;" and it was certainly matter of plain fact, patent to all observers equally, that he did in very truth fix up an elaborate lightning-conductor of the latest pattern to the newly thrown-out gable-end at what had once been Elsie's window. It was Elsie's window still to Hugh: let him twist it and turn it and alter it as he would, he feared it would never, never cease to be Elsie's window.

But in the domain at large, the intelligent artisan with the unpleasing air who was surmised to be "summat like the electric way," carefully examined, under Hugh's directions, many parts of the grounds of Whitestrand. Squire was going to lay out the garden and terrace afresh, the servants conjectured in their own society: one or two of them, exceedingly modern in their views, even opined in an off hand fashion that he must be bent on laying electric lights on. Conservative in most things to the backbone, the servants bestowed the meed of their hearty approval on the electric light: it saves so in trimming and cleaning. Lamps are the bugbear of big country houses: electricity, on the other hand, needs no tending. It was near the poplar that Squire was going to put his installation, as they call the arrangement in our latter-day jargon; and he was going to drive it, rumour remarked, by a tidal outfall. What a tidal outfall might be, or how it could work in lighting the Hall, nobody knew; but the intelligent artisan had let the words drop casually in the course of conversation; and the *Fisherman's Rest* snapped them up at once, and retailed them freely with profound gusto to all after-comers.

Still, it was a curious fact in its own way that the installation appeared to progress most easily when nobody happened to be looking on, and when the skilled workman in the engineering line generally stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying his handicraft with languid interest, whenever anybody from the village or the Hall lounged up by his side to inspect or wonder at it.

More curious still was another small fact, known to nobody but the skilled workman *in propria persona*, that four small casks of petroleum from a London store were stowed away, by Hugh Massinger's orders, under the very roots of the big poplar; and that by their side lay a queer apparatus, concocted apparently in some remote way with electric lighting.

The Squire himself, however, made no secret of his own personal and private intentions to the London workman. He paid the man well, and he exacted silence. That was all. But he explained precisely in plain terms what it was that he wanted done. The tree was an eyesore to him, he said, with his usual frankness—Hugh was always frank whenever possible—but his wife, for sentimental reasons, had a special fancy for it. He wanted to get rid of it, therefore, in the least obtrusive way he could easily manage. This was the least obtrusive way. So *this* was what he required done with it. The London workman nodded his head, pocketed his pay, looked unconcerned, and held his tongue with trained fidelity. It was none of his business to pry into any employer's motives. Enough for him to take his orders and to carry them out faithfully to the very letter. The job was odd: an odd job is always interesting. He hoped the experiment might prove successful.

The Whitestrand labourers, who passed by the poplar and the London workman, time and again, with a jerky nod and their pipes turned downward, never noticed a certain slender unobtrusive copper wire which the strange artisan fastened one evening, in the gray dusk, right up the stem and boles of the big tree to a round knob on the very summit. The wire, however, as its fixer knew, ran down to a large deal box well buried in the ground, which bore outside a green label, "Ruhmkorff Induction Coil, Elliott's Patent." The wire and coil terminated in a pile close to the four full petroleum barrels. When the London workman had securely laid the entire apparatus, undisturbed by loungers, he reported adversely, with great solemnity, on the tidal outfall and electric light scheme to Hugh Massinger. No sufficient power for the purpose existed in the river. This adverse report was orally delivered in the front vestibule of Whitestrand Hall, and it was also delivered with sedulous care—as per orders received—in Mrs. Massinger's own presence. When the London workman went out again after making his carefully worded statement, he went out clinking a coin of the realm or two in his trousers' pocket, and with his tongue stuck, somewhat unbecomingly, in his right cheek, as who should pride himself on the successful outwitting of an innocent fellow-creature. He had done the work he was paid for, and he had done it well. But he thought to himself, as he wank his way rejoicing, that the Squire of Whitestrand must be very well held in hand indeed by that small pale lady, if he had to take so many cunning precautions in secret beforehand when he wanted to get rid of a single tree that offended his eye in his own gardens.

The plot was all well laid now. Hugh had nothing further left to do but to possess his soul in patience against the next thunderstorm. He had not very long to wait. Before the month was out, a thunderstorm did indeed burst in full force over Whitestrand and its neighbourhood—one of those terrible and destructive east-coast, electric displays which invariably leave their dread mark behind them. For along the low, flat, monotonous East Anglian shore, where hills are unknown and big trees rare, the lightning almost inevitably singles out for its onslaught some aspiring piece of man's handiwork—some church steeple, some castle keep, the turrets on some tall and isolated manor-house, the vane above some ancient castellated gateway.

The reason for this is not far to seek. In hilly countries the hills and trees act as natural lightning-conductors, or rather as decoys to draw aside the fire from heaven from the towns or farm-houses that nestle far below among the glens and valleys. But in wide level plains, where all alike is flat and low-lying, human architecture forms for the most part the one salient point in the landscape for lightning to attack: every church or tower with its battlements and lanterns stands in the place of polished knobs on an electric machine, and draws down upon itself with unerring certainty the destructive bolt from the over-charged clouds. Owing to this cause, the thunder-storms of East Anglia are the most appalling and destructive in their concrete results of any in England. The laden clouds, big with electric energy, hang low and dark above one's very head, and let loose their accumulated store of vivid flashes in the exact midst of towns and villages.

This particular thunderstorm, as chance would have it, came late at night, after three sultry days of close weather, when big black masses were just beginning to gather in vast battalions over the German Ocean: and let loose at last its fierce artillery in terrible volleys right over the village and grounds of Whitestrand. Hugh Massinger was the first at the Hall to observe from afar the distant flash, before the thunder had made itself audible in their ears. A pale light to westward, in the direction of Snade, attracted, as he read, his passing attention. "By Jove!" he cried, rising with a yawn from his chair, and laying down the manuscript of "*A Life's Philosophy*" which he was languidly correcting to its later stanzas. "that's something like lightning, Winifred! Over Snade way, apparently. I wonder if it's going to drift towards us?—Whew—what a clap! It's precious near. I expect we shall catch it ourselves shortly."

The clouds rolled up with extraordinary rapidity, and the claps came fast and thick and nearer. Winifred cowered down on the sofa in terror. She dreaded thunder; but she was too proud to confess what she would nevertheless have given worlds to do—hide her frightened little head with sobs and tears in its old place upon Hugh's shoulder. "It's coming this way," she cried nervously after a while, "That last flash must have been awfully near us."

Even as she spoke, a terrific volley seemed to burst all at once right over their heads and shake the house with its irresistible majesty. Winifred buried her face deep in the cushions. "O Hugh," she cried in a terrified tone, "this is awful—awful!"

Much as he longed to look out of the window, Hugh could not resist that unspoken appeal. He drew up the blind hastily to its full height, so that he might see out to watch the success of his deep-laid stratagem; then he hurried over with real tenderness to Winifred's side. He drew his arm round her and sat shed her with his hand, and laid her poor throbbing aching head with a lever's caress upon his own broad bosom. Winifred nestled close to him with a sigh of relief. The nearness of danger, real or imagined, rouses all the most ingrained and profound of our virile feelings. The instinct of protection for the woman and the child comes over even bad men at such moments of doubt with irresistible might and majesty. Small differences or tiffs are forgotten and forgiven: the woman clings naturally in her feminine weakness to the strong man in his primary aspect as comforter and protector. Between Hugh and Winifred the estrangement as yet was but vague and unacknowledged. Had it yawned far wider, had it sunk far deeper, the awe and terror of that supreme moment would amply have sufficed to bridge it over, at least while the orgy of the thunderstorm lasted.

For next instant a sheet of liquid flame seemed to surround and engulf the whole house at once in its white embrace. The world became for the twinkling of an eyen one surging flood of vivid fire, one roar and crash and sea of deafening tumult. Winifred buried her face deeper than ever on Hugh's shoulder, and put up both her small hands to her tingling ears, to crush if possible the hideous roar out. But the light and sound seemed to penetrate everything: she was aware of them keenly through her very bones and nerves and marrow; her entire being appeared as if pervaded and overwhelmed with the horror of the lightning. In another moment all was over, and she was conscious only of an abiding awe, a deep-seated afterglow of alarm and terror. But Hugh had started up from the sofa now, both his hands clasped hard in front of his breast, and was gazing wildly out of the big bow-window, and lifting up his voice in a paroxysm of excitement. "It's hit the poplar!" he cried. "It's hit the poplar! It must be terribly near, Winnie! It's hit the poplar!"

Winifred opened her eyes with an effort, and saw him standing there, as if spellbound, by the window. She dared not get up and come any nearer the front of the room, but, raising her eyes, she saw from where she sat, or rather crouched, that the poplar stood out, one living mass of rampant flame, a flaring beacon, from top to bottom. The petroleum, ignited and raised to flashing-point by the fire which the induction coil had drawn down from heaven, gave off its blazing vapour in huge rolling sheets and forked tongues of flame, which licked up the crackling branches of the dry old tree from base to summit like so much touchwood. The poplar rose now one solid column of crimson fire. The red glow deepened and widened from moment to moment. Even the drenching rain that followed the thunder-clap seemed powerless to check that frantic onslaught. The fire leaped and danced through the tall straight boughs with mad exultation, blazing out its defiance to the big round drops which burst off into tiny balls of steam before they could reach the red hot trunk and snapping branches. Even left to itself, the poplar, once ignited, would have burnt to the ground with startling rapidity; for its core was dry and light as tinder, its wood was eaten through by innumerable worm-holes, and the hollow centre of mouldering dry-rot, where children had loved to play at Hide-and-seek, acted now like a roaring chimney flue, with the fierce draught that carried up the circling eddies of smoke and flame in mad career to the topmost branches. But the flames of the petroleum, rendered instantly gaseous by the electric heat, made the work of destruction still more instantaneous, terrible, and complete than it would have provided if left to unaided nature. The very atmosphere revolved itself into one rolling pillar of fluid flame. The tree seemed enveloped in a shroud of fire. All human effort must be powerless to resist it. The poplar dissolved almost as if by magic with a wild rapidity into its prime elements.

A man must be a man come what may. Hugh leaped towards the window and flung it open wildly. "I must go!" he cried. "Ring the bell for the servants." The savage glee in his voice was well repressed. His enemy was low, laid prone at his feet, but he would at least pretend to some spark of magnanimity. "We must get out the hose!" he exclaimed. "We must try to save it!" Winifred clung to his arm in horror. "Let it burn down, Hugh!" she cried. "Who cares for the poplar? I'd sooner ten thousand poplars burned to the ground than that you should venture out on such an evening!"

Her hand on his arm thrilled through him with horror. Her words stung him with a sense of his meanness. Something very like a touch of remorse came over his spirit. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The next flash struck over towards the sandhills. The thunder was rolling gradually seaward.

Hugh slept but little that eventful night; his mind addressed itself with feverish eagerness to so many hard and doubtful questions. He tossed and turned and asked himself ten thousand times over—was the tree burnt through—burnt down to the ground? Were the roots and the trunk consumed beyond hope—or rather beyond fear—of ultimate recovery? Was the hateful poplar really done for? Would any traces remain of the barrels that had held the tell-tale petroleum? any relic be left of the Ruhmkorff Induction Coil? What jet or tittle of the evidence of design would now survive to betray and convict him? What guessed for reasonable suspicion would Winifred see that the fire was not wholly the result of accident?

But when next morning's light dawned and the sun arose upon the scene of conflagration, Hugh saw at a glance that all his fears had indeed been wholly and utterly groundless. The poplar was as though it had never existed. A bare black patch by the mouth of the Char, covered with ash and dust and cinder alone marked the spot where the famous tree had once stood. The very roots were burned deep into the ground. The petroleum had done its duty bravely. Not a trace of design could be observed anywhere. The Ruhmkorff Induction Coil had melted into air. Nobody ever so much as dreamed that human handiwork had had art or part in the burning of the celebrated Whitestrand poplar. The "Times" gave it a line of passing regret; and the Trinity House deleted it with pains as a keen landmark from their sailing directions.

Hugh set his workmen instantly to stub up the roots. And Winifred, gazing mournfully next day at the ruins, observed with a sigh: "You never liked the dear old tree, Hugh; and it seems as if fate had interposed in your favour to destroy it. I'm sorry it's gone; but I'd sacrifice a hundred such trees any day to have you as kind to me as you were last evening."

The saying smote Hugh's heart sore. He played nervously with the buttons of his coat. "I wish you could have kept it, Winnie," he said not unkindly. "But it's not my fault.—And I bear no malice. I'll even forgive you for telling me I'd never make a poet; though that, you'll admit, was a hard saying. I think, my child, if you don't mind, I'll ask Hatherley down next week to visit us.—There's nothing like adverse opinion to improve one's work. Hatherley's opinion is more than adverse. I'd like his criticism on *A Life's Philosophy* before I rush into print at last with the greatest and deepest work my lifetime."

That same evening, as it was growing dusk, Warren Relf and Potts, navigating the *Mud Turtle* around by sea from Yarmouth Roads, put in for the night to the Char at Whitestrand. They meant lie by for a Sunday in the estuary, and to walk across the fields, if the day proved fine, to service at Snade. As they approached the mouth they looked about in vain for the familiar landmark. At first they could hardly believe their eyes: to men who knew the east coast well, the disappearance of the Whitestrand poplar from the world seemed almost as incredible as the sudden removal of the Bass Rock or the Pillars of Hercules. Nobody would ever dream of cutting down the glory of Suffolk, that time-honoured seamark. But as they strained their eyes through the deepening gloom, the stern logic of facts left them at last no further room for syllogistic reasoning or *a priori* scepticism. The Whitestrand poplar was really gone. Not a stump even remained as its relic or its monument.

All the way up to the "Fisherman's Rest" he repeated again and again below his breath: So much the worse in the end for Whitestrand.'

(To be continued.)

Dr. Mackenzie's Book.

Public interest in the Whitechapel murders was speedily, if but temporarily overshadowed by the excitement due to the appearance of Dr. Mackenzie's Book of Defence of himself and his treatment of the late Emperor against the attacks of the German physicians. According to this book of his the famous Scotch specialist was a grievously persecuted man against whose pre-eminent skill the jealous hosts of professional Philistines rose up in wrath but fortunately for him and the Emperor, rose up in vain. The book has of course received no end of attention, hostile and otherwise. The German police have done it the very stupid honor of seizing all copies of it on which they could lay their hands. It has been the occasion of tremendous enterprise on the part of one New York newspaper, and of humiliating disappointment to at least another because of the terribly awkward slip between the cup and the lip of which it was the victim. Then there has been mourning and lamentation in the camp of a publishing firm because of the bad faith of somebody which has made their commercial venture anything but the success it might have been had things gone in the way they expected. All Europe and America has been turned into a battle ground of conflicting professional opinion in which learned doctors not only disagree, but give the lie to one another in a way which does not encourage the merely lay mind to place that reliance on scientific knowledge and skill which might be desirable. The unprofessional mind enjoys the fight, but wonders more and more why science can persist in sneering in so consciously superior a manner at the *Odium Theologicum*, which has so long been the object of its wonder and contempt.

The Yellow River.

It is reported from China that the whole of the new embankment of the Yellow river, which was commenced last autumn at the spot where the old embankment gave way, has been completely swept away by the summer floods. It is said to have cost about 2,000,000 sterling (9,000,000 of taels). As the flood rose, it was seen that the strain was becoming dangerous, and Li Hung-tsae, the high official in charge of the work, was sent for in hot haste, but before he could arrive the whole bank went down before the flood, and of the 8,000 feet of river-wall lately completed not an inch remains, and the waters are pouring unchecked through the immense gap into the Honan province. From 800 to 1,000 labourers who were on the bank were also swept away and drowned. It is reported from Pekin that all the officials concerned are being severely punished. Li Hung-tsae and the governor of the province are being dismissed and degraded; another high official is being banished to Mongolia, and the late High Commissioner of the Yellow river is to be banished to the Amoor. The disasters can scarcely stop as they are now, because the volume of silt-laden waters will create shallows which will still further increase the inundated area, and may cause an overflow into the Yangtse which will make the conservation of that great water-way a matter of urgent importance.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms :

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, NOVEMBER 8, 1888.

—THE farmers, and their number is legion, who this year sowed but about one-third the usual quantity of wheat, are now, in view of good prices, metaphorically "kicking" themselves. They did so, however, from the best of motives, and not from a lack of energy.

—SO FAR as can be judged at present, it is evident the United States will have a Republican President for the next term, the returns going to show that Harrison was elected on Tuesday by a good majority. It is generally nearly a week in Presidential elections before the official result can be given.

—THE official returns issued in England last week show a material decrease in this season's British emigration to the United States, while the emigration to Canada increased. Emigration to the States is now only five and a half times greater than the emigration to Canada, though the attractive power is twelve times greater. Canada received more British emigrants than Australia and all other countries together except the United States. This would seem to indicate that John Bull has discovered that Canada is the field for emigration, and is acting accordingly.

—How would this system of taxation suit? as proposed by the *Rostrum*, a new publication in New York. It is called a scheme of graduated taxation. The *Rostrum's* plan is to raise the entire federal revenue by direct taxation, in such manner that the rich would pay a very large share of it. Under this method, if a man owning only $100 worth of property paid one cent taxes, the man worth $1,000 would pay $1; the man worth $10,000 would pay $100, while the larger of $100,000 would pay $5,000, and any still larger estate would equal to the interest at 5 per cent., in their value. This, it is claimed, would prevent the growth of great fortunes, equalize the wealth of the community and greatly relieve the burdens of the poor.

—JAMES G. BLAINE passed through St. Thomas a few days ago, when he made it an occasion for the delivery of an Annexation speech, during which he said : "Whether we will ever be united depends on you. When you come we will give you a cordial welcome ; but we never want you to come till you make the first move yourselves." The latter remark seems to savor somewhat of hipocrisy, especially when the first movement towards this end is now being taken by the introduction of a bill in the Senate. We have no doubt that when we do come the eagle will screech and Uncle Sam will receive us with open arms; but if he waits until then the eagle may be bald, Sam's locks gray, and the millenium have come and gone.

J. Brodigan & Co., are doing a large business in the shipment of building stone from their quarries at Crookstone and Madoc. They are supplying the building stone for Messrs. Maning & McDonald, contractors, of Toronto, for the Don banks, etc.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills are beyond all doubt the most valuable and most convenient medicines that travellers can take across the seas to distant climes, for change of climate and the new conditions and surroundings of life to which they will be exposed will assuredly give rise to great disturbances of the system and to such especial morbid states of the blood and constitution generally as will render the use of these effectual remedies highly necessary, for they will find in them a ready and safe means of relief in most of the diseases which afflict the human race, and with them at hand they may be said to have a physician always at their call.

The Church Murder.

The Lovelesses Acquitted of the Charge.

The trial of Peter Loveless and his son Wellington for the wilful murder of Leslie Church, near the Carrying Place, in Prince Edward County, on the 18th of August last, took place at the Assizes at Picton last week. The fatal shooting was done while the parties, neighboring farmers, were engaged in a quarrel, which seems to have been no unusual occurrence with them. The particulars of the dispute which led up to the murder was given at the time, but may briefly be reviewed. On the morning of that day Church and Loveless were running horses on the road to Trenton, and on turning a corner the latter ran into Church's buggy, breaking it. During the afternoon Church, accompanied by a friend named Bonter, met Loveless and his two sons, Wellington and John, in a narrow lane, when Church demanded pay for his broken buggy. This was refused, when he threatened to lick them, and the fight at once commenced. While Church and John Loveless were clinched, Wellington got the revolver from his father and going up to within a few feet of Church, shot him in the side, the unfortunate young man dying in a few minutes. These are the main facts that were brought out in the evidence, and whatever the provocation, it was a clear case of deliberate shooting.

The prisoners were defended by Mr. Osler, of Toronto, one of the leading lawyers of the Province, and to his great ability, no doubt, they owe their escape from the gallows. R. C. Clute, of Belleville, conducted the case for the Crown. The trial lasted two days. The jury only considered the case an hour when they brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and the prisoners were acquitted.

Such an ending of the case has created a good deal of indignation in that county, it being a palpable case of failure of justice, as some punishment was certainly deserved.

The Loveless family resided within a few miles of Madoc until a couple of years ago.

—Remember the Song Service in the Methodist Church, Thanksgiving evening at 7, 30 p. m. The public are cordially invited.

About 100 cases of canned goods will be shipped from Picton this year.

The population of Belleville has increased 130 since last year. It is now 10, 269.

The double track on the G. T. R. between Belleville and Sidney Crossing has been completed.

The apple crop in Prince Edward county is said to be an enormous one. Large quantities are being shipped.

The apple trade is very brisk about the neighborhood of Colborne, and traders will get good returns from the sale thereof.

Eight sheep belonging to Charles Row of the 2nd concession of Sidney, were last week killed and a number of others of the flock badly worried by dogs.

A force of about 150 men, an engine, and a number of cars, worked on the Grand Trunk at the overhead bridge on North Front street, Belleville, on Sunday last.

A Belleville paper states that it is doubtful if the Murray canal will be open for navigation next spring. There is yet about a quarter of a mile of solid rock to be penetrated by the excavators. The rock is almost as hard as granite and workmen will be busy quarrying all winter. De Lesseps will have his Panama canal finished before the Murray canal is opened.

A fine line of ladies' neckerchiefs at Roberts'.

J. R. Irish, Dentist, visits Madoc twice a month, 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday. For November the dates will be 6th and 20th.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$1 12	to	$1 15
Spring Wheat	1 10	to	1 15
Barley	65	to	70
Rye	65	to	65
Oats	40	to	45
Peas	70	to	75
Buckwheat	50	to	60
Corn	70	to	75
Flour per 100 lbs.....	2 75	to	3 00
Butter per pound	20	to	20
Eggs per dozen	15	to	15
Lard per pound	12	to	12
Potatoes per bag.....	50	to	55
Hay per ton	12 00	to	15 00

A large moose was seen in the township of Rawdon on the 1st inst. When seen he was bounding along between the Baptist church and the residence of Ira McConnel.

A recount in the East Northumberland election case, recently declared in favor of Dr. Willoughby, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of three, was demanded by Mr. Mallory and his friends in hopes that the narrow majority might be wiped away. The recount was held yesterday and to-day before Judge Benson, and resulted in an increased majority for Dr. Willoughby of eight votes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

TO LET.

DWELLING HOUSE and store, together with outbuildings. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM GEORGE,
Maynooth P. O., Ont.
October 30th, 1888. 32-4w

ROAD NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Carlow and Mayo will, at its next session, to be held in the Town Hall, Carlow, on Saturday, December 8th, at 10 o'clock a. m., pass a By-law to establish a road starting from a point on the line between lots 20 and 21 in the 9th concession, Carlow, and running in a northerly direction until it reaches the Combermere Road, as described in surveyor's report. Also a By-law to establish a public road in Mayo, known as Hullett's Road, and described in surveyor's report as follows : Starting 16 chains and 50 links west of post between lots 9 and 10 in the 10th concession of Mayo, running north of west 2° degrees, 2 chains and 50 links, thence 30 degrees south of west 2 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 4 chains, thence 5 degrees south of west 9 chains, thence 17 degrees south of west 3 chains and 50 links, thence 5 degrees north of west 8 chains, thence 18 degrees south of west 3 chains and 60 links, thence 25 degrees south of west 7 chains, thence 14 degrees north of west 4 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 2 chains, thence 12 degrees north of west 17 chains to centre of road allowance between concessions 12 and 13, Mayo. All parties interested will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

W. D. PARKHURST,
Township Clerk.
Dated 31st October, 1888. 32-3w

WAR, WAR, WAR!

To Help Everybody, Both Seller and Buyers.

Maynooth, 6th November, 1888.

I HAVE this day bought all the stock of goods from my son, Samuel Haryett, of Maynooth, and intend commencing from this date a new system of doing business, under the management of Samuel Haryett, to sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH

and Farm Produce, and

No Credit Under Any Pretence

will be given. This will be a

Cast Iron Rule

and will not be broken. I intend to fill the new store with a large assortment of goods of all kinds, which, with the old, will be sold cheap under the new style. All my numerous friends will greatly oblige me by not asking for any more goods on credit.

WILLIAM HARYETT.

NOTICE.

There is reason in all things. All parties owing myself or son accounts are respectfully requested one and all to pay what they can on them between now and the 1st of March, 1889. We do not expect all accounts in full this winter as I will require some of the cash for my cheap goods now credit is stopped.

WILLIAM HARYETT.
Rockingham, Ontario.

AN AWFUL SCARE,

has been caused among certain competing houses by the present low prices we quote on strictly first class new goods. We are sorry to break up time-honored customs or keep anybody awake nights, but our stock must be sold regardless of what others have asked or are asking for similar goods. We are "loaded for bear." We are bound to have patronage and lots of it. The way to do this is to let the prices talk. Now you know what to expect, so come and buy your boots, shoes and rubbers at the

NEW BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM,

Next door North of Dr. Loomis' private residence, Madoc.

JOHNSTON CAREY.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

ON Church Street, in the Village of Madoc, a good frame house, situated about 50 yards from the Model School, and about 100 yards from the new High School. The lot is a corner lot, 95 feet frontage. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM MOORE.
Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1888. 31

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north-east ½ of lot 12, 9th concession, Township of Madoc, containing 50 acres, all cleared, 45 acres under the plow, well watered and well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

FRED. McKINNON.
Madoc, October, 1888. 30-2m

HAVING ADDED LARGELY

To the stock bought from J. Robertson, I am prepared to sell as

Close for Cash

as can be done by the trade.

COME AND SEE US.

Eggs, Butter and other produce taken at cash value.

E HILL.

FOR SALE.

100 ACRES OF LAND, being part of Lot 26, Concession 10, Madoc, close to a good school, store, church, post office, and cheese factory. Upon the premises are a good brick house and a frame barn. Stock and implements also for sale. Apply to

M. M. ALLEN,
30-tf Cooper P. O., Ont.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.
Wilson Block, Madoc.

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

NEW CLOCKS,

WATCHES,

And SCARF PINS

15k. Keeper Rings.

18k. Plain Rings.

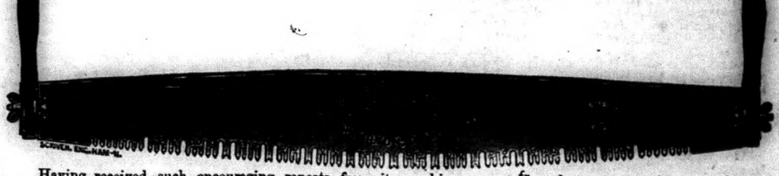
SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

THE ONLY ONE!

The Cooper's Runner Cross Cut Saw is the only one to Buy.



Having received such encouraging reports from its working powers, from last year, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public again, this year.

It differs from other Saws in being THREE GUAGES THINNER on the back than in the teeth, thus allowing it to saw easier, cut faster, and requires far less setting.

EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.

Cheapest stoves in town. Palace Aladdian and Royal Art Square Base Burners, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves. Call and See for Yourselves.

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

—THE—

Furniture Depot

on Durham street, opposite Ross & Co's, are

HEADQUARTERS

for all that pertains to the

Furniture Trade.

At present we are giving our attention to

WIRE & FILLED MATTRESSES

A CALL SOLICITED.

In our Undertaking Department

we guarantee management unsurpassed. We aim to be

Reliable,
Considerate,
and Punctual.

J. G. FROST,
Manager.

Latest Local News.

—Thursday next, 15th inst., is Thanksgiving Day.

—The boys let Holloween pass very quietly this year.

—Boys rubber coats at Roberts'.

—All the glory of the forest has departed, and the trees look like a multitude of bare poles.

—Mr. J. H. Smellie is back again this week to his old position in Wilson's drug store.

—Hand-made long boots at Roberts'.

—The mail going north now closes at 10 a. m. at Madoc post office, instead of 10,45 as formerly.

—Read the new advertisement of the Big 4 in this issue, before you buy your winter clothes.

—We have just received a fine assortment of dinner, breakfast and tea sets, very fine, which we are selling at extremely low prices. Call and examine my stock.—D. W. Wright.

—Mr. S. F. Weaver, proprietor of the People's Store, Eldorado, was in the village yesterday.

—Carey's new boot and shoe store appears to be prospering. Read the new advt. in this issue.

—New goods arriving every day at D. W. Wright's.

—John Vankleek, an old settler of this county, brother of Barnabas Vankleek, Esq., of Madoc, was buried at Hazard's yesterday. He resided near L'Amable.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisment of William Haryett, Maynooth, in this issue. He is going to sell for cash, and sell cheap in future.

—Youths', boys' and men's underclothing at Roberts'.

—There was no special celebration of November Fifth in this neighborhood this year. A successful shooting match was held at the Allen Settlement.

—Mr. W. S. Swain, an old Madoc boy, now a merchant of Brantford, was married in that city on the 31st ult., to Miss Amelia Fullerton. The REVIEW adds its congratulations to our old friend and his better half.

—Men's felt socks and felt boots, women's felt boots, overshoes and rubbers, and misses overshoes and rubbers at D. W. Wright's.

—Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., of Madoc, will preach the anniversary sermon for the Oddfellows of Deseronto on the 15th, of which Order he is a member. So says the *Tribune*.

—A weather-wise individual rises to remark:—Know ye, and don't you forget it that Indian summer never comes until after the first snowflakes and until after the 10th of November. Summer days in October simply mean decent weather.

—Cardigan overshoes at Roberts'. The only place in Madoc where they can be bought.

—A change of time table came into force on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway last week, but it does not affect the running of trains on the Grand Junction. The time remains the same on this line.

—Madoc has now telephonic communication with the rest of the world, the new instruments having been placed in position in R. R. Casement & Co's this week. We understand a general exchange will be established in the village.

—And still the business of the town is at our end of the town, and the best and cheapest place in Madoc to buy your groceries, crockery, boots and shoes, is at D. W. Wright's.

—The trial of the Hovelessy for the murder of young Church, which took place at Picton last week, created a good deal of interest in this neighborhood, where they were well known. Their acquittal was a great surprise.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

—There are two hundred and fifty justices of the peace in the county of Hastings.

—Mr. A. W. Carscallen, of Marmora, has moved his banking business to his new building, where he will conduct a general banking, conveyancing, and insurance business.

—Trunks and valises away down fine at T. Roberts.

—Mr. Joseph Pringle, who has been running a brick yard at Eldorado for the past couple of years, moved down to Madoc last week.

—A young man named Ed. Ward, a barber, who worked for A. Campbell in this village a short time ago, and from whom he stole several razors when he left, was arrested in Belleville last week for stealing chickens.

—Rev. A. L. GREEN, of Belleville, fell through a trap door in his store into the cellar below a distance of ten feet. His right arm was badly sprained and he also received a bad bruise on his knee.

—Rubbers, crack proof, the celebrated Goodyear make, at Roberts'.

—A number of young men of the village had an enjoyable (to them) celebration of the 5th of November on Monday night. On the next occasion, however, when they feel like celebrating any great national event, they had better move off to the woods.

—Mr. Will. F. Jenkins returned to Madoc last week, after spending the past summer in Winnipeg. He is greatly pleased with Manitoba and our great Northwest, and predicts yet greater "booms" for that portion of the Dominion. He left again on Tuesday for Toronto, where he will take another course at the University.

—Seamless Boots, youths' and boys', at Roberts'.

—Young men who do go to church or public meetings, should remember that it is not in good form to pull out their massive two dollar and a half Waltham watches and snap them like revolvers in order to show preacher or speaker that they are impatient of the length of the sermon or address to which they should be listening.

—An exchange has the following. It is equally applicable to many readers of the REVIEW, and we trust they will take the hint:—Many of our kind friends who "patronize" us by taking the paper must have an idea that our hands work for nothing, that we steal our paper and live on air. If they had any different ideas it seems to us they would occasionally send or bring in what they owe for the paper. It would surprise everyone to hear how many delinquents there are. Are you one of them, gentle reader?

—Everybody is wondering how D. W. Wright is selling so many boots and shoes. Well, the whole secret lies in a nutshell. It is because he always keeps the best goods to be had in the market, and believes in living and let live in this country.

Sale by Auction.

Farm stock of Mr. Angus Lemon, on lot 26 in the 11th concession of Madoc, on Saturday, Nov. 17th. Terms, 12 months; sale at one o'clock.

Deer Hunting.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Judge Fraleck reached home last night from his deer hunting expedition in the northern townships. The Judge reports indifferent luck, the party with whom he hunted securing only three deer.

Change of Time.

The passenger time table on the Central Ontario Railway took a slight change on Monday, November 5th. No. 6 mail train leaves Trenton for the north about an hour earlier, arriving at Eldorado at 11,45 a. m. The other trains at this point remain as before, namely:—going south 7,45 a. m., 3,47 p. m; going north, (11,45) 5,15 p. m

Sudden Death.

Sunday morning last an old and well-known resident of Madoc Township, Alexander Palmer, father of A. Palmer, merchant, of this village, was found dead in his bed, to which he had retired as usual the night previous. Mr. Palmer had been complaining a little for some weeks, but still was able to be around and attend to his usual work, and was apparently as well as ever when he went to bed Saturday night. Deceased was 76 years of age. He was buried on Tuesday.

Newspaper Law.

The law relating to the taking of newspapers out of a post office by any person, whether a subscriber or not, is so stringent in its provisions that at a recent trial in which a newspaper publisher desired to obtain the value of one and a quarter year's subscription from a delinquent subscriber, the magistrate decided that the party who accepted the paper from the post office is responsible whether he had signed his intention to subscribe or not, and in the case of the one before him, the defendant having received the paper from the post office for one month without having declined or refused it, was liable to the payment of the whole year's subscription. He therefore gave judgement for two year's subscription and costs.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Missionary Work.

The Missionary Committee of the Bay of Quinte Conference met in Napanee last Tuesday, the President, Rev. M. L. Pearson, of Peterboro, being Chairman, the Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., of Madoc, was appointed Secretary. The missionary work of the Conference passed under careful review. The amount placed at their disposal by the General Board was $11,021.00, out of which the Committee were able to pay the Missionaries only 70 per cent. of the grants recommended. This, however, is an advance of 4 per cent over last year.

Bad Arrangements.

The mail arrangement north on the C.O.R. from Eldorado is the cause of a great deal of dissatisfaction to the people of that place. Mail matter from Madoc to Eldorado is put on the train and carried to Coe Hill and back before being distributed. Why it should be carried past the door of the post office and dragged around for over half a day while people are waiting for their papers and letters is a mystery only known to those who originated the idea. It seems to us a very stupid arrangement.

Costly Hunting.

The *Ontario* says:—One of the "hunters" from the front had an unfortunate experience a few days ago back north. Instead of a bear, a deer or some other game, a farmer's horse was pasturing near the barn, fell a prey to his deadly aim. Discovering his misfortune, he at once purchased the horse from the farmer, (who was ignorant of what had taken place) for $50, giving him $4 to bind the bargain. This prompt action probably saved the young sport from having to pay a much larger sum had the action been known by the farmer before.

Victoria College Federation.

A meeting of the Bay Conference Special Committee was held in Napanee last Monday, the Revs. Dr. Potts and Chancellor Burwash being present. It was arranged that this Conference accept the $35,000 as its equitable allotment. This amount was distributed over the districts, the sum of $2,400 being asked of the Madoc District. The Revs. Dr. Potts and Burwash will attend Federation meetings on every District. The Madoc District Convention will be held at Tweed, Nov. 21st at 2.30 p. m., and platform meetings both in Madoc and Tweed, on the evening of the same day at 7.30 p. m.

Bear Hunt.

The Campbellford *Herald* gives the following account of an exciting bear hunt a few weeks ago:—"One evening lately, a small multitude of the braves of Trent Bridge set out to bring down a bear that had made its appearance in that locality. It was dusk when the search commenced, and soon after the party separated, each mistook the other for the object of their hunt, and a reign of terror and a general stampede for a place of safety ensued. One crawled into a hole and wished he was a woodchuck, another climbed a tree as if the evil spirit was after him, a third too weak to run, sank down and gave up hopes of ever seeing home again, while the others, it is said, fell over stumps and brush-heaps, ran against trees, and finally landed into a mud-hole. The experience of the boys has afforded much fun for the good people of that neighborhood."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Two in One.

STYLE AND COMFORT

—AT—

SMALL COST.

Ladies' Reversible Jubilee Collars

—IN—

BEAVER, PERSIAN LAMB, SEAL, AND ASTRACHAN

—AT—

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

JUST OPENED!

THE BEST STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.

Quality and Style equal to the best ordered goods.

COME AND SEE.

Also a large stock of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

will be opened up this week.

T. ROBERTS.
Weiss Block.

L. C. Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

A FINE THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT FOR SALE.

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., Always on hand.

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS MADOC

OVERCOATS AND SUITS

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

20	Overcoats	at	$5.00	each.	12	Men's Suits at	$6.00 each.
20	"	"	7.50	"	10	" "	8.25 "
15	"	"	8.75	"	20	Nice Dark Check Suits at	9.50 "
20	"	"	10.00	"	15	" "	10.50 "
10	"	"	10.50	"	50	pair Pants, assorted, from	1.90 up.

Big reduction in Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth, Flannels, Tweeds, Table Linens, Towels and Towelling.

See Our 40 Inch Grey Cotton at 8 Cents a Yard.

T. McNAMARA.

AGRICULTURAL.

CLOVER HAY.

Clover raised upon loses about 7 per cent. of nitrogenide and the same amount of carbo-hydrate. These materials represent the soluble and best parts of the plant, and those which make fodder palatable. To avoid such loss, mow after the dew is off, rake the fodder before noon or immediately after, and draw at once to the barn, even in the early period of cutting hay. All hay drawn in put into one mow and trodden very compactly, and is much better than the old way to put green food or undried hay in scattered amounts, as it secures greater exclusion of the air and prevents heating. Timothy cut at visible seed formation, in good weather, fodder being used, may be drawn the same day. Clover needs special care in drying, otherwise its value is heavily reduced by the loss of the overdried leaves which break off easily, often literally covering the ground. The tedder can never be profitably used on clover after the leaves dry so as to break from the stems. At this stage it should go into heaps, and the leaves will absorb the moisture from the stems and toughen so as to be opened or handled without loss. Some allow the clover to "sweat," as it is called, in the heap and then open. I do not look with especial favor on the sweating process, as it occurs through heating and at the expense of the fodder, but commend the slow process of partially drying clover in open cocks, or in greater mass than it would be in when spread out in the field. While it will cost more it will be worth more, and being more palatable and nutritious, will be more readily consumed by stock. To sum up, avoid excessive drying, rains and dews.—"Prof. Sanborn."

MILK

Strain the milk as soon as drawn from the cow, so as to keep the amount of dissolved filth at the minimum.

If the milk is to be used for butter-making, keep it as warm as possible and set it to rest for creaming as soon as possible.

Set the can or other receptacle where the microbes and fungus germs from the stable or cow yard will not fall into it, to taint the milk and hasten decomposition.

So long as the milk is warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, it is throwing off vapor and is therefore purified. It will not then absorb odors, but the germs of fungi and other microscopic life may fall into it and do it injury.

As soon as the milk gets colder than the atmosphere, the vapors in the air will condense on the surface, as dew gathers on a cold pitcher, and the impurities and odors from the atmosphere will be absorbed by the milk or the cream on it.

The warmer the milk when set, the more complete will be the separation of the cream from the milk at any given lower temperature; and the more rapidly the temperature falls, the more rapid will be the separation of the cream from the milk. Cream rises best when the temperature is falling; very slowly when the temperature is stationary; and little or not at all when it is rising.

THE RAIL AS A LEVELER.

I tried the rail as a leveler on a rough field plowed out of grass. I found it too heavy a job for four horses, and worked it with two three-horse teams, drawing the rail lengthwise with the furrows. I hardly expected it to work well, but I was surprised at the result. After going over the ground twice on an angle with the furrow, the rail left the field as level as a billiard table, and had packed the sod so firmly that it is now (three weeks after) well rotted and will cross-plow as easily as stubble.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

The New York hay crop promises to be 30,000 bales short; that of the Pacific coast will be larger than usual; the crop in England is light.

Our castor-oil plants, growing where a manure heap had been for six months or more, reached the height of 17 feet when they were cut down by frost.

We have been feeding apple pomace to the cows. "The neighbors" thought it would make cows shrink in their milk. It hasn't done so yet.

The California Fruit Union has 700 members, and controls the crop of immense areas of prolific fruit lands, extending nearly the whole length of the State.

Consider the fact that in every working season there are 50 or 60 working days so rainy or disagreeable that a man cannot do full work out of doors. The farmer who plans for profitable work indoors on these days is an economist in the true sense of the word.

Nearly all strawberry-growers agree that good wood ashes can be applied to the strawberry plants with benefit. One hundred bushels can be applied to the acre with profit, under ordinary circumstances. They should be thoroughly incorporated with the soil on the surface.

Cottonseed meal produces the largest yield and the richest cream of any other food that can be used, according to the "Live Stock Record." Begin feeding a quarter of a pound per day, and increase to a pound twice per day; never more, as it is very rich and might cause scours if fed in larger quantities.

One horse may feel and do better on a much less ration than another, and if you are able to find out the exact requirements of each animal on your place, it may do away with the old-accustomed habit of "a dozen ears of corn three times a day, and a mangerful of hay," which has cost the farmers of the county more money than they would be willing to admit.

The frequent failure of red clover of late compels farmers to look for a substitute for pasture. Nothing better than rye. Sow it after wheat, early potatoes, or oats. It gives late feed and early feed. Land intended for corn next year will afford two months' pasture in the fall and one month in the spring and a green crop to turn under—better than weeds.

It is a waste of cow-force, says Hoard, to turn her out where she roams over several acres of land. She will be doing it most all day if there is no fence to stop her, and will be sure to do it if the pasture is thin because things do not go just right on the farm; kind words and mild usage will do far more towards subduing a vicious animal than angry words and heavy blows. Farmers should cultivate the habit of looking upon every phase of their work, whether it goes right or wrong, in a calm and a pleasant manner; this can be done and should be done.

An English writer observes that "the best heads and tolerably-shaped horses have very little mane; it is only this and fine, but the hair is short. A heavy, matted mane means a low-bred, coarse brute. I am inclined to think that in a state of nature the mane divided upon both sides of the neck, though Virgil writes of the dense mane of the young colt falling upon the right shoulder.

Lime may not show its beneficial effects on the soil for a year or two, as the character of the soil must be considered. Lime adds but very little valuable plant food to the soil, as all soils contain lime, but its chemical action on the inert matter of the soil liberates other substances that would not be otherwise available. It should be applied as regularly as manure, in order to secure its assistance in decomposing the plant food already existing in the soil.

Electric Search Lights.

Every modern man-of-war is now provided with powerful electric search-lights. They are of the arc pattern, usually ranging from 8000 to 30,000 candle-power, so arranged with reflectors that their rays can be concentrated into a single beam and thrown in any desired direction. With one of these lights of only 8000 candle-power no difficulty is experienced in illuminating a target more than two miles distant, rendering firing at night as easy and accurate as by the day. But, as its name suggests, one of the chief uses of the search-light is to search for an enemy. In war-time, vessels at night in the proximity of an enemy would constantly sweep the surrounding waters with the search-light to detect the approach of hostile ships or torpedo boats.

The search-light is also employed in signalling at night, where the distance over which a message is to be sent is very great. The manner of using it for this purpose is somewhat novel. It is simply flashed against the clouds for long and short periods, according to a prearranged code, the letters of which are indicated by various combinations of flashes of different durations. Messages are said to have been successfully sent by this method, between vessels of the English navy, a distance of thirty miles. Plans have also been devised for signalling over shorter distances by means of the ordinary incandescent, or glow, lamps. One of the most successful of these is that in use in the navies of Italy and Germany, known as the Conu system. Its practical working was recently illustrated on board the new steel cruiser Atlanta, at Annapolis, Md., by Lieutenant W. H. Beehler, of the United States navy. The essential feature of this system is the display of various combinations of red and white electric incandescent lights, of about fifty candle-power each.

It is, of course, necessary in practice that the lights should be placed in some elevated position above the ship's deck, where they can be plainly seen from a distance, and that the electric current connected with them should be under complete control to an operator by means of a key board and switches, in order that the lights may be ignited or extinguished at will.

Like most of the patent logs for ascertaining the speed of a ship, electric logs depend for their action upon the revolutions of a fan attached to the end of a line and trailed through the water astern of the vessel. The velocity with which the fan revolves for each given speed through the water has been previously determined by experiment. Its revolutions periodically open and close an electric circuit, which action is suitable mechanism to a register, or dial, so graduated as to show the corresponding speed of the ship in knots and tenths.

From the Jewish Point of View.

Ask the Jewish housewife, the Jewish mother, whether marriage is a failure! She will not understand you. She will stand bewildered in the face of such a question, and if you explain to her what you mean she will tell you that a Jewish mother wed in marriage the acme of happiness, became of womanly duty; that all these newfangled notions are simply the outcome of the brain of some man or woman who missed the true mark of life, and whose life is a failure. She will point to her children, as Cornelia of old did. She will extol her husband as the ideal of her life. She may not have read as much as the girl of the period, may not be as accomplished, nor figure as a speaker in assemblages for the advancement of woman suffrage, but she will exemplify to you how a true woman lives, how a true mother, a devoted wife, arranges her life, and you will find that true happiness is found in such family, and that marriage is the most sacred bond in existence, which to question is to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the rock upon which society rests.

A Young Woman of Pluck.

Miss Paul Rochester, an enterprising young woman, of New York, is spending a few days in Chicago as a sort of rest after having performed a very unusual task. She has just journeyed to Chicago from New Orleans after having a trip on a mule-back across the Republic of Honduras. It was a rough ride of nearly 400 miles over the mountains. Miss Rochester says she made this trip accompanied by only an Indian guide and armed only with a loaded riding whip. She started from Amapala on September 9, and made an average of 40 miles a day, generally managing to pass the nights in native villages along her road. In spite of the wildness of the country she met with no accident, and safely made her journey of ten days in the saddle. The object of the trip was to visit property in which she has an interest. From here she will return to New York.

Beecher's Influence.

The "Christian Intelligencer," in considering the assertion of ex Secretary McCullough in "Scribner's Magazine," that Mr. Beecher "did more than any other man to liberalize religious sentiment," says:—Mr. McCullough refutes himself by adding the words, "He was in no respect a theologian," which is perfectly true. Mr. Beecher founded no school and has no successor. The actual, as well as formal, creeds of the churches are what they were before he was born. He did a wonderful work as a public speaker and affected profoundly his generation, but as for any enduring effect upon the orthodox pulpit, that is an unknown quantity. Meteors often flash with astonishing brilliancy, but pass, and the skies continue as they were.

THE CANADIAN EXILES.

Mr. Duncan and His Indians in Their New Home.

I have reached Tongass Narrows on Revilla Gigedo Island, Alaska Ter., and have not yet heard a word about the Behring's Sea sealing dispute, so slight is communication with the remote camps I have lately visited. There seems to be no doubt that the people of Alaska Territory are bitter enemies of the Alaska Commercial Company's monopoly, and regard the pretension of a closed sea as an absurdity. It is vaguely rumored here that the matter is being negotiated by the Governments concerned, but it is not considered that the question at issue is likely as yet to be closed.

I left Fort Simpson on the 22nd of August in a Hyder canoe bound for Fort Tongass and Port Chester, and reached the former place that night after a sharp run across the exposed sound in a fog. There is an Indian village and an abandoned United States Army post, but the sole inhabitant for the time proved to be the custom house officer, who kindly entertained me for the night. I find that the maps that assign this region to the Dominion are not correct and that the boundary passes from the southern points of Prince of Wales Island to a point south of Wales Island and thence up Portland Inlet. While on the subject of geography, it is a mistake, I think, that this magnificent archipelago, which extends from Glacier Bay on the 59th to Puget Sound on the 48th parallel, a direct distance of 1,000 miles, has no name. The Alaskan portion is known as the Alexander Archipelago.

A LAND OF PLENTY.

The next morning, the 23rd inst., having learned that no steamer was expected to call, I continued on the way to Port Chester, and that night, having made a pleasant run to the Gravina Islands, camped near the site of an old village and fort of the Tongass tribe. When the camp fire was just lighted we heard the report of a rifle, and a fat deer became a stew of venison long before it could have recovered its surprise on seeing a man. This, with damper and coffee and stewed sea-weed, and some fish, eggs for those who desired them, make a most excellent supper; and when the stars came out we all spread our blankets in the bush and had a pleasant night. After breakfast next day we continued our journey down a broad channel in the islands and came to a little bay where salmon were jumping in great numbers. Lashing hooks to the end of a gaff one of the Indians succeeded in killing two by thrusting in advance of the canoe. We then landed, and followed the stream up to fresh water, where hundreds of salmon could be seen in the pools. A dozen were taken in a few minutes by simply hooking the fish out of the water. They were about three pounds in weight. On the beach were edible crabs and clams in great numbers.

After leaving this place we lost some hours in sailing up a blind inlet, called Tongass Harbor, by mistake, and had to paddle back again. From then until nightfall all hands paddled, women, of whom there were two, included. Our course was on the coast of the islands in the southern end of Dukes or Clarence Straits. Night came upon us when there was no sign of Port Chester, save that we were following the shore of a deep bay from point to point. As the scene darkened the water became phosphorescent at every point where there was movement. On every kelp stalk a nebulous starry light extends deep down into shadow, the downward motions of the canoe flashed white fire on either hand, while a luminous cloud followed every dip of a paddle. We continued in

THIS WONDERFUL FIRE SEA,

until, coming to a shoal at midnight, we waded ashore, each in a moving cloud of brightness, and, lighting a fire, enjoyed a supper of boiled salmon, which was very good. When we were thawed out, and didn't feel quarrelsome any more the journey was continued, and very soon after we came to Port Chester and made our camp on the beach

MR. DUNCAN'S NEW VILLAGE.

It will be remembered by the public that the Indian village of Metlakahtla had in the course of a few years been brought to a high state of civilization by Mr. Duncan, who was sent out as a teacher by the Church Missionary Society. This gentleman, on the recent elevation of his village to the seat of the diocese of New Caledonia, fell out with the Bishop, got into difficulties on certain land questions with the Federal Government, and, leaving the province with six hundred of the Indians, re-established his mission at Port Chester, Alaska. Hearing nothing but bad about him in British Columbia I determined, in the event of visiting the new mission, to hear Mr. Duncan's own story if possible. I had been told that he disliked visitors, and formerly, when a Justice of the Peace in Canada, had had a disagreeable habit of putting white men in gaol on their arrival at Metlakahtla, the reason alleged being that they came to corrupt the morals of his Indians. I was

RECEIVED WITH APPARENT KINDNESS,

however, and it was not until after I had been his guest at the breakfast table, and dined on some biscuits bought in the store, that I met with any sign of my not being welcome. I expressed my intention of remaining until the arrival of the first steamer, and for the six ensuing days desired to secure a rented room in the village, and buy food at the store in default of better accommodation. On my stating this as being my wish and requesting information as to any unoccupied houses I was asked to produce letters of introduction first; and I considered this as so insulting that I declined to so misuse the credentials possessed, but realized that the intention was to get me out of the place by artifice in default of power. My efforts to leave were so promptly seconded by Mr. Duncan, that I departed in the evening, and passed the night helping two Indians to contend with the foulest weather and to reach Tongass Narrows in safety. Coming in the Cannery on the Narrows before day break, we rigged the ship as a tent on a large freight scow in default of shelter ashore; but before morning the tent was blown away and the scow broke adrift.

MR. DUNCAN IN HIS NEW HOME.

While it would be hard to congratulate Mr. Duncan upon his hospitality, I was much impressed with his business capacity. He carried from Metlakahtla much of the machinery and stores now in use, after his Indians had wrecked the cannery and sawmill and made a somewhat childish attempt to destroy the church, which is the property of the Church Missionary Society. The new store in the best and cheapest I have seen north of Victoria; there is an excellent sawmill, a cannery building not yet equipped, and a small steamer that needs reconstruction. There is a large but partial clearing, an industrial school in course of erection, and the Indians have sufficient shanties for present needs. Mr. Duncan is stated to have offered last winter to dispose of his property to the Indians and leave on receipt of ($50,000) fifty thousand dollars. With any amount of cheap labor paid in goods for his store, and with capital openings for trade, Mr. Duncan ought to do better than that. As to the mission, if it is not very much more than self supporting next year, it will be for want of good management. Apart from the mission there was at the time of my visit a good opposition store run by a half breed in the village. It has since been closed, however. There are difficulties about the land as to whether the Indians should or should not pay Mr. Duncan for lots on the reserve, but I do not know the bearings on this question. Mr. Duncan has not been any more successful in gaining the public good-will in Alaska than in British Columbia. Of late the Local Government is alleged to have withdrawn from assisting him, and the dislike of the people is very marked and expressed openly with many grave but probably unfounded charges. As far as I can judge, the Indians, as a whole, are satisfied and most of them will remain in Alaska. Notwithstanding many ill-considered charges made against Mr. Duncan's personal character, he has proved

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY

and a good business man. The Indians of the coast are well off in every respect compared to those of the plains, although they are being destroyed inevitably by their vices. When contrasted with the poor of our large cities, and in the presence of great and fearful need among our own and other populations, the fortunate Indians of the Pacific Coast with unlimited abundance of natural food available both on sea and land, have very little claim upon mere public charity.

MAGNIFICENT SALMON WATERS.

Tongass Narrows is confessed by the people engaged in fishing to be exceptional in the number of salmon yearly visiting it. In the creek at this place the fish are so, crowded that the surface is in many places literally blackened with their backs and dorsal fins. So crowded are they that they cannot escape and may be picked out by hand from the bank. I timed an Indian who was taking them with a hooked pole and found an average twelve a minute. At the cannery I saw a mass of about eight thousand five hundred awaiting treatment by their Chinese surgeons; and the bringing in of a seine containing two thousand five hundred fish was like nothing so much as the miraculous draught as recorded in the New Testament. Until white men come and catch all who attempt to ascend the streams the salmon will not be discouraged, and with proper treatment this great provision of nature in the coast between the Columbia and Yukon rivers might be preserved to our use for centuries.—[Correspondence Montreal Witness.

They Registered.

On Tuesday Mrs. Cynthia Leonard and Miss Anna Johnson, each wearing a blue silk badge inscribed "Lockwood and Love," entered a New York cigar store where sat the members of a registry board. Mrs. Leonard, who was dressed in black, with a round hat trimmed with yellow flowers, inquired:

"Is this the place to register?"

Chairman White was a little scared, but he managed to answer:

"This is the place for "gentlemen" to register."

"Are they all gentlemen who register here?" was Mrs. Leonard's next question. There was irony in it, and the men winced. Mrs. L. continued: "We are citizens and we are persons, and we came here to register as such." So, sure enough, the ladies were allowed to register—the first on the list in New York city.

Work no Hardship.

There is no hardship in true work. It is as far removed from drudgery as is the free movement of clouds in the upper air from the cheap imitations of sky scenery on the stage of a theatre. True work has something of play in it; it is the joyous overflow of a full nature, the natural outgoing of a full heart that cannot contain its own life, but must find speech for itself in manifold activities. It is only after we drive ourselves after the natural impulse is spent, when we urge ourselves to the task after the joy of it is gone, that work becomes monotonous, wearisome, then fearful, and finally dangerous. Working days are spent in dealing with human adaptations and means and in perfecting human skill. Vacation days ought to be spent in unbroken fellowship with divine truth and beauty. They are the recurring Sabbaths which leave an open road heavenward through our years of toil.

He Stuck at the Cigar.

Doctor—Now, you must rise by daylight, go to the springs and drink the waters, eat plain food only, and be very careful about your diet. And, mind you, one cigar a day, no more, be particular about that. I'll call again in three days. If you want me sooner send for me. On the third day the doctor returns. Well, says he, how are you getting along? Patient—Very satisfactorily, doctor. Doctor—You don't find the regimen hard to adhere to, do you? Patient—It would've be if I didn't have to smoke the one cigar a day. I never could bear tobacco.

A High Toned Barber.

Drummer (looking as his watch)—Hurry up there, or I'll be late for the train.

Barber—You has got to have dem boots shined before you leaves dis health studio. Don't want no reflechuns cast on dis heah artist.

I haven't got time, I tell you, to have my boots shined.

Can't help it, sah. My honah am at stake, sah. I'd radder hab de train go off widout yer, den ter hab yer leave dis heah studio wid dem dirty boots. Won't charge yer nuffin if hit's lack of money what am hamperin' yer.

Dressy mantles for early fall wear combine colored cashmere or camel's hair and black lace.

Girls, Learn Something.

There is something very sad in the remark lately made by a lady who is interested in the welfare of girls who earn their living "at the mercy of the world" to the effect that out of every hundred girls there are not two who can sew on a button straight or help themselves in any way. But sad as such a remark is in such sense in its truth. Those who mend thoroughly and most widely know the harm of the case will be the readiest to say that is just what is. Another lady on being told what the other had said replied: "You would be surprised if you saw girls as I have seen them, to find how little they are taught at home. Mothers who have worked hard seem determined that their girls shall not. Mothers who are the wives of laboring men spare their daughters the learning of the simplest sort of sewing. They send them to school. They give them useless courses of geometry and trigonometry, and the only course of sewing they get is the youthful training of the lower classes at the grammar school, where one hour each week is devoted to such work." The remark was made by an English woman about English girls but it is as true of Canadians as of their sisters on the other side of the water. A good many of them of course can sew, and sew well. A good many of them can keep house and keep it well, but multitudes have never been taught how. Many go out as domestic servants who know not the veriest elements of the plainest cookery, who can scarcely make up a bed and who have not the first idea of what constitutes a tidy room. They marry. God help them! and God pity their husbands! Their fathers or their husbands die and beggary or infamy stares them in the face. Who is to blame for all this? Those who, it might be, sought that they might know all "ologies" but never thought it worth while to teach them how to cook or how to sew. It is the same thing with multitudes in what are called the better or higher classes. Why should these not be as able to make their clothes as to "entertain?" Would it make them less attractive? Not with any whose good opinion is worth having. The power of self help may be of infinite importance when the "entertaining," as that word is often understood, is gone forever. Besides, let it never be forgotten, that the girl who can help herself and is proud enough to do it in an emergency is safe in the world. She is not of the kind that falls before a villain's wiles or sinks into infamy for fear of wanting bread. She finds, as thousands have found before her, that God in strict truth does help those who help themselves. Mere doll faces soon cease to please, and helpless know nothings who can read a novel as their most serious business, but cannot cook a dinner or mend a shirt, soon become tiresome to even the most forbearing husbands, and by and by wear out the patience even of the most loyal and long-suffering friends. "Can do," let it be said for the thousandth time, is easily carried. How easy it is not to do if there is no demand, but how terrible such inability when stern necessity stares one in the face!

How to Obtain Sleep.

Blessings on the man that invented sleep and three and four times blessings on the man who will say to the sleepless man, be still, and who can rock his senses in forgetfulness. The advices to such luckless folks have been beyond all estimate. Every one has his own particular fad. TRUTH does not take much stock in the various "cures" but the following suggestions are so sensible that somewhat lengthy though they be, many will be thankful to have them in all the prominence of editorial place and type.

The question of habit, in relation to sleep, is so important, that this phase of the question deserves to be duly entered on the reader's mind. The man accustomed to go to bed at a given hour, as we have seen, knows when his time of repose approaches by the feeling of somnolence he experiences. Once past that hour, he can with difficulty woo sleep to his couch. Hence a primary piece of advice to those troubled with sleeplessness is to cultivate a habit of regularity in the time of retiring to rest. For a few nights the plan of curing sleeplessness may not be very successful, but its practice is bound to tell in the long run. We are creatures of habit, it is true; therefore let us make habit, use, and wont subservient to the ways and works of health. To people who "can't sleep," as the phrase goes, I firstly say, examine your daily life well, as regards food, exercise, recreation, and the other items included in the run of ordinary existence, and alter your life, if need be, in the direction of securing your retirement to rest at a given hour. Again, a notable but often unsuspected and overlooked cause of sleeplessness is found in the defective ventilation of bed-rooms. It is impossible to sleep soundly and healthily in a room charged with carbonic acid, whereof in we rebreathe our own breath. That we should see to the ventilation of our sleeping apartments is, therefore, a piece of sound philosophy in a health sense. Adopt Hiscks Bird's plan, and leaving the upper half of the window shut raise the lower sash of the bed-room window four or six inches on a piece of wood running the whole length of the frame and fitting closely on the window sill, and fresh air will come in, without draught, between the two sashes. Again, always leave open the damper of the grate unclosed, so that the chimney may act as a ventilating shaft, in some degree at least. Do away with those æsthetic abominations in the shape of fireplace ornaments in bed-room grates, and leave free access for air by grate and chimney. In this way many a sleepless night will be avoided. If you rise in the morning unrefreshed and wearied (providing you are not a supper-eater at unwholesome hours and are otherwise a careful liver), rest assured the carbonic acid from your own lungs is at the root of your troubles, and that you have unconsciously been converting your bedroom into a Black Hole of Calcutta. Time from the stand-points, firstly, of food and habit, and, secondly, of fresh air, many cases of sleeplessness may be successfully treated.

Talking 800 Miles.

The Buffalo *Evening News* reports that the new long distance telephone, which is soon to be put into operation there, was tested by the Company on the 14th inst. The connections had been put in at 5 p. m., and communication was at once opened between Boston, Springfield, New York, Troy, and Buffalo. The wires worked well, and conversations between the most distant points could be as easily carried on as if both parties were within a block or two of each other in the city.

STATISTICS.

During the year 1888 82,184 persons died from snake bites in India.

The three hundred religious and charitable institutions in New York City, whose object is to help the poor, clothe and distribute annually about 30,000 garments.

Australia exported 700,000 bales of wool to the United States last year, the largest total ever so shipped. The average of the past eighteen years has been 10,829 bales, and every pound of it has taken the place of a pound of American wool.

According to the "Jewish Gazette," of the 941 clothing manufacturers in the city of New York 234 are Hebrew firms. The Jews are also largely engaged in cigarmaking, employing over eight thousand hands and producing over six hundred million cigars annually.

Wood for Railway Sleepers.

The *Monitour Industriel* states that the six principal railway companies of France use more than 10,000 sleepers per day, or 3,650,000 per annum. As a tree of the usual dimensions will give only ten sleepers, the railways in question require 1,000 trees per day for sleepers alone. In the United States the consumption is much greater, amounting to about 15,000,000 sleepers a year, which is equivalent to the destruction of about 170,000 acres of forest. The annual consumption of sleepers by the railways of the world is estimated at 40,000,000, and this is probably less than the actual number. From these figures the rapid progress of disafforestation will be understood, and it is certain that the natural growth cannot keep pace with it. Hence we have had during the last quarter of a century the frequent foundations and changes in atmospheric conditions. These and other considerations tend to the ultimate employment of metal for sleepers in place of wood.

A Queer Idea.

A correspondent of the "North-Western Railroader" advances a curious theory for the increasing prevalence of floods and rainstorms. He says that there are over 30,000 locomotives in use in North America, and estimates that from them alone over 58,000 000,000 cubic yards of vapour are sent into the atmosphere every week, to be returned in the form of rain, or over 7,000,000,000 cubic yards a day—"quite enough" he says, "to produce a good rainfall" every 24 hours. Estimating the number of other non-condensing engines in use as eight times the number of locomotives, the total vapour thus projected into the air every week in this country amounts to over 470,000,000,000 cubic yards. "Is this not," he asks, "sufficient for the floods of terror? Is there any reason to wonder why our storms are so damaging?"

Grim Fun in Charleston.

The Charleston "News and Courier" says: —Funniest things:—Fire, 1861; bombardment, 1863 3; yellow fever, cyclone, big fire, 1878; big fire, 1875; do., 1881; do., 1883; do., 1886; cyclone, 1885; earthquake, 1886; big hotel, 1888; not built—new steamship line, 1888—both busted. Four railroads spanning into city—not a dollar of stock town all here; gas $2 per thousand—City Council won't let any other company manufacture gas; one ferry line to island—island won't let any other ferry company start; cost to go to island, 55 cents—same thing in New York, 1 cent; most young men emigrating—salaries not enough to live on; no country denouncing any because city didn't kill niggers in 1876. Funniest things? Great Cæsar's Ghost!

A Horse's Mane.

An English writer observes that "the best bred and thinnest skinned horses have very little mane; it is only thin and fine, but the hair is short. A heavy, matted mane means a low-bred, coarse brute. I am inclined to think that in a state of nature the mane divides upon both sides of the neck, though Virgil writes of the dense mane of the young colt falling upon the right shoulder. Long as the horse has been domesticated and carefully groomed, this habit of wearing the hair is not overcome, and the mane has to be carefully coaxed to the right side, where for the thousands of years man has resolved it should be worn, though the horse himself insists upon parting his hair in the middle. Ancient authorities write of training the mane to the right, but all the horses represented in the Elgin marbles show the mane close-cropped, or, as to say, 'hogged.' I think it is clear that the right side, now the 'off' side of the horse, was the 'near' side to the ancients. The best horsemen use no 'off' side or 'near' side, except to conform to their harness. I think a man should teach his horse to be familiarly approached and allow his stall to be entered on either side of him. Horses driven in pairs should frequently change sides, as much of the hair becomes hardened on one side and the muscles of the neck become affected by the unequal pull of the double reins. Coarse hair about the heels is natural, but I confess to a prejudice against it, and have it carefully clipped. Hair growing in a thick tuft inside the ear must never be touched. Ignorant and officious grooms will remove it with scissors, but it is a great defence against the flies that would, in its absence, secure lodgment upon the sensitive skin inside the ear. Long, coarse hairs upon the muzzle and eyebrow are often plucked away. No horseman should allow this to be done. These hairs are not superfluous, they are like the whiskers of the feline race, having sentient power, and conveying impressions to the brain."

Those women who are exercising their minds on the subject of dress should turn their attention to the making of sleeves, for in that direction there are many novelties. The dominant idea is to give the appearance of one sleeve over another, and many gowns of composite materials have the upper sleeve of the plain stuff to the elbow, turning up with a cuff and a tight undersleeve of other stuff to the wrist. Bows of ribbon are often placed at the elbows, and high epaulets are formed of loops of ribbon like those of the Tudor period. Sleeves are also slashed on the outside of the arm, and contrasting material puffed through. Others, again, have a pointed slashing from the shoulder, while, especially for dinner gowns, a short sleeve is often falled over a tight under one at the shoulder. In washing dresses once of the sleeves are full and smocked at the elbow and wrist.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Music in Nature.

Far, far away, in fields of waving gold,
I hear the insects' rustling symphonies,
While myriad insect orchestras unfold
Their rasping medleys in the apple trees.

In seas of creamy clover, white and pink,
Hum tippling bees, all drowsy with perfume;
And, in the orchard, one wild bobolink
Breaks the repose of twilight's dreamy gloom.

The wind wakes solos in the sombre pine
Upon the hillside desolate and lone;
And, in the wood, through labyrinths of vine,
Is heard the brooklet's lisping monotone.

Which mossy caverns, echoing, repeat;
While o'er my soul, in tender changes, flows—
Murmurous, melodious and strangely sweet—
The subtle music no musician knows.

—Richard K. Munkittrick.

Peaches have been selling for ten cents a bushel in Barry County, Kansas.

Salts of lemon is the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Carbolic acid is not an acid, but a phenol.

There are more than four thousand people in the United States who are more than one hundred years of age.

"The man whose quarrel is just is thrice armed." This was written before the day of Winchesters and six-shooters.

Burglars and thieves are getting so bold in Chicago that the policemen are having their silver-plated badges sewed on.

Oscar Wilde has made a success of his fairy stories, but he has totally failed to popularise knee breeches and long hair.

An inventor of New York City has brought out an automatic fireman, which climbs up a house, breaks windows and turns on two streams.

The Mikado of Japan gets publicly and uproariously drunk in broad daylight, and swaggers around his palace just like a common everyday drunkard.

A horse fancier's daughter, Betsy by name, having reached a marriageable age, her father wrote familiarly to an old friend, "Bet's offered, but no takers as yet."

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

The largest railroad station in the world is St. Pancras, London, seven hundred feet long, one hundred and forty-three wide, one hundred high, covering ten acres.

Every newspaper, no matter where it is printed, is opened at the frontier offices in Russia and carefully looked over before being sent to its address, and objectionable matter is stamped out.

As a support of the human race "corn is not king." That small white grain known as rice is the "monarch of the foods." It is believed to support a larger number of the human race than any other grain.

At Portadown Hill, England, an extremely curious graveyard relic was recently found. It was a human skeleton in a good state of preservation, which was buried in the chalky soil of the locality in the second century. The skeleton was six feet in length, and in its left hand were found twenty-two Roman coins.

Philosophical Dana, of the New York Sun, says betting on the result of the Presidential election is dangerous business, but if you are determined to stake your money upon your opinions, take the advice to act with discretion. Don't bet in the dark, nor in too great a hurry; nor when you are red-hot with excitement; nor more than you can afford to lose; nor like a fool; nor at the risk of losing a friend; nor with a simpleton or a sharper.

The Russians, says an English paper, are moving rapidly on every line that makes for national progress. Scientific exploration is being carried on in many different directions; laboratories and observatories are being founded, and railways opened at a wonderfully rapid rate. There are now 18,500 miles of railway open for traffic in Russia. Of this the State owns about one-fifth only. The Russians are independent of foreign nations for coal, iron, oil and mechanical skill, and the foreign element is being eliminated from Russian works, so that the progress of the empire is taking place on a wide basis.

Loss and Gain.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!—
Twas summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I plied my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For heaven.

The Raw, Cutting Winds

Bring to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease now holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Poison's Nerviline—nerve pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain, whether internal or external. Ten and 25 cents a bottle, at druggists.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Emily—"Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!" Arthur—"That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

"So your old uncle is dead, Charley?" "Yes; died yesterday." "He was a very eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was altogether right in his head?" "Well—er—I couldn't say, you know, until the will is read."

Sunday school teacher—Now, children, that the lesson is ended, you may ask any questions you like, and I will try to answer them. Is there anything you want to know, Willie?" "Yes, ma'am." "What is it?" "Which club do yer think winned der game at der park ter-day?"

Bobby (looking out of the window): What is the matter with that horse, mamma? Mother—The horse is balky, Bobby. He won't obey his driver. Bobby—Well, what's the man patting him for? Mother—He is coaxing him. Bobby (with an injured air) That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky.

Tom—The papers are full of discussion just now on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" What do you think of it? Jerry—Well, I can't speak for others, but as far as I'm concerned it's a failure. Tom—Rats! You ain't married. Jerry—That's just it. I've been trying to be for ten years past and fail every time.

"Yes," said a lecturer in a country town to a large and intelligent audience, "the people of the United States owe more to the newspapers than to any other cause for their advancement." And the editor remarked parenthetically and pathetically: "You bet they do if subscribers elsewhere are anything like mine."

Lieut. Goldbraid (who is enjoying on the porch a delightful conversation with Miss Smith, but who is somewhat annoyed by the presence of young Bobby)—Don't you get tired at times of playing, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir; tired of the game I'm playing now. Lieut. Goldbraid—What game is that? Bobby—Me calls it propriety.

A little city boy, while spending a few weeks in Florida, was obliged to drink some condensed milk, as no other was to be had. "Mamma, must I drink this condensed milk all the time?" he said one day. "Yes, my child," answered his mother, "we cannot get any other kind for you." "Well," replied the little fellow, "I just wish that condensed cow would die."

Magistrate—"What is the charge against this man?" Officer—"He threw a photograph lens at a baby and cut its head." Magistrate—"Are you a regular photographer?" Prisoner—"Yes, your Honour. I had been trying for two mortal hours to take a picture of that little imp—I mean little baby, your Honour—and—" Magistrate—"You are discharged. I used to be a photographer myself."

Hot Winds.

The mere mention of hot winds suggests that we must look for them in tropical countries, where the sun during two-thirds of the year is

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow mad tender,"

where the soil is sandy, and where vegetation is scanty or entirely absent. In the vast deserts of Africa, Asia, and Australia we find all the requisities for the full development of heated air currents. The whole surroundings are favorable, and sand being a poor conductor the powerful rays of an undimmed sun warm the superficial layers to an extraordinary degree, and this excessive temperature is communicated to the superincumbent atmosphere in the usual way. Between Tripoli and Murzuk there is a sterile tract of more than 50 miles of sandy country, where a thermometer thrust six inches below the surface recorded a temperature of 130°. In South Africa Sir John Herschel found a ground temperature of 159°. In the severe drought of the Summer of 1877, in the Fiji Islands, the black bulb thermometer on the grass registered 172°. So exceedingly hot was the ground that the poor natives, whose feet are "as tough as cowhide, often enabling them to walk over fire, or on the top of live coral, an ordeal almost equally severe" were compelled for once to bandage their feet for protection against the fiery soil. On some arid desert plains the temperature of the sand reaches 200°, and even higher. During Capt. Sturt's wanderings in Australia he found that a match would fire by simply dropping it on the ground. Burton's feet were scorched while pitching his tent in the Arabian desert. The same authority, describing the Inengo district of Central Africa, states that "under the burning yellow sky the grass is as white as the soil; the fields—stubbles stiff as harrows—are stained only by the shadows of passing clouds; the trees, except upon the nullah banks, are bare; the animals are walking skeletons; and nothing seems to flourish but flies, white ants, and caltrops. Intense heat and want of water have dried the land." The Rageloy, an important river system of Abyssinia, receiving many tributary streams, is unable to reach the sea, as the hot dry air and sand between them drink up the whole volume of water.

Wheat From Seed 5000 Years Old.

The Cincinnati "Enquirer" says:—A most interesting experiment culminated today in the raising of some wheat grown from wheat as old as the exodus. The experimenter is David Drew, who last year received from a friend in Alexandria, Egypt, some grains of wheat taken from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the period of the ninth dynasty, which would make it grown about 3,000 years B. C., or nearly 5,000 years old. He planted the seed early in the spring and carefully nursed it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and one-half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for instead of growing in an ear like modern corn there is a heavy cluster of small twigs in place of the spindle, which hangs downward from its weight, and each twig is thickly studded with kernels, each of which is in a separate husk. From what is thrashed a larger crop will be grown next year, as the result proves this to exceed in quality anything modern grain can grow.

The forms which the borders on the dress goods take this fall are varied ad infinitum.

What Ails you?

Do you have obstructions of the passages, discharges from head and throat, sometimes profuse, acrid and watery, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; dull, heavy headache most of the time, with occasional "splitting headache"; are your eyes weak, watery, or inflamed; is there ringing in the ears, with more or less deafness; do you have to hack, cough and gag, in your efforts to clear your throat in the morning; do you expectorate offensive matter, scabs from ulcers, perhaps tinged with blood; is your voice changed and is there a "nasal twang" to it; is your breath offensive; are your senses of taste and smell impaired? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common and dangerous of maladies—chronic nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, will cure it. The manufacturers of this wonderful remedy offer, in good faith $500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure.

Striped and barred fabrics will be much worn.

The voyage from maiden fair to womanhood is often attended with many perils. Mothers should insist upon their daughters being prepared with every means of safety. Universally acknowledged as the reliable "Life-preserver" on this rough sea of uncertainties, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has averted many a disaster. It has rescued many a periled life! This popular remedy is prepared especially for Woman. It is the only remedy of its class sold by druggists under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out by the manufacturers for many years.

Blue fox fur is very fashionable, but unbecoming.

Detectives Wanted,

to ferret out and discover, if they can, a single case where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been used for torpid liver, indigestion, impure blood, or consumption in its early stages, without giving immediate and permanent relief; provided, of course, that the directions have been reasonably well followed.

Worth's Empire gowns have long waisted backs but short fronts.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old established and favorite Overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western and Union and Southern Pacific Railways. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time tables and maps given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The bustle may be dead, but for all that New York women wear them.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any causes not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Book sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. Lubon 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Rosewood is a lovely new shade of brown, especially in velvet and plush.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

A great deal of fur will be worn on dresses of all kinds as the season advances.

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Some of the new long cloaks for mid-winter wear have yokes as well as bands of fur down the front and around the long, flowing sleeves.

A. P. 422

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FREE—A HANDSOME COLORED SILK HAND KERCHIEF, and a sample of the Wonderful Needle; requires no threading; to all who send us 10 cents silver for postage, etc. We make this great offer to introduce our goods into every home. Address at once, WHITON MANFG CO., 561 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.

"BEAUTIFUL STORY" AND GOLDEN GEMS of Religious Thought, by J. W. Reed and T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.; beautiful illustrations, colored and plain; handsomely bound; large quarto book; plain type and just such a book that takes the eye at a glance; terms to agents extra liberal. William Bairden, Publisher, Toronto.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. The Fifth Scholastic year began Sept. 1st. The system of education pursued is at once intellectual and eminently practical, meeting in a very marked degree the requirements of this progressive and commercial age. Few, if any of the graduates, according to the showing of past results, need be long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, expert, to eligible and lucrative situations. Address, M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

SAUSGAE CASINGS—Season 1889—Now in portations of English Sheeps, Finest American Hog Casings. Orders filled for any desired quantity. Write for prices.

JAMES PARK & SON, 41 to 47 St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

CANCER TUMORS, ULCERS, SCROFULA, etc., cured permanently without the knife. Apply to Dr. W. I. SMITH, 134 Queen St. E., Toronto.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the Diamond Dyes for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed / *A Coat Colored* / *Garments Renewed* } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—A GOOD THING.—Ussery's Spark Arrester and Drum Cornices.—Works on Stove Pipes, Mill Stacks, Etc. City and County Rights, or Entire Canadian Patent For Sale. W. J. USSERY, Norwich, Ont.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL.—Gentlemen desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of garment cutting should visit us. Scientific and reliable systems taught whereby perfect fitting garments are produced. Circulars with full information on application to S. CORRIGAN, Prop., 122 Yonge st., Toronto.

CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Beaver Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool, $40, $50, and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90, and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round trip tickets, $60, Steerage, $20; Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure births, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

WESTERN MACHINERY DEPOT

IMMENSE STOCK of Machinery to select from. Send for Lists.

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

TO TOWN AND VILLAGE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS

WE have unexcelled facilities for the SALE or EXCHANGE of Newspaper offices. Terms, one per cent. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have now four good establishments for sale at a bargain, and one publisher wanting a partner.

Auxiliary Publishing Company, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

Stained Glass

FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

McCAUSLAND & SON, 76 King St. W., Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing: during winter from Portland every Tuesday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow Mail sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Baltimore weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; E. Cogswell & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allan, New York, H. Bourlier, Portland; Allans, Ross & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brock, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston Montreal.

CANADA PERMANENT

Loan & Savings Company

INCORPORATED 1855.

Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto.

Subscribed Capital.....$ 4,500,000
Paid Up Capital.....2,000,000
Total Assets.....10,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Application may be made to either of the Company's local Agents or to

J. HERBERT MASON, Manager & Director.

We have just Received

Another Large Range of Men's and Boys' Underwear and

CARDIGAN JACKETS

Which we are selling at Desperately Low Prices. Also

LADIES' SCOTCH WOOL VESTS AND COMBINATION SUITS.

We make money by saving money for you. Buy from us and you will be a Steady Customer.

B. O'HARA.

This and That.

The Prince of Wales is no chicken. He enters on his forty-eight year nex t Friday.

Hon. T. B. Pardee, Commissioner of Crown Lands, is at his home in Sarnia, dangerously ill. His disease is Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Mr. John Blue, father of the deputy minister of agriculture for Ontario, is 100 years old and recently dug 15 bushels of potatoes in a day and walks half a mile to church every Sabbath day.

They make some queer Election bets in the States. In the event of Mr. Cleveland bring re-elected "Dick" Stoever of Cincinnati will wear a petticoat for three months, and in case Harrison is the man Mr. Tepe of the same city will be under a like obligation. The loser, if he does not comply with the canditions, forfeits $100.

Messrs. Fulford & Co., of Brockville, manufacturers of Nasal Balm, and other proprietary remedies, have entered an action against Lawson & Jones, a firm of printers and box makers in London, Ont., for an alleged infringement of their Nasal Balm package. The damages are placed at $10, 000. A similar action has been entered against a Peterborough druggist for selling the imitation preparation.

Mr. J. Cronk, an old resident of Colborne, is in gaol on the charge of shooting with intent. The cause of the trouble is that he has had his domestic affairs sadly disturbed for some months past by the return, after many years absence, of an "old shine" of his faithless spouse, and some days since he took the intruder at short range with a pistol—just to frighten him.

Probably the oldest resident of the county of Lennox, Mr. William Latimer, died at his residence, Centre street, Napanee, on Saturday, October 27th, at the advanced age of 95 years, 10 months and 20 days. He served in the war of 1812, for which he has for some years been in receipt of a pension.

A sorrowful case is reported from Erinsville. A short time ago Michael Tooley, farmer, married a daughter of the late James O'Neil, of that neighborhood, but his health failed and he was threatened with consumption. He hastened to California. His young wife was anxiously anticipating his return, when on Thursday last she was stricken with apoplexy and died. Her remains were buried on Sunday. On Monday the husband arrived. He was so stricken with grief that he, too died on Tuesday. They leave no children.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PHOTOGRAPHS

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

adoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

W. MACKAY,

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT.

Over the Hardware Store of Conner & Co., Durham Street, Madoc, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot 6, in 9th con. of Madoc. There is on the farm a log house and a frame barn. There is about 40 acres of wood land of beech and maple, and 60 acres cleared. The land is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM McMECHAN.

O'Brien's Hotel,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Rates, - $1.00 a Day.

Newly Furnished & Refitted Throughout.

HAVING leased the O'Brien House for a term of years, I have furnished it new throughout in first-class style, and the bar is stocked with best liquors and cigars. Good yard and stable accommodation. I will be glad to meet all my old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

SAMUEL CURRY.

Belleville, May 1st, 1888. 5

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25.000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn. Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block — Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Fall Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.

Teas a specialty.

Canned Goods, etc.

Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon, Hams, and Lard.

Wines, Liqnors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

DON'T FORGET

The table, Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,

MADOC.

WHITE'S

Agricultural, Wagon and Sleigh WORKS.

WE have in stock for this season's trade a choice assortment of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

including the steel Wellington. We are agents for the famous

Steel Frame Spring Tooth Harrow,

the best in the market.

LUMBER WAGONS,

Tubular Axles, Pipe Box and Skein, at prices to suit the purchaser.

A full and complete assortment of

STOVES

for Coal or Wood. We would invite inspection to our line of Cook Stoves.

Special attention given to

Wagon Repairing and General Blacksmithing.

Would be pleased to have farmers visit our works and examine the stock we are putting in wagons and sleighs.

J. & J. WHITE.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.

Total Assets, $3,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,**

Appraiser at Madoc.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

We have pleasure in announcing that in a few days our Fall and Winter Stock will be complete in every department, when we shall be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

Our stock, as usual, will consist of Dry Goods, Carpets, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

We feel confident that a better selected stock of goods has never been offered to the public in Madoc, and at the lowest possible prices.

We have some lines of fall and winter goods left over from last season which we are disposing of at below cost.

Rare bargains are now being offered. Don't fail to give us a call.

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Sept. 19th, 1888. **POST OFFICE BLOCK**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 33. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 15, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

G. A. ROLLINS, Secretary. JAMES WHITE, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE— Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office Monday evening, Tuesday, and Tuesday evening of each week, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART, Solicitor, Madoc

507

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

DENTISTRY.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S., of over 20 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, the 1st TUESDAY and the 3rd TUESDAY of every month, staying two nights and the full day. Next visits, 4th and 20th Nov., and 4th and 18th Dec. A first-class and reliable thing expeditiously done in every department of the business, without any delays or disappointments. Vitalized air used, and the new local anaesthetic. Best fit of teeth filling, &c.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, PROP.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel.

JAMES McCAW, Manager.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P.O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

NOTICE.

I HAVE several farms and small lots in the Township of Thurlow, for sale at reasonably low prices, that I will be glad to show to intending purchasers. Small payment down will be accepted.

HARFORD ASHLEY.

Belleville, August 3rd, 1888. 19-3m

HOUSE TO LET

IN the Village of Madoc. That desirable good brick house now occupied by Mr. Charles G. Wilson. It is well finished throughout, with bath-room and all modern conveniences. Possession given on or about the 1st of October. Apply to

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, August 4, 1888.

House and Lot for Sale.

PART of lot No. 3, in the 6th concession, immediately adjoining the corporation of Madoc village, containing 2 acres of land, frame house and barn, and a good well of water. Terms reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.

Madoc, May 1, 1888. 5-3m

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place and convenient to Eagle Lake.

For further particulars apply at the law office of the undersigned, Madoc.

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc. May 1st, 1888. 5 3m

GEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CLASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

GRAIN ! GRAIN !

HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH FOR GRAIN.

The North Hastings Warehouse

Is now open for buying and receiving all kinds of Grain, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.

ELDORADO ELEVATOR

will also be opened in a short time.

A. MILLER, Warehouseman.

Madoc, Aug. 31, 1888. 23-2m.

Palmer's Grocery.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INform the public that he has purchased the business of Mr. R. Beaton, Whytock's old corner, and will enlarge the same with a fine new stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CANNED GOODS, MEATS of all KINDS,

&c., &c. The usual stock still kept in my old stand, 3 doors south.

Ice Cream and Fruits in Season.

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

5 **A. PALMER.**

A Traveller Missing.

SPRINGER SHOT A HORSE FOR A DEER AND THEN LEVANTED.

J. Springer, traveller for H. Van Tassel, has absconded, but what he has got away with is not yet known by the firm. He had been associated with the firm since July last, and a couple of weeks ago started north with a one horse rig for the purpose of collecting monies from farmers who were indebted to Mr. Van Tassel. Springer has not yet turned up. It was recently learned that he took the C. P. R. at a northern depot and left for the United States. William Gill will start over the route on Monday morning to ascertain if possible how much money was accepted by Springer. Springer had an insane sister who committed suicide some years ago.

It was reported in the *Ontario* a few days ago that a horse in mistake for a deer had been accidently shot by a hunter. It now turns out that the animal was shot by Springer. Some believe that it was on account of the shooting that the traveller skipped out. —*Ontario*.

Married.

RIKELY—ROSE.—On the 12th inst., at the Parsonage, Madoc, by the Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., Philip N. Rikely, of Sidney, and Mary Elizabeth Rose, of the Township of Madoc.

The Globe's Christmas Number.

Some information as to the forthcoming Christmas number of the *Globe* is given in our advertising columns in this issue. One of the most important points to our readers there mentioned is that orders for this publication should be sent in early. The man who puts off is liable to be left in any case, but especially so in respect of a splendid publication such as this, in which mechanical, to say nothing of financial reasons, make a strictly limited edition necessary. The presentation plates accompanying this paper are far handsomer than has ever before been issued with any Canadian paper, chief among them being a copy of a magnificent painting of Vancouver Park, British Columbia, by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, president of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. The literary features of this number will include contributions from the very foremost literary men in Canada. The mechanical execution of the paper will be beyond criticism, if fine paper, new type, the best press and the abiest workmen count for anything in such matters. Orders may be placed with any bookseller or may be sent to the *Globe* direct.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits required.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 11y

Madoc,—India!

Miss Sinclair Started on her Long Voyage—May she carry the "Glad Tidings" to multitudes of her Benighted Sisters.

The noble work to which Miss Jennie Sinclair of this village has devoted the next few years of her life, that of carrying the "news of salvation" to the poor benighted women of central India, for which field she sails today under the direction of the Foreign Mission Society of the Presbyterian Church, called forth a tangible expression of esteem from her friends and late church-workers in this village on Wednesday evening last, the eve of her departure from our midst. A large gathering assembled in the school room of the Presbyterian church between six and seven o'clock, where refreshments were served, after which the audience adjourned to the main body of the church where a farewell meeting was held, presided over by the paster, Rev. D. Wishart. The choir opened by singing "Nearer my God to Thee." Miss Sinclair then delivered a touching address, dwelling on the needs of India's enslaved and perishing women for help of Christian Missionaries. She thought many more christians in this country would give themselves to this great cause but for their ignorance of the mighty work that was required in that land. In her humble way she was going to India to tell them of Christ, to endeavor to raise them from their state of darkness and bondage up into the glorious freedom of the Cross. She assured her hearers that she was anticipating no romantic feelings regarding the trip before her, but was looking forward to the stern realities of the work to which she had given herself over. The cry was constantly going up for more missionaries; in India there was estimated to be only one teacher for every 800,000 of the population, and she urged her young hearers to give more thought to the great need of this work. Miss Sinclair then gave a very interesting personal account of the causes which had led her to offer herself for this work some three years ago, of her medical training and studies with this object before her, and of her sudden call a few weeks ago to go at once, years before she had expected to go, which call she had decided to obey as a revelation of The Master's will. In this she was making some sacrifices, giving up her hopes of complete medical education, but she did it willingly, and would go forth among the women of India seeking to the best of her ability to simply do her Master's will. In this she asked the good-wishes, the blessings and the prayers of her friends to go with her, and she felt that her work in that foreign land would not be without fruit for the Master.

The choir sang, very appropriately, "I gave My life for Thee."

Rev. Mr. Childerhose delivered a short address in which he said that Miss Sinclair's heroic resolve to go as a missionary to India, was not only an honor to her nobler feelings, but she was honoring this country, honoring the village, and honoring this church by her self-sacrifice. He bespoke for her the strengthening power of the three-ply rope—money, sympathy, and prayer, from this people to sustain her.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was rendered by the choir.

Rev. Mr. Wishart then addressed a few touching remarks to the young lady—words of advice and comfrot on the eve of her departure. He said he had a right to be interested in her, he had married her parents, baptised her, and watched over her from infancy, and he had great hopes of her success in the good work in which she was about to engage. She would be abundantly protected in her labors; the British flag would be over her in India as in Canada, and better than that was the protection of the cross of Christ. He then presented Miss Sinclair with a handsome Bible from the Sabbath School of the Presbyterian Church, of which she had been a teacher, and also a handsome and serviceable dressing case and travelling satchel from the ladies of the congregation.

Miss Sinclair, in a few well-chosen words, returned her thanks for the timely expressions of their kind regard. Speaking to the children of the school she assured them that she would use the Word of God with which they had presented her in the service of the women of India.

The choir sang, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and prayer brought the meeting to a close.

Miss Sinclair warmly shook the hand and bade good-bye to every one passing out of the church. She left Thursday for Belleville, where a public meeting in her honor and that of her collegue, Miss Scott, was held that evening. On Firday evening these two young ladies were formally designated Missionaries to India in Chalmer's Church, Kingston. We understand they will sail from Montreal to-day on their long voyage. They will be nearly two months in reaching their destination, Indore, Central India, and do not expect to return inside of seven years.

COUNTY NEWS.

The County Council will meet at Belleville on Tuesday, 27th November.

Mr. John White, ex-M. P., has been confined to his house some time through illness.

Seventy new buildings, costing nearly a quarter of a million dollars, have been erected in Belleville this year.

After spending $1000 in law the man who was libelled by the Brussels Budget has been awarded one solitary dollar.

Mr. B. Hughes, of Cherry Valley, is this season making 3,000 bushels of apples into cider and evaporating 5,000 bushels more.

The mining commission has recommended Deseronto as a good place for smelting works, owing to the location of charcoal works there.

Geo. Wheeler, an old resident of Tamworth, 60 years of age, was accidentally drowned in the mill pond on Monday night last.

Sir John Macdonald was summoned to Kingston last week to attend the bedside of his sister, who is reported to be dying of consumption.

Mr. Chas. Ostrum, of Front of Sidney, has a pumpkin that tips the beam at 156 lbs and another that measures 7 feet 4 inches in circumference.

Mrs. Nicholls, a wealthy lady of Peterboro, placed her cheque for $12,000 on the collection plate as a gift to St. Andrew's church in that town last week.

An occupied dwelling in the third concession of Thurlow belonging to Asa Wilcox, caught fire from some unknown cause on the evening of the 9th inst., and was consumed.

Mr. Jacob Hardy, of Norwood, whom we mentioned in a recent issue as having been severely wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting partridge, succumbed to his injuries on Thursday morning last.

A number of new American companies are forming to develope iron ore mining along the line of the Kingston and Pembroke railway. Owners of smelting furnaces in the United States are finding ore of desirable quality and are willing to buy all that can be mined.

The Postmaster at Appleton notified the Government that he was not receiving sufficient pay for his labors. The Government promised to look into the matter, but took so long about it that Mr. Arthurs packed up all the Government property in his possession and sent it to Ottawa. Appleton now has no mail service.

A Kingston dispatch says that the heroine of the hour is Sarah Jane McIlroy, a good-looking young lady, who, while on her way home, saw two toughs assaulting a citizen, and saved him from what might have resulted in a murder. Her rescue became so much talked of that many went to the court to see her and extend to her a perfect ovation.

The hotel in Thomasburg, owned and occupied by Wm. B. Elliott, caught fire at noon on Thursday last, it is supposed from defective pipes. The building was considerably damaged. Loss about $400, fully covered by insurance. The building was bodily wrecked, and the contents were injured to a great extent by fire and water.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Our country correspondents are constantly writing us about the boldness of the bears this fall. On the 13th October one came to Mr. Andrew Gauley's gate in Marmora. It is needless to say it was not invited inside the gate. A bear visited the Marmora cheese factory and licked the grease out of the whey vat. Our correspondent facetiously remarks that they are moving south by rail and on foot.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE BARD IN HARNESS.

"I never felt more astonished in my life," Hatherley remarked one day some weeks later to a chosen circle at the Cheyne Row Club, "than I felt on the very first morning of my visit to Whitestrand. Talk about being driven by a lady, indeed! Why, that frail little woman's got the Bard in harness, as right and as tight as if he were a respectable cheesemonger. It's too surprising. The Bard's done for. His life is finished. There the Man stops. The Husband and Father may drag out a wretched domestic existence yet for another twenty years. But the Man is dead, hopelessly dead. Julius Cæsar himself's not more utterly defunct. That girl has extinguished him."

"Are there any children, then?" one of the chosen circle put in casually.

"Children! No. There was a child born just after old Mrs. Meysey's death, I believe; but it died, and left the mother a poor wreck, her own miserable faded photograph. She was a nice little girl enough, in her small way, when she was here in town; amusing and sprightly; but the Bard has done for her, as she's done for the Bard. The fact is, this is a case of incompatibility of disposition. You can't stop three days at Whitestrand without feeling there's a skeleton in the house somewhere!"

The skeleton in the house, long carefully confined to its native cupboard, had indeed begun to perambulate the Hall in open daylight during the brief period of Hatherley's visit. He reached the newly remodelled home just in time to dress for dinner. When he descended to the ill-lighted drawing-room, five minutes late—Whitestrand could boast no native gas supply, and candles are expensive—he gave his arm with a sense of solemn obligation to poor dark-clad Winifred. Mrs. Massinger was indeed altered—sadly altered. Three painful losses in quick succession had told upon that slender pale young wife. She showed her paleness in her deep black dress: colours suited Winifred: in mourning, she was hardly even pretty. The little "arrangement in pink and white" had faded almost into white alone: the pinkness had proved a fleeting pigment: she was not warranted fast colours. But Hatherly did his best with innate gallantry not to notice the change. Fresh from town, crammed with the last good things of the Cheyne Row and Mrs. Bouverie Barton's Wednesday evenings, he tried hard with conscientious efforts to keep the conversation from flagging visibly, and he succeeded with creditable skill; and Hugh, looking across at his wife with a curious smile, said in a tone of genuine pleasure: "How delightful it is, after all, Winnie, to get a hold of somebody, direct from the real live world of London, in the midst of our fossilised antediluvian Whitestrand society!—I declare, Hatherley, it does one's heart good, like champagne, to listen to you. A breath of Bohemia blows across Suffolk the moment you arrive. Poor drowsy, somnolent, petrified Suffolk! "Silly Suffolk," even the aborigines themselves call it. It's catching, too. I'm almost beginning to fall asleep myself, by force of example."

At the words, Winifred fired up in defence of her native country. "I'm sure, Hugh," she said with some asperity, "I don't know why you're always trying to run down Suffolk! If you didn't like us, you should have avoided the shire; you should have carried your respected presence elsewhere. Suffolk never invited you to honour it with your suffrages. You came and settled here of your own free will. And who could be nicer or more cultivated, if it comes to that, than some of our Suffolk aborigines, as you call them? Dear old Mrs. Walpole at the vicarage, for example."

Hugh balanced an olive on the end of his fork. "An amiable old Hecuba," he answered provokingly. "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? Her latest dates are about the period of the seige of Troy, or, to be more precisely accurate, the year 1850.—My dear Hatherley, when you come down, I feel like a man who has breathed fresh air on some high mountain—stimulated and invigorated. You palpitate with actuality. Down here, we stagnate in the seventeenth century."

Winifred bit her lip with vexation, but said nothing. It was evident the subject was an unpleasant one to her. But she at least would not trot out the skeleton.

Next morning Hugh showed Hatherley round the Whitestrand estate. Hatherley himself was not, to say the truth, in the best of humours. Mrs Massinger was dull and not what she used to be: she obviously resented his bright London gossip, as throwing into stronger and clearer relief the innate stupidity of her ancestral Suffolk. The breakfast was bad; the coffee sloppy; and the dishes suggested too obvious reminiscences of the joints and entrees at last night's dinner. Clearly, the Massingers were struggling hard to keep up appearances on an insufficient income. They were stretching their means much too thin. The Morris drawing room was all very well in its way, of course; but tulip-pattern curtains and De Morgan pottery don't quite make up for a *rechauffé* of kidneys. Hatherley was an epicure, like most club-bred men, and his converse for the day took a colour from the breakfast table for good or for evil. So he started out that morning in a dormant ill-humour, prepared to tease and "draw" Massinger, who had had the bad taste to desert Bohemia for dull respectability and ill-paid Squiredom in the wilds of Suffolk.

Hugh showed him first the region of the sandhills. The sandhills were a decent bit to begin with. "Æolian sands!" Hatherley murmured contemplatively as Hugh mentioned the name. "How very pretty! How very poetical! You can hardly regret it yourself, Massinger, this overwhelming of your salt marshes by the shifting sands, when you reflect at leisure it was really done by anything with so sweet an epithet as Æolian."

"I thought so once," Hugh answered dryly, with obvious distaste, "when it was the property of my late respected father-in-law. But circumstances alter cases, you know, as somebody once remarked with luminous platitude; and since I came into the estate myself, to tell you the truth, I can't forgive the beastly sands, even though they happen to be called Æolian."

They walked along in silence for a while, each absorbed in his own thoughts—Hatherley ruminating upon this melancholy spectacle of a degenerate son of dear old Cheyne Row gone wrong for ever: Massinger reflecting in his own mind upon the closer insight into the facts of life which property, with its cares and responsibilities, gives one—when he suddenly halted with a short sharp whistle at a turn of the path. "Whew!" he cried; "why, what the dickens is this? The poplar's disappeared—at least, its place, I mean."

"Ah, yes! Mrs. Massinger told me all about that unlucky poplar when you were gone last night," Hatherly answered cheerfully. "The only good object in the view, she said—and I can easily believe her, to judge by the remainder. It got struck by lightning one stormy night, and disappeared then and there entirely!"

"This is strange—very strange!" Hugh went on to himself, never heeding the babbling interruption. "The sand's collected on this side of late. There's a distinct hummock here, like the ones at Grimes's.—I wonder what on earth these waves and mound of sand can mean!—The wind's not going to attack this side of the river, too, is it?"

"Ah, Squoire," a man at work in the field put in, coming up to join them, and leaning upon his pitchfork—"ah 'm glad yo're come to see it yourself, naow. That's jest what it be. The sand's a-driftin'. Ah said to Tom, the night the thunderbolt took th' owd poplar—ah said: "Tom," says ah, 'that there poplar were the only bar as stopped the river an' the sand from shiftin'. It's shifted all along till it's reached the poplar; an' naow it'll shift an' shift an' shift till it gets to Lowestoft or mayhap to Norwich."—An' if yo'll look, Squoire, yo'll see for yourself—the river's acshally runnin' backly where the tree had used to stand; an' the sand's a-driftin' an' a-driftin', same as it allays drift down yonner at Grimes's. An' it's my belief it'll never stop till it's swallowed up the Hall and the whole o' Whitestrand."

Hugh Massinger gazed in silence at the spot where the Whitestrand poplar had once stood with an utter feeling of sinking helplessness taking possession at once of his heart and bosom. A single glance told him beyond doubt the man was right. The poplar had stood as the one frail barrier to the winds and waves of the German Ocean. He had burnt it down, by wile and guile, of deliberate intent, that night of the thunderstorm to get rid of the single mute witness to Elsie's suicide. And now, his Nemesis had worked itself out. The sea was advancing, inch by inch, with irresistible march, against doomed Whitestrand.

Inch by inch! Nay, yard by yard. Gazing across to the opposite bank, and roughly measuring the distance with his eye, Hugh saw the river had been diverted northward many feet since he last visited the site of the poplar. He always avoided that hateful spot; the very interval that had elapsed since his last visit enabled him all the better to gauge at sight the distance the river had advanced meanwhile in its silent invasion.

"I must get an engineer to come down and see to this," he said shortly, "We must put up a breakwater ourselves, I suppose, since a supine administration refuses to help us. I wonder who's the proper man to go to for breakwaters? I'd wire to town to night, if I knew whom to wire to, and check the thing before it runs any farther."

"What's that Swinburne says?" Hatherly asked musingly. "I forget the exact run of the particular lines, but they occur somewhere in the *Hymn to Proserpine*:

Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins? will ye chasten
the high sea with rods?
Will ye take her to chain her with chains who is
older than all, ye gods?

I don't expect, my dear boy, your engineer will do much for you. Man's but a pigmy before these natural powers. A breakwater's helpless against the ceaseless dashing of the eternal sea."

Hugh Massinger almost lost his temper—especially when he reflected with bitter self-abasement that those were the very lines he had quoted to Elsie—in his foolish pre-territorial days—about Mr. Meysey's sensible proposals for obtaining an injunction against the German Ocean. "Eternal sea! Eternal fiddlesticks!" he answered testily. "It's all very well for you to talk; but it's a matter of life and death to me.—We've got to build a breakwater, that's what it comes to. And a breakwater'll run into a pot of money."

"Pity the old tree ever got burnt down, anyhow, to begin with," Hatherley murmured low, endeavouring, now he had fairly drawn his man, to assume a sympathetic expression of countenance.

They walked back slowly to the Hall in silence, passing through the village out of pure habit. Hugh was evidently very much put out. Hatherley considered him even rude and bearish. A man should restrain himself before the faces of his guests. At the door, Hatherley strolled off round the garden walks and lit a cigar. Hugh went up to his own dressing room.

The rest Hatherley never knew; he only knew that at dinner that night Mrs. Massinger's eyes were red and sore with crying. For when Hugh reached his own room—that pretty little dressing-room with the pomegranate wall-paper and the pale blue Lahore hangings—he found Winifred fiddling at his private desk, a new black-walnut desk with endless drawers and niches and pigeon-holes. A sudden something rose in his throat as he saw her fumbling at the doors of the cabinet. Where had she found that carefully guarded key?—Aha, he knew! That fellow Hatherley!—Hatherley had taken a cigar from his case as they went out for a stroll together that luckless morning; and instead of returning the case to its owner, had lain it down in his careless way on the study table. He always kept the key concealed in the case.—Winifred must accidentally have found it, and tried to worm out her husband's secrets.—He hated such meanness in other people. How much, he wondered, had she found out now after all for her trouble?

Ah!

They both cried out in one voice together; for Winifred had opened a pigeon-hole box with the special key, and was looking intently with rigid eyes at—a small gold watch and a bundle of letters.

With a wild dart forward, Hugh tore them from her grasp and crunched them in his hand; but not before Winifred had seen two things: first, that the watch was a counterpart of her own—the very watch Hugh had given to Elsie Challoner; second, that the letters were in a familiar hand—no other hand than Elsie Challoner's.

She fronted him long with a pale cold face. Hugh took the watch and letters before her very eyes, and locked them up again in their pigeon hole, angrily. "So this is how you play the spy upon me!" he cried at last with supreme contempt in his voice and manner.

But Winifred simply answered nothing. She burst into a fierce wild flood of tears. "I knew it!" she moaned in an agony of slighted affection. "I knew it! I knew it!"

So, after all, in spite of her flight and her pretended coolness, Elsie was corresponding still with her husband! Cruel, cruel Elsie! Yet why had she given him back his watch again? That was more than Winifred could ever explain in her simple philosophy. She could only cry and cry her eyes out.

CHAPTER XXXI.—COMING ROUND.

When Warren Rolf steered back his barque to San Remo and Elsie that next autumn, he had not yet exactly been "boomed," as Edie had predicted; but his artistic or rather his business prospects had improved considerably through the intervening summer. Hatherley's persistent friendly notices of his work in the "Charing Cross Review," and Mitchison's constant flow of rhapsodies about his "charming 'morbidezza'" in Weatherd drawing rooms, had begun to bring his seapieces at last more prominently into notice. The skipper of the *Mad Turtle* had gone up one. It was the mode to speak of him now in artistic coteries, no longer as a melancholy instance of well-meaning failure, but as a young man of rising though misunderstood talent. His knowledge of "values" was allowed to be profound. To be sure, he didn't yet sell; but it was understood in astute buying circles that people who could pick up an early Rolf dirt cheap and were prepared to hang on long enough to their purchase, would be sure in the end to see the colour of their money.

That winter at San Remo was the happiest Warren had yet passed there; for he began to perceive that Elsie was relenting. In a timid, tremulous, shamefaced, unacknowledged sort of way, she was relenting, little by little, to love him. She would not confess it even to herself. Elsie was too much of a woman to admit in the intimacy of her own heart, far less in the ear of any outside confidante, that having once loved Hugh she could now veer round and love Warren. The sense of personal consistency runs deep in woman. They can't bear to turn their dead selves, even though it be in order to rise to higher and ever higher plans of affection and devotion. Still, in spite of everything, Elsie Challoner grew by degrees dimly aware that she did actually love the quiet young marine painter. She had a hard struggle with herself, to be sure, before she could quite recognize the fact; but she recognised it at last, and in her own heart frankly admitted it. Warren was not indeed externally brilliant and vivid, like Hugh; he didn't sparkle with epigram and repartee. But while Hugh scintillated, Warren Rolf's nature burned rather with a clear and steady flame. It was easy enough for anybody to admire Hugh; his strong points glittered in the eye of day; only those who dip a little below the surface ever reached the profounder depths of good and beauty that lay hid in such a mind as Warren's. Yet Elsie felt in her own soul it was a truer thing after all to love Warren than to love Hugh; a greater triumph to have won Warren's deep and earnest regard than to have impressed Hugh's fancy once with a selfish passion. She felt all that; but being a woman, of course she never acknowledged it. She went on fighting hard against her own heart, on behalf of the old dead worse love, and to the detriment of the new and living better one; and all the while she pretended to herself she was thereby displaying her profound affection and her noble consistency. She must never marry Warren, whom she truly loved, and who truly loved her, for the sake of that Hugh who had never loved her, and whom she herself could never have loved had she only known him as he really was in all his mean and selfish inner nature. That may be foolish, but it's intensely womanly. We must take women as they really are. They were made so at first, and all our philosophy will never mend it.

She couldn't endure that any one should imagine she had forgotten her love and her sorrow for Hugh. She couldn't endure, after her experience with Hugh, that any man should take her, thus helpless and penniless. If she'd been an heiress like Winifred, now, things might perhaps have been a little different; but to burden his struggling life still further, when she knew how little his art brought him, and how much he longed to earn an income for his mother and Edie to retire upon—that she couldn't bear to face for a moment. She would dimiss the subject; she would make him feel she could never be his; it was only tantalising poor kind-hearted Warren to keep him dangling about any longer.

"Elsie," he said to her one day on the hills, as they strolled together, by olive and pinewood, among the asphodels and anemones, "I had another letter from London this morning. The market's looking up. Benson has sold the 'Rade de Villefranche.'"

"I'm so glad, Warren," Elsie answered warmly. "It's a sweet picture—one of your loveliest. Did you get a good price for it?"

"Forty guineas. That's not so bad as prices go. So I'm going to buy Edie that new dinner dress you and I were talking about. I know you won't mind running over to Mentone and choosing some nice stuff at the draper's there for me. Things are looking up. There's no doubt I'm rising in the English market. My current quotations improve daily. Benson says he sold that bit to a rich American. Americans, if you can once manage to catch them, are capital customers—'patrons,' I suppose, one ought to say; but I decline to be patronised by a rich American. I think 'customer,' after all, a much truer and sincerer word—ten thousand times as manly and independent."

"So I think too. I hate Patronage. It savours of flunkeydom; betrays the toadyism of fashionable art—the 'Portraits-of-a Gentleman' style of painting.—But oh, Warren, I'm so sorry the Rade's to be transported to America. It's such a graceful, delicate, dainty little picture. I quite loved it. To me that seems the most terrible part of all an artist's trials and troubles. After you've learned to know and to love it tenderly—after it's become to you something like your own child—an off spring of your inmost and deepest nature—you sell it away for prompt cash, to a rich American, who'll hang it up in his brand-new drawing-room at St Louis or Chicago between two horrid daubs by fashionable London or Paris painters, and who'll say to his friends with a smile after dinner: 'Yes, that's a pretty little thing enough in its way, but it's my gas-place there. I gave forty guineas in England for that; it's by Rolf of Lendo.' But observe his splendid 'Cleopatra' over here, just above the sideboard; she's a real Se-and-se'—torture itself will not induce the present chronicler to name the particular painter of fashionable nudities whom Elsie thus pilloried on the scaffold of her high disdain—'I paid for that, sir, a cool twenty thousand dollars!'"

Warren smiled a smile of thrilling pleasure, and investigated his boots with shy timidity. Such sympathy from her overweighed a round dozen of American purchasers. "Thank you, Elsie," he said simply. "That's quite true. I've felt it myself.—But still, in the end, all good work, if it's really good, will appeal somehow, at some time, to somebody, somewhere. I confess I often envy authors in that. Their finished work is impressed upon a thousand copies, and scattered broadcast over all the world. Sooner or later it's pretty sure to meet the eyes of most among those who are capable of appreciating it.—But a painting is a much more monopolist product. If the wrong man happens at first to buy it and to carry it into the wholly wrong locality, the painter may feel for the moment his work is lost, and his time thrown away, so far as any direct appreciation or loving sympathy with his ideas is concerned.—Still, Elsie, it gets its reward in due time. When we're all dead and gone, some soul will look upon the picture and be glad. And it's a great thing to have sold the Rade, anyway, because of the dear old Master and Edie.—I'm able to do a great deal more for them now; I hope I shall soon be in a position to keep them comfortable.—And do you know, somehow, these last few years—I'm ashamed to say it, but it's the fact none the less—I've begun to feel a sort of nascent desire to be successful, Elsie."

Elsie dropped her voice a tone lower "I'm sorry for that, Warren," she answered shyly.

"Why so?"

Elsie disstimulated. "Because one of the things I most admired about you when I first knew you was your sturdy desire to do good work for its own sake, and to leave success to take care of itself in the dim background."

"But, Elsie, I've many more reasons now to wish for success.—You know why—I've never told you, but I begin to hope—I've ventured to hope the last few months—I know it's presumptuous of me, but still I hope—that when I can earn enough to make a wife happy"—

Elsie stopped dead short at once on the narrow path that wound in and out among the clambering pine-woods, and fronting him full, with her parasol planted firmly on the ground, cut him off in a desperately resolute tone: "Warren, if I wouldn't marry you unsuccessful, you may be quite sure success at separate would never, never induce me to marry you."

It was the first time in all her life she had said a single word about marriage before him, and Warren therefore at once accepted it, paradoxically but rightly, as a good omen. "Then you love me, Elsie?" he cried, all trembling.

Elsie's heart fluttered with painful tremore. "Don't ask me, Warren, she murmured, thrillingly. "Don't make me say so. Don't worm it out of me!—Dear Warren, you know I like you dearly. I feel and have always felt to you like a sister. After all I've suffered, don't torture me more.—I can never, never, never marry you!"

"But you do love me, Elsie?"

Elsie's eyes fell irresolute to the ground. It was a hard fight between love and pride. But Warren's pleading face conquered in the end. "I do love you, Warren," she answered simply.

"Then I don't mind the rest," Warren cried with a joyous burst, seizing her hand in his. "If you love me, Elsie, I can wait forever. Success or no success, marriage or no marriage, I can wait for ever. I only want to know you love me."

"You will have to wait for ever," Elsie answered low. "You have made me say the word, and in spite of myself I have said it. I love you, Warren, but I can never, never marry you!"

"And I say," Edie Rolf remarked with much incisiveness, when Elsie told her bit by bit the whole story that same evening at the Villa Rossa, "that you treated him very shabbily indeed, and that Warren's a great deal too good and kind and sweet to you. Some girls don't know when they're well off. Warren's a brick—that's what I call him."

"That's what I call him too," Elsie answered half tearful. "At least I would, if brick was a word I ever applied to anybody in my sphere. But still—I can never marry him!"

"Thank goodness," Edie said, with a jerk of her head, "I wasn't born romantic and hysterical. Whenever any nice good fellow that I can really like swims into my ken and asks me to marry him—which unfortunately none of the nice good fellows of my acquaintance show the least inclination at present to do—I shall answer him promptly, like a bird—Arthur, or Thomas, or Guy, or Walter, or Reginald, or whatever else his nice good name may happen to be—Mr. Hatherley's is Arthur—and proceed to make him happy for ever. But some people seem to prefer tantalising them. For my own part, my dear, I've a distinct preference for making men happy whenever possible. I was born to make a good man happy, and I'd make him happy with the greatest pleasure in life, if only the good man would recognise my abilities for the production of happiness, and give me the desired opportunity for translating my benevolent wishes towards him into actual practice. But good men are painfully scarce nowadays. They don't swarm. They retire bashfully. Very few of them seem to float by accident in their gay shallops toward the port of San Remo."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ethel—Oh, paps, did you see the new parlor lamp Aunt Julia sent me? It's the latest thing out. Paps—It will be Sunday nights, anyway.

A late song is entitled, "Nobody Knows but Mother." Generally speaking nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.

Murder for Money

The "Wild West," in its wildest and most lawless days, was never disgraced by a fouler murder than one which recently occurred near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. It furnishes another proof that the mere surface veneer of culture and refinement which goes under the name of civilization, is of little value as a controlling force when pitted against the baser passions of humanity. Some of the worst crimes, perhaps a majority of them, are committed in the greatest centres of the highest civilization. Not very comforting doctrine for those persons who substitute evolution upward for the doctrine of a Fall from a state of innocence. In the case referred to, two men, going home from Wilkesbarre with a large sum of money wherewith to pay the labourers on a railroad, were waylaid and shot down in cold blood by highwaymen who evidently knew their movements and were determined to get possession of the booty at all hazards. They had no squeamishness about making murder the stepping stone to robbery. They knew that their victims were bold men and well armed, and that they would defend their trust to the bitter end, and therefore they were not going to risk their own lives when well directed rifle shots from a covert would do the business. The murder has caused intense excitement, and every nerve is being strained to secure the murderers. If the right men are caught it is to be hoped there will be no maudlin sentimentality about the way in which they are to be dealt with. Society owes a duty of self protection to itself, not merely extenuation and reformation to criminals of that class. We are not called upon to be more merciful-hearted in our dealings with deliberate murderers than the God who made them, and therefore the great law of punishment by death for murder should be most rigorously enforced.

Progress That is Not Improvement.

I have been farming 54 years—a long time when I consider that I began when I was 20 years of age—and I have noticed that farming undergoes changes somewhat like fashion. In one time in one time for some time on want is called the progressive road, and then it turns back and adopts what has been discarded. I am inclined to think that there is two much theory about farming of late days. The earth is the same, the laws of nature are the same, climates are changed somewhat, but the principles of farming are the same. The progress has been in improved implements and tools, that have lessened labor and expedited work; but the ground is the same so far as plowing, harrowing and cultivation are concerned, and what the growth of all plants is governed by the same laws of nature. Rich soils will ever produce rich crops, the poor soils inferior crops. So now the science of farming is in keeping up the fertility of the soil, using implements that will economise labor, and the rest depends on one's good management, energy and perseverance, and that is the "all" in successful farming. During the first half of my farming life, farmers farmed to make themselves well-off (if not rich) and comfortable; the latter half of my days, they farm to make others rich and themselves poor. If this is progress, it is best for us to turn back and farm as our fathers did, and farm for our own benefit, and to make ourselves happy, comfortable homes. I well recollect the time when the farmers were the most independent, well-to-do class of people in the land. Times have changed, and so has farming.

A hand-organ trust is the latest reported. Another evidence of grinding monopoly.

A man loses nothing by politeness, except possibly a seat in the horse car.

Sir Charles Dilke is professing that he will soon be able to vindicate his character, and that till the time comes when he can do this fully and satisfactorily he will not return to public life. This is all very well, but any review of the evidence taken at the trial seems of very little importance so long as the evidence of "Fanny" is withheld. If Sir Charles had produced her testimony in contradiction to that of Mrs. Crawford, it would have been something. But apparently he durst not venture on that, and till he does it is to be feared that his reputation is damned beyond all redemption.

The Chinese question has become a factor in the politics of Hawaii, and a bill was introduced into the Legislature at Honolulu to permit of the amending of the constitution so that the Chinese could be legislated against. The Celestials were, however, equal to the occasion, and defeated the measure by the simple expedient of buying up eight or ten natives and half-castes for the paltry sum of $50. The corruption has, however, been exposed and three of the offending members have been expelled. It is stated that two of the members who took bribes were ministers of the gospel. The Chinese question is a very serious one in these islands, and is sure to raise trouble, one-third of the population being made up of that race.

Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the Jersey City Tabernacle, made a powerful arraignment from the pulpit last Sunday on questionable amusements. Among these he classed promiscuous dancing. He thought that dancing, to be pure, should be confined to the home circle, and that the dancing of women with men they never saw before was a bad business. "Women," said he, "who accept strangers as partners, and submit their persons to close embrace, run a risk that is dangerous, and their modesty is in danger. No young woman, no married woman, should suffer her waist to be clasped by the arms of a man she never saw before. Their partners ought to be known to them, so that the characters of the men were known to be pure and respectable."

The observance of Sunday in Scotland is evidently not what it used to be. At the last meetings of the Glasgow synods of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland reports were presented on the subject. They noticed with great regret that owing to the wet season farming operations this year had been extensively carried on on Sunday, and this work the synod did not consider included in deeds of necessity and mercy. It was further declared that "those in exalted positions" devoted a large portion of Sunday to "mere pleasure and evening amusement," and the middle classes too readily imitated them. In short, the synod's sub-committee came to the conclusion that the strictness with which the Sabbath day was wont to be regarded in Scotland was, whether for good or ill, a thing of the past.

16 CARIBOU IN 16 SECONDS.

The Wonderful Exploits of Jim Porter, Famous Canadian Hunter.

"The greatest hunting feat I ever knew of," said Col. John Butler of Lindsay, Canada, "was the killing of sixteen caribou in as many seconds by a single hunter. That hunter was Jim Porter of Talbert's Creek, Victoria, and the comparative scarcity of caribou in that game-favored province is due to the way that hunter has used his Winchester rifle during the past six years. He bought that rifle in 1882; in the January following, in company with Charles Cameron of Cameron Lake, he first tried his skill in handling it.

"It was New Year's Day and the thermometer was 40° below zero at the lake, but Porter and Cameron were not deterred by a trifling depression of mercury like that, and started up into the mountains. The timber line is at an elevation of 750 feet in that country, and they climbed clear above that yet before they came on any sign of caribou. Porter discovered where a band had been browsing in the brush. He told his companion to remain on the spot, while he himself made a detour around a ridge, on the other side of which he calculated that the caribou were then feeding.

"He was right. As he rounded the ridge, the wind being in his favor, he came in sight of the band, which contained thirteen caribou. Porter crept to within 150 yards of them, when he noticed that they were giving signs of feeling that an enemy was near. Porter took no further risk, but picked out the biggest bull in the band and fired. The bull dropped in its tracks. The other twelve started on a run. Before they got beyond range Porter dropped eight more of them and wounded another. The nine caribou were killed in nine seconds. The survivors of the band bore off around the ridge and passed by Cameron, but more than 300 yards distant. Cameron dropped one of them at that distance. Every one of the nine caribou that Porter killed was shot a few inches behind the shoulder. The two men hunted no more that day. When the carcasses of their caribou were brought in they found that they had over 2,500 pounds of meat.

Another day in the same month a visiting sportsman from Quebec, named Bernard Sullivan, was taken out on a little trip after caribou. They went up into the mountains at the head of Dease Creek. These mountains are about as rough and rugged a portion of the earth's formation as can be found on this continent. The caribou manages to get about on its rocky sides and though its deep ravines with ease and comfort, but the hunter who seeks that game in these mountain fastnesses has to mind his eye.

"On the day Porter and Sullivan went up there to try their luck, Porter came in sight of a band of sixteen fine caribou, feeding on the side of a steep and much-exposed hill. The prospect was so open, in fact, that Porter had big doubts of being able to get within gunshot of the wily and wary animals, but he made the effort. He crawled along through the brush and over the rocks, watching every movement of the suspicious band, until he got within 500 yards of the game. Then an opening of 200 or 300 feet, bare of vegetation, intervened between him and the band, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to clear that without stampeding the caribou. Jim felt it in his bones that he could drop at least one of the band at that distance, and thought there might be a possibility of bagging two before the caribou got out of range or under cover.

"He selected the one in the bunch that presented the best shot and banged away. The caribou fell. The rest were off instantly. Jim kept on drawing bead and sending lead after them, and so dexterously and unerringly did he manipulate his gun that he had the satisfaction of killing six others of the band before they could get out of the way. Porter says that he does not believe that he was more than five seconds in dropping the seven caribou, but is willing to allow a second to each one. Porter and Sullivan bagged two more caribou that day on their way home."

PASSING NOTES.

Out of 600 men discharged from the Illinois penitentiary and kept track of for four years, over 300 have been returned to prison again, and not over 120 out of the whole lot were clear of suspicion or surveillance.

A convention has been called to meet in Switzerland next year for the purpose of discussing what steps ought to be taken by Christian nations for the suppression of immoral literature. The discussion may do some good by directing attention to what is generally acknowledged by sociologists to be an evil, but there is little likelihood of the convention coming to an agreement when the question arises as to what classes of literature are to be prohibited. There are purists for that matter who would put a ban upon Shakespeare. There is another set of people who would object to the interdiction of any works which are termed classical. It will be difficult to reconcile the differences between these divergent opinions.

Five Baptist ministers have been expelled from the Free Christian Baptist Church of the Maritime Provinces for preaching the doctrine of instantaneous entire sanctification. There are two Baptist denominations down east, the Baptist and the Free Christian Baptists, and both have been talking of union. The expulsion of five clergymen for a doctrinal difference, which is tolerated though not favoured in some other Churches, bodes ill for union. It is thought that the expelled clergymen will unite with clergymen in other denominations holding to the Holiness doctrine, and thus a new denomination will be formed. This is a blow to those who think corporate union possible.

The statistics of insanity prove that in one respect at least marriage is not a failure. The regular habits and orderly life of married people as a class has, it would seem, a great influence in either preventing or retarding the development of insanity. The following from the Prussian statistics are perhaps the most significant. Out of 100,000 of the population of each class there were mentally diseased, among the married, 95 males, 95 females; among the single, 332 males, 293 females; among the widowed, 321 males, 256 females; among the divorced, 1,071 males, 1,030 females. No explanation has been offered for the tendency of insanity among the divorced, unless it may be assumed that mental unsoundness is often the hidden cause which leads to breaches of the marriage laws.

The Great Growth of the Love of Shooting.

No sport indulged in as a pastime chiefly is growing into popularity faster or obtaining a firmer hold on the sportsman's attention than trap shooting. Almost every village in Canada, to say nothing of the cities, boasts of its weekly or semi-monthly "shoots" and it is through these agencies that the manufacture of clay birds and inanimate targets has increased to nearly 12,000,000 annually within a dozen years. The history of trap shooting began soon after the first supply of muzzle loaders were put on the gunsmith's rack, and the improvement in targets has kept pace with the evolution of the modern breech loader from the original design of shotguns. Live bird shooting was first resorted to as a substitute for field hunting, and as it involved a smaller expenditure of money and almost as much amusement, it at once sprang into popularity with sportsmen. As game became scarcer and hunting more expensive, trap shooting became more common. Live birds —generally pigeons—were obtained, and on the day of the tournament confined in a wicker cage nearly like an ordinary pigeon coop with a means of escape at the top. The design of these coops was objectionable at first and was changed year by year until live bird shooting can now be conducted with almost as little delay as target practice. The uncertainty of flight is an objection to live bird shooting, which can never be remedied, however much the traps may be improved upon. But sentiment, which in many localities is against the relentless pursuit of birds for trap shooters to maim and slaughter, combined with economy in making inanimate target shooting popular.

The glass ball was the pioneer among inanimate targets. Captain Bogardus, among other trap-shooters, realized that it was only a question of time when live bird shooting would become both costly and well nigh impracticable, and he introduced to the shooting world the glass ball. His reputation as the champion trap shot of the world and his exploits in breaking glass balls as they were sprung from the traps called the attention of the shooting public to his idea. This was during the centennial year, and two years later, in New York, he succeeded in the greatest feat of skill and endurance ever attempted in trap shooting, by breaking 5,000 glass balls in six hours, thirteen minutes, and forty-five seconds. This match required five hundred pounds of shot and seventy pounds of powder and the champion missed only one hundred and fifty-six in the match—an exploit which has not been equaled by any other sportsman in the same time.

While shooters acknowledged that the introduction of glass balls was a step in the right direction they were of one mind in pronouncing their flight from the traps unlike that of birds released from their "coops." The invention, however faulty glass balls were as substitutes for live birds, demonstrated that inanimate targets which would fill all the requirements of sportsmen could be produced. It led to the introduction of clay birds, such as are now used on shooting ranges chiefly in the East. This "bird" too, was unsatisfactory because of its hardness, and it is rapidly giving away to other targets made of softer and more brittle material. It was made of ordinary red clay and baked until it became very hard and unyielding. Its inventor hit upon the right design when he concluded that the inanimate target should be saucer-shaped. It is nothing like a real bird, excepting that it can be hurled from the trap in a manner closely resembling the quick rise and descent of a quail. There are nearly a dozen kinds of "birds" on the market, and nearly all of them are patterned after the clay bird as to shape, though they are generally considered superior in make up. The kinds now in use are disk-shaped, and nearly four inches in diameter, very light and thin, and hollowed out on the under side, giving the marksman a fair target on the upper side as it ascends from the trap near the ground, and on the lower as it descends. Brittleness has much to do with the value of these inanimate targets, provided that it does not cause undue breakage in the traps. Ordinarily these imitation birds fall to pieces when touched in their flight by shot. Of course each kind of "bird" has its own peculiar trap, which gives it variety in flight, but the traps and targets are so nearly alike that there is but little difference in their value to the sportsmen who practice at the score. One ingenious manufacturer, who adopted the saucer shaped design, departed from the rest and introduced feathers in the construction of his "birds." The under side is skillfully lined with feathers, and when hit the feathers fly as from a live bird. The expensiveness of these "birds" renders them less common than some of the other makes.

The exact chemical formulas of which these targets are constructed remain the secret of the makers of the respective kinds, but they contain about 60 per cent of pitch and 40 per cent of mineral, the properties of which the shooting public has not yet discovered. The ease and the rapidity with which they are turned out are as amazing as the number which sportsmen break annually. Huge lumps of pitch and large quantities of the unknown mineral are shovelled into the cooking vat, under which a fire is kept glowing hot, and allowed to melt, cook and mix. The mixture, when it becomes as limpid as ordinary pine tar, is drawn from beneath, the unmixed portions remaining on the top, and conveyed to the molding machine, which consists of a revolving disk containing numerous molds the size of the target, a hydraulic press, and a trimmer. While the targets are in process of molding a small stream of water plays on the plastic "bird," cooling it quickly and rendering it very brittle. The painting, of course, is a matter of taste and each maker has adopted a color which he claims is exclusively the color of his wares and that all others indicate spurious "birds." The general color is yellow and only a small band on the upper side is smeared as the targets spin before the painter.

Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

A Boston boy was telling his father one day of a schoolmate's attempt to sing. "And time," said the ten-year-old in deep disgust; "why, he did't keep any better time than a cow when a dog's running after her!"

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON

THE NERVES, THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow the nerves to remain weakened and irritated, and these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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WILL CURE BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISORDERS,

By quieting and strengthening the nerves, and causing free action of the liver, bowels, and kidneys, and restoring their power to throw off disease.

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Use PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND and rejoice in health. It is an entirely vegetable remedy, harmless in all cases.

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, MONTREAL, P. Q.

AGENTS! UNEMPLOYED! We handle only standard specialties, of which no other firm has a right to sell in Canada. Write us. Tarbox Bros., Toronto, Ont.

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GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph Ont.—The Fifth Scholastic year began Sept. 1st. The system of education pursued is at once intellectual and eminently practical, meeting in a very marked degree the requirements of this progressive and commercial age. Few, if any of the graduates, according to the showing of past results, need be long unemployed. To mention their training school is, as a rule, a passport, to eligible and lucrative situations. Address, M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

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Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly. For freight, passage, or other information apply A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago Love & Alden, New York, H. Bourlier, Toronto Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooke, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland Boston Montreal.

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Total Assets.....10,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Application may be made to either of the Company's local Appraisers or to J. HERBERT MASON, Manager. Toronto.

Young Men SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON Wellington St. E. Toronto.

Nervous Debility. DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

FANNING MILLS A SPECIALTY MANSON CAMPBELL CHATHAM, ONT. 15,000 NOW IN USE SEND FOR CIRCULAR & PRICE LIST

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Commencing on Saturday, Nov. 10th, there will be a daily first-class through train service between St. Paul and Butte, Montana, comprised of Drawing-room, Sleeping Car, Day Coaches, Dining Car and Free Colonist Sleeper. Equipment new, modern and equal to the best. Leaving St. Paul every morning, and running directly through to Butte. The only line without change and the only line via Ft. Buford, Ft. Benton, Great Falls and Helena. For particulars, apply

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We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus When Breadmaker's Yeast *is the subject before us— Mamma tried all the rest, So she knows it's the best, Lightest, 'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.*

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

"The Racer" Thin Back, Lance-Tooth, Cross-Cut Saw

The Maple Leaf Racer and Lance Cross cut saws are now sold in all parts of the world. The quality of these saws is unequalled. Their excellence is wholly due to their superior temper, the process of which is kept a profound secret by Shurly & Dietrich, the manufacturers of these saws. One of the best evidences of their superior quality is that other saw manufacturers put on the market as close an imitation of these saws as they are able to produce, and represent it to be as good as the Maple Leaf saw. They run their saw upon one name until the public become familiar with its inferior quality, when they change the name, in order to humbug the public another season, all of which is the very best evidence of the superior quality of the Maple Leaf saw, as it is not the custom to counterfeit a poor article. These counterfeits are sold for a much lower price than the Maple Leaf saw can be bought for: the dealer, of course, endeavors to sell them at nearly the same price, thereby realizing a larger profit. And some of the more unprincipled dealers, in order to sell the counterfeit saw, will tell untruths of various kinds regarding the quality of both the genuine and the counterfeit. Good goods are always cheap, poor goods are dear at any price. A saw, like a knife, will not cut fast unless it will hold a keen cutting edge. Price $1.00 per foot. Manufactured only by

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This Valuable Meat Preparation contains every element of meat THAT NOURISHES AND SUSTAINS LIFE. It is the MOST PERFECT FORM OF CONCENTRATED FOOD and it is so EASILY DIGESTED that the weakest stomach can retain and assimilate it. It has earned the reputation of being THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER.

There are many imitations of "Peerless" MACHINE OIL, but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLMEN, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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HEAD OFFICE, CAPITAL AND FUNDS NOW OVER $3,000,000. 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, ONT. A HOME COMPANY, ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1871.

To this date, October 31, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heirs of Policy-holders (death claims)	$649,349 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies	26,422 62
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	96,666 00
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	426,000 00
To holders of Annuity Bonds	15,207 54
Loaned to Policy-holders on Security of their Policies	85,294 00
	$1,296,174 67

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A WONDERFUL NERVE TONIC. A Medicine, not a Drink. Cure All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, DRUNKENNESS. It may Save Your Life. $1,000 Reward paid for a case they will not cure.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MADOC, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

THE WHITECHAPEL HORROR.

THE LIST OF ATROCITIES.

The London wholesale murder sensation was revived again last week by another horrible crime similar to the former ones, the victim, a low woman, being found with her body cut in two pieces and otherwise mutilated. Despite every exertion on the part of the police and detective force, no clue can be found to the murderer.

It is now believed a murder perpetrated in Whitechapel in December last was the work of the unknown fiend who is credited with all the more recent butcheries in the same locality. The victim was a woman of the lower class who was never identified, and whose body was mutilated, though not in the same manner as those of the later unfortunates. The crime created no great sensation, being regarded as the work of some of the drunken ruffians who swarm about Whitechapel. When the second murder occurred there, on Aug. 7 last, it was noted that there was a remarkable similarity between it and that of the previous December, and the rapid succession of other tragedies of the same character soon confirmed the belief that the December murder was the first of a series by the same individual. The third took place on Aug. 31, the fourth on Sept. 8, and the fifth and sixth on Sept. 30. But this does not complete the list of recent horrors. On Sept. 23 the body of an "unfortunate" was found at Gateshead, near Newcastle, mutilated in precisely the same manner as those of the Whitechapel victims; and on Oct. 2 the armless, limbless and headless corpse of a recently murdered woman was discovered in the cellar of an old building in Whitehall on the Thames embankment in London.

A British War Ship.

The most powerful war ship afloat, the Benbow, has just been completed and joined the British Mediterranean fleet. She carries two 111-ton guns besides other smaller guns. A shot from one of them weighs 1,800 pounds, and when propelled by the full charge of 850 pounds of powder it can tear its way through a whole yard of iron armor. The gun is 43 feet 8 inches long, and the projectile is over 41 inches long, and nearly 1 foot 5 inches in diameter. England's eight best ironclads cost nearly $25,000,000, the Benbow costing $3,800,000. Two more ships nearly finished, the Nile and Trafalgar, of 12,000 tons each, will cost nearly $5,000,000 apiece. At this price each will be worth its weight in copper. The simultaneous discharge of the guns of the entire fleet would develop force enough to lift the ships, guns and all, two feet out of the water.

A body was found in the Welland Canal, near Dunville, and murder is suspected.

This year's receipts from the Crown Lands of Quebec will exceed a million dollars.

KINGSTON, Nov. 11.— A company has been formed to develop the white mica mines at Lake Opinicon.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Stewart Wood, while felling trees in Gilmour's shanty near Oak Lake, township of Belmont, met with an accident which has since proved fatal. It is the old story—the tree fell in an opposite direction to that in which he had intended and crushed him to the earth while endeavouring to escape. A day or two later he succumbed to his injuries. Deceased was only in his 20th year. His parents reside near Havelock.

Mr. Cook, the Belleville cheesebuyer, states that the October cheese this year was not generally so good as the cheese made in August. He had sent an inspector around to the Hastings factories, and it had been found that, as a rule, the October cheese was clammy and not as well prepared to winter over as the August make. This was he said, owing to the prevailing cold weather throughout the month. The statement was made to account for the unsatisfactory prices offered by buyers.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Bancroft correspondent of the *Intelligencer* says:—One merchant alone in Bancroft can show thirty-one fine bear skins, and he has about a dozen more secured when prepared for delivery. Another fur buyer in the next County has over fifty in his posession; they are only two out of the many storekeepers in this district, who generally have some more or less.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$1 10 to $1 15
Spring Wheat	1 05 to 1 10
Barley	60 to 65
Rye.....	65 to 65
Oats	40 to 45
Peas.....	70 to 75
Buckwheat	50 to 60
Corn	70 to 75
Flour per 100 lbs.....	2 75 to 3 00
Butter per pound	20 to 20
Eggs per dozen	15 to 15
Lard per pound	12 to 12
Potatoes per bag.....	45 to 50
Hay per ton	12 00 to 15 00

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Allen Settlement cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, November 24th, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, paying of dividends, transaction of general business, and selling milk routes.

WM. J. ALLEN, President.

Madoc, Nov. 13th, 1888.

WIDE AWAKE

1 J. T. TROWBRIDGE. SUSAN COOLIDGE.
8 MARGARET SIDNEY. SIDNEY LUSKA.
8 JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. JEAN INGELOW.
8 JOHN STRANGE WINTER. ANDREW LANG.
9 ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. NOAH BROOKS

INGE, THE BOY-KING. *Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new dramatic ballad, illustrated by Howard Pyle.*

SERIAL STORIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID VANE AND DAVID CRANE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Splendid story, swarming with real Yankee young folk.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS MIDWAY. By Margaret Sidney. The best of home stories.

A LITTLE KNIGHT OF LABOR. By Susan Coolidge. A girl who sought her fortune "'cross lots."

SYBIL FAIR'S FAIRNESS. By Charles R. Talbot. Story of washtubs and steamboats.

SERIES OF ARTICLES.

EARLY DAYS IN THE WILD WEST. By Jessie Benton Fremont. Thrilling true tales, of all of which Mrs. Fremont herself was a part.

CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. The illustrated National articles.

COOKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Sallie Joy White. Introduces the successful Boston experiment to other schools.

STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Romantic true tales.

DAISY'S LETTERS TO PATTY. By Mrs. Wm. Claflin. Short Letters on Social Matters.

MISS RISLEY SEWARD'S TRUE STORIES.

I. The Naughtiest Boy I ever Met. II. My Grandfather with Commodore Perry. III. Tom the Star Boy. IV. A Statesman's Pets.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

I. THE BOY JOHN BURROUGHS. By John Burroughs. With portrait at twenty. II. "H. H." By Susan Coolidge. Portrait from Miss Bartol's charcoal. III. PET MARJORIE. By Mrs. F. A. Humphrey. With portrait of Pet Marjorie from water-color by her sister.

REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES.

YUM-YUM. By John Strange Winter.
WHO WON THE TODDLETHWAITE PRIZE? By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
THE SILVER HEN. By Mary E. Wilkins.
WHO ATE THE QUEEN'S LUNCHEON? By Susan Coolidge.
BIN. By Grace Denio Litchfield.
Also short stories and articles by Sidney Luska, Rose G. Kingsley, Noah Brooks, Elbridge S. Brooks, etc.

NOTABLE ARTICLES.

HOW MANY INDIANS IN THE UNITED STATES? By Major-General O. O. Howard.
FISHING IN THE TWEED AND YARROW. By Andrew Lang.
EARLY AMERICA IN CLAY. By Emilie Poulsson.
THE CASCARONI DANCE. A novel Easter entertainment. By E. L. H. Willis.
AMBROISA DE BOUFFLERS. By Mrs. Alphonse Bernhard (niece of Gen. Grant).
A THOUSAND JACK-KNIVES. By Prof. O. T. Mason.
DOLLS OF NOTED WOMEN. By Miss Risley Seward.
Poems by Jean Ingelow, M. E. B., etc., Pictures, Puzzles, Post-Office and Prize Questions.
Only $2.40 a year. Good pay to agents.

The book FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW, by Margaret Sidney, will be presented to every one sending a subscription for *Wide Awake*, 1889, together with a subscription for *Babyland*, 1889.

Three dollars must be remitted at one time, direct to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, to pay for the two subscriptions and the postage and packing of the book.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston, Mass

Bruin Captured.

A BIG BEAR TRAPPED AND SHOT.

Our Marmora correspondent writes: "A very large bear was caught on the farm of Mr. Daniel Hamilton, of this township, a few days ago, but not before it had carried away some of his sheep. This was sufficient to alarm the owner of the sheep, who at once secured the services of Mr. Chambers, of Madoc, with a bear trap. The two, after baiting and setting the trap on Saturday evening, returned to it on Sunday morning, and there was bruin very much enraged, with the large trap holding to his paw. Mr. Chambers then shot and skinned him, and he proved to be a very fat monster, weighing 400 pounds. The hide, when stripped, measured over 10 feet from tip to tip.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WAR, WAR, WAR!

To Help Everybody, Both Seller and Buyers.

Maynooth, 6th November, 1888.

I HAVE this day bought all the stock of goods from my son, Samuel Haryett, of Maynooth, and intend commencing from this date a new system of doing business, under the management of Samuel Haryett, to sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH

and Farm Produce, and

No Credit Under Any Pretence

will be given. This will be a

Cast Iron Rule

and will not be broken. I intend to fill the new store with a large assortment of goods of all kinds, which, with the old, will be sold cheap under the new style. All my numerous friends will greatly oblige me by not asking for any more goods on credit.

WILLIAM HARYETT.

NOTICE.

There is reason in all things. All parties owing myself or son accounts are respectfully requested one and all to pay what they can on them between now and the 1st of March, 1889. We do not expect all accounts in full this winter as I will require some of the cash for my cheap goods now credit is stopped.

WILLIAM HARYETT.

Rockingham, Ontario.

THE GLOBE Christmas NUMBER

READY FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

A GREAT HOLIDAY PAPER

New Type, New Press, Fine Paper, Five Handsome Lithographed Plates, First-Class Illustrations, Original Matter and Superior Workmanship.

THE BEST XMAS PAPER EVER ISSUED IN CANADA.

THE LITERARY MATTER in the CHRISTMAS GLOBE will be entirely original and will include stories from the ablest pens in Canada. The subjects treated being wholly Canadian.

FIVE HANDSOME LITHOGRAPHED PLATES accompany the paper, the principal one being a scene from Vancouver Park, B.C., from a painting by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the celebrated Canadian artist.

MECHANICALLY the XMAS GLOBE will be in every way first-class and no expense will be spared in having it surpass anything of the kind heretofore published in this country.

AS THE DEMAND will be very great, we would advise intending purchasers to leave their orders at their newsdealer's or send direct to this office, not later than the end of the present month, as the supply will necessarily be limited and we cannot undertake to print a second edition.

The price has been placed at ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY.

It is intended to have the edition ready the first week in December in order to allow plenty of time for mailing copies long distances so as to reach destination before Christmas.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, the best family newspaper in Canada and THE RURAL CANADIAN, the best agricultural paper in Canada Both from now to end of 1889 only $1.25.

AN AWFUL SCARE

has been caused among certain competing houses by the present low prices we quote on strictly first class new goods. We are sorry to break up time-honored customs or keep anybody awake nights, but our stock must be sold regardless of what others have asked or are asking for similar goods. We are "loaded for bear." We are bound to have patronage and lots of it. The way to do this is to let the prices talk. Now you know what to expect, so come and buy your boots, shoes and rubbers at the

NEW BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM,

Next door North of Dr. Loomis' private residence, Madoc.

JOHNSTON CAREY.

HAVING ADDED LARGELY

To the stock bought from J. Robertson, I am prepared to sell as

Close for Cash

as can be done by the trade.

COME AND SEE US.

Eggs, Butter and other produce taken at cash value.

E HILL.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

NEW CLOCKS,

WATCHES,

And SCARF PINS

15k. Keeper Rings.

18k. Plain Rings.

SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

THE ONLY ONE!

The Cooper's Runner Cross Cut Saw is the only one to Buy.

Having received such encouraging reports from its working powers, from last year, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public again, this year.

It differs from other Saws in being THREE GUAGES THINNER on the back than in the teeth, thus allowing it to saw easier, cut faster, and requires far less setting.

EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.

Cheapest stoves in town. Palace Aladdian and Royal Art Square Base Burners, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves. Call and See for Yourselves.

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

....SAVE....

your money by coming direct to the

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT

and we will help you save it.

NEW GOODS,
NEW DESIGNS,
NEW PRICES.

We are Headquarters for all qualities in wire and filled Mattresses, at old prices

CUT IN TWO.

TRY US! PROVE US!

We always have in stock every requisite to furnish funerals in a manner second to none. We make a specialty of preserving as near as possible the life like appearance of bodies entrusted to our care, for which we make no charge. Have no connection whatever with

THE UNDERTAKER'S COMBINE.

J. G. FROST,

Latest Local News.

—Thanksgiving Day.

—J. G. Frost, the furniture man, has a new advt. in this issue. Read it.

—Just arrived a splendid stock of groceries, crockery, boots and shoes, at D. W. Wright's.

—The roads are reported to be in very bad condition in every direction from the village.

—The amount of Welch Bros. defalcations is put at between $6,000 and $8,000.

—The Song Service in the Methodist Church to-night will be worth attending.

—Trunks and valises way down fine at T. Roberts.

—An old landmark of the village, Rollins' saw mill, was pulled down during the past week.

—An immense quantity of cheese from the Madoc factories was shipped from this station on Tuesday.

—Several light snow flurries have visited us during the past week. Look out for some nice weather soon.

—Rubbers, crack proof, the celebrated Goodyear make, at Roberts'.

—Cheese factory annual meetings are now in order. The Allen Settlement is advertised in this issue.

—D. C. Clarke has a good house, that lately occupied by Mr. C. G. Wilson, to let. Inquire of Miss Clarke.

—We have the finest assortment of boots and shoes on hand at present to choose from we ever have had, at prices that defy competition at D. W. Wright's.

—Mr John Third, of Maynooth, is arranging to open more cheese factories in the north country this next summer.

—The delivery agent of the Home Knowledge Association was in town on Tuesday, delivering the atlas and catalogues to subscribers.

—Mr. James O'Hara, who knows considerable about the weather probabilities, says we are to have a nasty fall and winter this season. So far he is correct.

—Seamless Boots, youths' and boys', at Roberts'.

—Rev. Father Chiniquay, the celebrated reformed Catholic Priest, lectures in Stirling on the 20th. We believe it would be a paying move for some of our churches or societies to bring him to Madoc.

—Boys rubber coats at Roberts'.

—Christmas Cards and all foreign Christmas Papers are completely put in the shade in Canada this year by the publication of the grandest Christmas Paper ever published. Those who know, say the Christmas Number of The Montreal *Star* will take the public completely by storm. For sending away to friends and to preserve at home it will be the most taking thing ever seen in this country or in Europe either.

—Call and see those fancy cups and saucers, individual breakfast sets and tea sets both China and stone, at prices that surprise everybody at D. W. Wright's.

A Costly Operation.

The editor of the Thornbury *Standard* (Grey county) was brought up on a charge of criminal libel at the fall assizes at Owen Sound. The plaintiff was Almira S. Cross, of Thornbury. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. It just cost Miss Cross $1,400 for fooling with the buzz-saw of the *Standard*.

The Mail Service.

Our remarks last week regarding the mail service at Eldorado were in reference to the manner of delivery from the C. O. R. to that post office, and not as between Madoc and Eldorado. We are glad to learn that the Inspector has this week remedied the grievance complained of, and now mail matter is left off the morning train from Trenton instead of being carried up to Coe Hill and back.

—Hand-made long boots at Roberts'.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Black Cashmere Gloves, and Ladies Jersey Jackets, is at Cross & Mouncey's, as they keep all the latest and newest lines, and sell at the lowest price. Call and see. Judge for yourselves.

College Federation.

A public meeting in the interests of Victoria College Federation will be held in the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening the 21st inst., at 7.30. The Rev. Dr. Burwash, Chancellor of Victoria University, will be present and deliver an address. Let there be a general rally of all, whether in favor of this movement or not. Much and valuable information on this important question will be given by the Chancellor.

A New Style of Post Card.

The post office department will soon issue a new style of postal card. It is much like the double card of the present pattern. The back folds are split diagonally and open like a pointed star. The four corners are folded and joined in the centre, when the card is ready for mailing, with a piece of gummed paper. The card weighs less than half an ounce, and will contain no more writing than the present card, the only advantage being greater privacy.

Thanksgiving Service.

A musical service entitled "Thankful Praise" will be rendered in the Methodist Church, this (Thanksgiving) evening, beginning at 7.30 p. m. This Service has been specially arranged for this occasion, and is exceedingly attractive and appropriate. The general public are cordially invited to join with the congregation in this delightful service. The annual offering in behalf of the Superanuation fund will be taken up.

—Youths', boys' and men's underclothing at Roberts'.

What Advertising Costs.

A single page in an issue of the *Century* taken for advertising purposes costs $500; in Harper's $400; in other magazines, from $300 down to $100. A yearly advertisement of one column in the Chicago *Tribune* costs $36,000; in the New York *Tribune*. $29,554 for the lowest and $35,000 for the highest; in the New York *Herald* $38,202 for the lowest and $138,000 for the highest priced columns. And still these papers are never at a loss for advertising to fill their columns. The figures will doubtless be of interest to the man who invests two or three dollars, and flatters himself with the idea that he is an extremely liberal advertiser.

—Cardigan overshoes at Roberts'. The only place in Madoc where they can be bought.

Good Advice.

An exchange gives the following good seasonable advice:—"Now cometh the time of the exodus of accounts, and as trade is fairly active and high prices for every kind of produce prevail, there ought to be a prompt reply to requests for payment, and practical heed given to the words in the book of books: "Owe no man anything." Let $500 be put in circulation in the village for a few days and it is the simplest thing in the world to wipe out ten thousand dollars or even one hundred thousand dollars worth of debts with it. There ought to be more of the American spirit in Canadians in sending the money on some good mission as soon as it is received."

Look out for Him.

A Government detective visited Gananoque, and the different stores where tobacco or cigars were sold, for the purpose of ferreting out any frauds on the Inland Revenue Department. Under the law, all tobacco and cigars must be sold direct from the original box or case in which the goods have been received, and all revenue stamps on the packages must be cancelled when such packages are opened. Most of the grocers had been in the habit of opening a box of tobacco, for instance, putting the tobacco in a drawer, and burning up the box. All tobacco so found was seized forthwith by the detective and handed over to the Collector of Customs for safe keeping, awaiting orders from the Department as to its final disposal.

A Ripe Old Age.

The Renfrew *Mercury* says:—Recently, at Bridgewater, in Hastings County, there died Mrs. Elizabeth Brill, relict of the late John Brill, of the township of Bagot, in this county. The deceased was 82 years of age. She was among the first settlers at Springtown, when that vicinity was a wild forest. She afterwards removed with her husband and family to Hurd's Lake, where they settled and raised a large family—seven sons and three daughters—all of whom are yet living except one son, who died in Renfrew fifteen years ago. Her husband died at Hurd's Lake in 1867. For the last six years, she has been living with her son, Wesley Brill, at Bridgewater, where she died after two months of severe suffering. Her end was peace.

—A fine line of ladies' neckerchiefs at Roberts'.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, visits Madoc twice a month, 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday. For November the dates will be 6th and 20th.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Keep it Here.

Never send a dollar away from home when the article that dollar would purchase can be obtained at home. Money is our financial blood and its circulation keeps the business body alive. Bleed that body by sending your money away from home and trade will put on a look of legarthy and inactivity. Always trade at home and spend your money at home. It is twice blessed. It helps the person patronized and finds its way to you again.

Poetical Justice.

A couple of weeks ago, at the Sharbot Lake junction of the C. P. R., two convicted murderers met under rather peculiar circumstances. One of them was young Farley, who killed an Indian, and was condemned to life imprisonment, and the other was Wasakeshick, an Indian, of Fort Tamagamingue who murdered a white man, a companion guide named Thomas Paul, for which he was committed to the penitentiary for fourteen years at the Pembroke assizes. Both men also were tried before Mr. Justice Street, and each was in charge of the Sheriff of their respective counties. The two parties rode down in the same K. and P. R. train, were taken to the penitentiary almost together, but there was a marked difference in the demeanor of of the two men. The Indian was sullen and morose, while Farley was in good humor and spirits. This coincidence was an interesting example of poetical justice—the white men who murdered an Indian and the Indian who murdered a white man came together and travelled the same road, to work out, side by side, the atonement for their crimes.

At Campbellford on Friday ten convictions were made against parties in Hastings, Warkworth and Colborne for violation of the Scott Act.

Holloway's Pills.—In the complaints peculiar to females these Pills are unrivalled. Their use by the fair sex has become so constant for the removal of their ailments that rare is the household that is without them. Amongst all classes, from the domestic servant to the peeress, universal favour is recorded to these renovating Pills; their invigorating and purifying properties render them safe and invaluable in all cases; they may be taken by females of all ages for any disorganization or irregularity of the system, speedily removing the cause and restoring the sufferer to robust health. As a family medicine they are unapproachable for subduing the maladies of young and old.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

ON Church Street, in the Village of Madoc, a good frame house, situated about 50 yards from the Model School, and about 100 yards from the new High School. The lot is a corner lot, 95 feet frontage. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1888. 31

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north-east ½ of lot 12, 9th concession, Township of Madoc, containing 50 acres, all cleared, 45 acres under the plow, well watered and well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

FRED. McKINNON.

Madoc, October, 1888. 30-2m

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Two in One.

STYLE AND COMFORT

—AT—

SMALL COST.

Ladies' Reversible Jubilee Collars

—IN—

BEAVER, PERSIAN LAMB, SEAL, AND ASTRACHAN

—AT—

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

JUST OPENED!

THE BEST STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.

Quality and Style equal to the best ordered goods.

COME AND SEE.

Also a large stock of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

will be opened up this week.

T. ROBERTS.
Weiss Block.

L. C. Adams'

CARRIAGE WORKS

A FINE THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT FOR SALE.

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., Always on hand.

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS MADOC

OVERCOATS AND SUITS

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

20	Overcoats	at	$5.00	each.	12	Men's Suits at	$6.00 each.
20	"	"	7.50	"	10	" "	8.25 "
15	"	"	8.75	"	20	Nice Dark Check Suits at	9 50 "
20	"	"	10.00	"	15	" "	10.50 "
10	"	"	10.50	"	50	pair Pants, assorted, from	1.90 up.

Big reduction in Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth, Flannels, Tweeds, Table Linens, Towels and Towelling.

See Our 40 Inch Grey Cotton at 8 Cents a Yard.

T. McNAMARA.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

Another break in the Cornwall Canal bank occurred Friday.

St. Thomas, Ont., has forwarded $102 to the Parnell defence fund.

A large shipment of lubricating oil left Petrolia on Monday consigned to Calcutta, India.

The city of Toronto will endeavour to negotiate a loan of $600,000 for current want at 4½ per cent.

Sarnia has sent $144 to the treasurer of the American League as a contribution to the Parnell defence fund.

On Thursday last a burial vault in Pine Grove, Pittsburg, Ont., was broken into, and two bodies were stolen.

It is rumoured that Mayor Stewart, of Ottawa, has sold the Banff coal mine to an English syndicate for $1,000,000.

At Friday's session of the General Christian Conference in Montreal a Dominion Evangelical Alliance was formed.

Remi Lamontagne, the murderer of Napoleon Michel, has surrendered himself and is in gaol at Sherbrooke, Que.

The Montreal Municipal Loan, three per cent. debenture stock, will be placed on the London market by the Barings at 82½.

The Toronto Trades and Labour Council, at a special meeting Monday night, discussed the question of compulsory arbitration in strikes.

Several new companies have been formed for the purpose of developing iron ore mining along the line of the Kingston and Pembroke railway.

Lady MacDonald has given a handsome window to the church of St. Alban Martyr, in Ottawa, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Bernard.

The annual meeting of the Baptist Women's Missionary Societies of Ontario was concluded in Bloor street church, Toronto, Friday afternoon.

The gas well at Thorold is now down 1,800 feet, and the engineer says there are indications that gas will be struck at the depth of 2,400 feet.

The sentence of death passed upon Farley for the murder of an Indian named Elijah, at Peterborough, has been commuted into imprisonment for life.

The vote on Saturday of the property-owners of Parkdale on the question of annexation to Toronto resulted in a majority of 127 for the annexationists.

The body of Isabel Smith, recently stolen from the family vault, was found on Saturday morning in the dissecting room of the Royal Medical College, Kingston.

City Treasurer Harman, of Toronto, tendered his resignation on Saturday to the Executive Committee. It was accepted, and Assistant-Treasurer Coady appointed to the vacancy.

General Manager Hickson, of the Grand Trunk railway, has definitely refused the offer of $100,000 made by the London corporation for the establishment of the car works in that city.

Miss Hannah Boyd, who was arrested and lodged in goal at Berlin on suspicion of having been implicated in the Galt poisoning case, was released on Monday, there being no evidence against her.

Dr. Watson, of Queen's University, looks for the time when Protestants will be all united in this country, and cathedrals, religious art and music will rival the best productions of the Old World.

In view of the outbreak of smallpox near the village of Keswick, the Medical Health Officer of Toronto is taking all precautions to prevent the introduction of the disease from that quarter into the city.

Mr. Justice Robertson gave judgment at Osgoode hall Saturday on the motion of the liquidators of Central Bank for a call on the contributories, ordering the call to be paid before the 15th November next.

Fred. A. Clarry was arrested in Toronto on Monday under the Lottery Act for selling tickets entitling the purchaser to a chance of becoming owner of his property, Lakeside hall, Parkdale, valued at $25,000.

AMERICAN.

A death has occurred in Brooklyn, N.Y., from what is believed to have been yellow fever.

Wolves and coyotes are doing great damage in Northern Montana, killing sheep and colts, besides attacking travellers.

City Treasurer Axworthy, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a defaulter to the extent of nearly a half a million dollars. He has been traced to Montreal.

An American publisher has sent Mrs. Humphrey Ward a cheque for $500 on account of the profits of a pirated edition of "Robert Elsmere."

The Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which left Philadelphia for the Orient last summer, has been shipwrecked in the Ægean Sea.

Reports from the Cheyenne reservation in Dakota state that unless Government aid is speedily extended great numbers of the Cheyennes will die of starvation.

The four detained Chinamen are still staying at the Grand Trunk Niagara Falls station, but there is a prospect of two of them being permitted to enter the United States.

Daniel Hand an aged and wealthy resident of Guilford, Conn., has given to the American Missionary Association of New York $1,000,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to the education of coloured people in the South.

At the convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in New York the other day, Mrs. Angie Newman, Superintendent of the Mormon mission, told some startling stories, illustrating the degradation and enforced immorality of the women of Utah.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Spurgeon is ill and unable to preach.

The Prince of Wales was greatly pleased with his Vienna visit.

The Sultan of Turkey has consented to sign the Suez canal convention.

The German Government has decided to collect a large fleet at Zanzibar.

The indications are that Corea will shortly make a declaration of independence.

It is stated that England and Germany are negotiating for joint action in East Africa.

It is generally believed that Emperor William's visit pained and disappointed the Pope.

The women of Birmingham will present Mrs. Gladstone with a cameo likeness of her husband.

A club-house in Moscow collapsed yesterday, and a large number of the inmates were buried in the ruins.

A Turkish irade has been issued authorizing the construction of a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

A majority of the French Senate are opposed to Premier Fiesquet's proposal for the revision of the constitution.

Mr. Parnell's Scotch case was on Saturday referred to the procedure roll to settle the question of jurisdiction.

President Carnot has issued a decree extending the time for the registration of foreigners to January 1, 1889.

It is stated that Crown Princess Stephanie, of Austria, intends to apply for a divorce from the Crown Prince Rudolph.

It has been decided to make a grand volunteer display at the Lord Mayor's show in London, instead of the usual exhibition.

The official report of the railway disaster near Potenza, in Italy, limits the number of injured to fifty-five.

Queen Natalie has informed the Metropolitan that she considers his divorce decision null and void and without legal value.

It is stated that the cipher missing from the Emperor Frederick's bedroom has been found among the papers of an aide-de-camp.

The Pope is said to be much annoyed with Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, for subscribing to the Parnell Defence Fund.

Muktar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner in Egypt, reports that he fears that Suakim will fall into the hands of the rebels.

Two elegantly dressed foreign ladies recently drowned themselves in the lake in which King Ludwig, of Bavaria committed suicide.

King Milan has settled 1,000,000f. on ex-Queen Natalie. The Crown Prince will be permitted to write to his mother three times a week.

The colliery owners in Lancashire are yielding to the demands of the miners, and it is expected the Yorkshire miners will follow suit.

The new Duchess of Marlborough has created a social sensation by inviting Lady Colin Campbell to visit herself and the duke at Blenheim palace.

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" says the Government have placed 200 Irish policemen as witnesses at the disposal of the "Times" in the Parnell case.

There is a report that Murray will shortly publish the speeches of the Prince of Wales which he has delivered during the last quarter of a century.

The "North German Gazette" in a particle on the tearing down of the escutcheon of the German Consulate at Havre, stigmatizes France as a savage country.

Dr. Makenzie has written to a friend that he published his book on Emperor Frederick's case at the request of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick.

It is stated that the German Government have declined to take any official part in the Emin Bey relief expedition, Emin having ceased to be a German subject.

The Dimsburg Court has declared the stoppage of the publication of Sir Morell Mackenzie's work on the case of the late Emperor Frederick to be illegal.

Succi, the Italian faster, terminated a thirty-days' fast at the Barcelona exhibition on Tuesday, and in the presence of a crowd partook of a Gargantuan feast.

The Russian Government has authorized the Imperial Bank to make a fresh issue of 15,000,000 roubles in temporary credit notes guaranteed by gold belonging to the bank.

The papers in St. Petersburg express indignation at the manner in which King Milan of Servia procured a divorce from Queen Natalie, and denounce it as illegal.

The King of Wurtemburg is regarded as quite insane, and were it not that his death is expected soon from consumption steps would be taken to bring about his deposal.

Emperor William, as residuary legatee of all his father's property, will support the charge of breach of copyright against the publishers of the extracts from Emperor Frederick's diary.

Hohenburg, the retired German officer who was arrested at Nice while making a Lebel cartridge, on the charge of being a spy, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined $1,000.

In reply to the question, Is marriage a failure? Mme. Bernhardt gave a lengthy written answer, the purport of which was that facility of divorce makes the marriage condition more tolerable.

Sir Charles Warren, in a letter explaining his failure to catch the Whitechapel murderer, rather illogically lays the blame on Mr. Gladstone, who, in office and Opposition, encouraged mob rule in London.

It is stated that the "Times" knows where the knives with which the Phœnix park murders were committed were bought, and will be able to prove that the purchaser was a member of the Irish Parliamentary party.

It is stated that the three Americans by whom the King of Wurtemburg has recently been greatly influenced are Jesuits, and that the King has become a Roman Catholic, the ceremony of the baptism having been performed secretly.

Monday was the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, into the diplomatic service, and a reception was held at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg in honour of the event, when the veteran diplomat was presented with a gold inkstand.

Dresses, redingotes, and hats for young ladies of from 12 to 15 are made in very close imitation of those of their older sisters and mothers.

In the political arena of the British Empire there is no more conspicuous example at present of the far-reaching law that to him who hath shall it be given, than our whilom Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. In commemoration of the annexation of Burmah he has been made Earl of Ava, and is now therefore, Marquis of Dufferin, and Earl of Ava, his new title coming from the name of the capital city of the newly annexed territory.

Apple Growing in Nova Scotia.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes under date of Grand Pre, N.S., Sept. 31:

This one beautiful valley redeems all Nova Scotia from the dreariness and weariness of its wild and rocky crags; though in these, it is heroically claimed, such deposits of gold are now hidden as shall sometime astonish the world. The annual gold product of the peninsula now reaches $2,000,000, while at this very time New York and Boston capitalists are investing millions here through the representations of their own skilled prospectors. I have more faith, however, in Nova Scotia apples than in her gold. The Annapolis and Gaspereaux valleys contain about 600 square miles of cultivable land. At the present time one-tenth of this area, or nearly 40,000 acres, is planted with apple trees. Almost a half million barrels of Gravenstein, Baldwin, King of Tompkins, Nonpareil, Russets, Ribston Pippins and other varieties of apples are now annually yielded and exported. Over three-fouths of the area is yet in young trees. From 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 barrels of apples will certainly be raised annually in these two valleys within ten years time. They are proved to be the finest and hardiest varieties in the world, and the demand is never met. In the fall American buyers fill the region, purchasing in 1,000-barrel lots. Experience has proved that the European markets are just beginning to know this fruit region, and as every barrel which can now be secured is taken there, the competition between American and English buyers will always insure the Annapolis valley apple raisers from $3 to $6 per barrel in gold. The method of English shipment is highly interesting and is additional good luck to the Nova Scotia apple farmer. He has only to pack his apples carefully, stencil and brand his name upon it, mark it "John Doe" or "John Roe, London," and deliver it at any depot of the valley railway. If he sends 100 or 1,000 in this way he has no further trouble or anxiety. His apples go direct to Halifax. There steamship agents, who are practically agents of London buyers, care for them. In three weeks' time the apple-grower receives by mail exchange on London for the apples he has left at the station platform and the price is the highest paid in the world. These conditions are giving a great impetus to apple culture in this wonderful valley. About 40 trees are planted to the acre, and at maturity yield from three to seven barrels of apples, for which never less than $2, and often more than $5, per barrel is secured. The whole valley is a vast orchard and every farmer is rich or rapidly getting rich.

On every apple farm from 100 to 10,000 new trees are set out each year. At this rate of development and with the constantly increasing scientific care and attention, the possible limit to apple growing in the Annapolis and Gaspereaux valleys is something startling to contemplate. Six hundred square miles, or 384,000 acres of land are available. All of this rich tract is valued at from $50 to $200 per acre. It is almost impossible to purchase at any price. The region may be justly regarded as the very richest in the world, actual results, conditions and possibilities being considered. In wandering through the valley an interesting reflection came to me, and I wondered whether it might be so with others. That was, that wherever apples grow, a kindly, sturdy and progressive people are ever to be found. Think it over and the idea grows upon one. Great houses, greater barns, fine stock, ample competence, large provision for all seasons and needs, sturdy ways, sensible thrift, genial neighborings, and all that dear procession of countryside life that has vigor and cheer, with autumn's noble housings and stores and winter's large and generous delights, marshall the thought in memory's bravest trappings.

Origin of the Weather.

In a letter to the "Times" of recent date Mr. B. G. Jenkins, F.R.A.S., states that, having for some years paid much attention to the weather problem, he has at last discovered that the weather originates with the moon, and asserts that, acting on this theory he has been enabled to write down a curve which is practically a forecast of the movements of the barometer for the region in which he dwells, and is capable of extension. This curve, we are told, has been compared by Mr. Maxwell Hall, an experienced astronomer who resides in Jamaica, with the movements of the barometer on the latter island with most satisfactory results, and all that is now wanted in comparison with barometric records taken at other observations Mr. Jenkins explains his theory as follows: If the solar system consisted of the sun and earth alone every year would be alike, for the earth returns to the same position with respect to the sun at the same time each year. Introducing the moon, however it is plain that any changes due to the varying position of that body will recur when she returns to the same position with respect to the earth, in all her phases, at the same time of the year. This happens every sixty-two years, with a slight variation of only four days Mr. Jenkins argues, therefore, that if the moon influences the weather, the weather should practically repeat itself every sixty-two years; and it is on the basis of this assumption that he has constructed his lunar curve. That is to say, he has made the movements of the barometer and the thermometer for this year not unlike those of 1826. But the planets also exercise a disturbing influence on our atmosphere, especially Mercury, the smallest and the one nearest the sun. Their influence, therefore, upon the atmosheric tide had also to be taken into consideration, and Mr. Jenkins claims that after years of hard work he has succeeded in obtaining the daily resultant for a year of the disturbing influences of all these bodies upon our atmosphere.

Curiosity Satisfied.

Small man (on railway train writing letter to his wife)—"I would afford you some amusement, my dear, if you could see the freckle-faced, long, lean, gamble-shanked, knock-kneed, jaw-working, impertinent, till-bred half-baked specimen of a backwoods gawky that is looking over my shoulder as I write this"—Large man on seat behind (fiercely)—"You lie, you little scoun —" Small man (turning round)—"Beg pardon, sir; are you speaking to me?" Large man (confusedly(—"Y—no! No! I didn't say anything. I wasn't speaking. I—I—" Small man resumes his writing. Large man goes back to the rear platform of the last car on the train and relieves his mind by swearing volubly at the flying landscape.

The Pew System.

Many good Christians are opposed to the pew system because they cannot afford to pay the rent it demands of them for their seats in church. Others are well able to pay the rent, but are unfavourable to the system on principle. They hold that the church should be open to the rich and poor alike, and that where people met together to offer prayers and praise there should be no visible distinction between those who are blessed with a large share of the world's goods and those who are not.

In Montreal recently the members of the Ministerial Association complained bitterly of the tendency of the people who should attend the places of worship to shun them, and it was decided to visit the homes of the non-church goers with a view to persuading them to perform the Christian duty of assembling themselves together. The churches have heavy financial responsibilities. They have the stipends to meet, the organist to pay, and the interest on the debt, together with a portion of the capital, to collect every year. The rents from the pews are a reasonably sure income. Far more certain than the collections, they are a guarantee to the financial managers of a certain sum annually to meet the bills.

If, however, the congregation of a pewed church is unanimously of the opinion that the pews should go, it need not worry itself about a loss of income. Admit that the rent is paid simply to provide income, and it becomes apparent that those who now willingly pay for pews should as readily contribute annually as much as they give in the way of rent, though no special seat may be assigned them. Why is it that a church member must be accorded the exclusive right to a seat in return for a part of his contribution? Why should he not make a contribution equivalent to his pew rent and find a seat wherever he can? In the Church of England in England the anti-pew party, as evidenced by the speeches at the recent Church Congress, is growing in strength. The other side, however, is not without arguments. The rector of Ancoats, near Manchester, stated in the course of a speech at the congress that he had offered to make his church free and open, but the workingmen had preferred to pay a little for a pew, that they might sit with their families. "He thought," the report adds, "appropriation better than helter-skelter scramble." Appropriation, however, does not necessarily involve the payment of rent.

A Trait of Irish Character.

A humorous bit of Irish character is well illustrated in a letter recently printed in the St James Gazette. The writer says:—a little time ago my coachman come to me in great distress. He had had a letter that morning saying that his wife, who lived on the other side of Dublin, was at death's door, and urging him to set out at once if he wished to see her alive. I at once granted him leave to absence, and told him he would just have time to catch the next train from Dublin. "It's not till the one beyand I'll be going by," said he. "But," I urged, "there is no time to be lost, according to this letter. Why in the world can't you go at once?" "Shure, an' haven't I the coffin to get, sir?" "Coffin, man! why, your wife isn't dead yet!" "And when she sees me after comin' with a real nate Dublin coffin, isn't it proud and plased she be, the craythur, to think I wouldn't put her in one of thim common country things," he continued; "and as to not wanting it, your honour, don't they tell me in the letter that the drouth of death is on her? Ochone, but it's a sad man I am this day." The honest fellow departed, and, I believe, carried his wife that last strange present.

Matthew Arnold's Literary Courage.

Augustine Birrell writes in the November *Scribner's* as follows:—Mr. Arnold had courage. Indeed he carried one kind of courage to an heroic pitch. I mean the courage of repeating yourself over and over again. It is a sound forensic maxim: Tell a judge twice whatever you want him to hear. Tell a special jury thrice, and a common jury half a dozen times, the view of a case you wish them to entertain. Mr. Arnold treated the middle class as a common jury, and hammered away at them remorselessly, and with the most unblushing iteration. They groaned under him, they snorted, and they sniffed—but they listened, and, what was more to the purpose, their children listened, and with filial frankness told their heavy sires that Mr. Arnold was quite right, and that their lives were dull, and hideous, and arid, even as he described them as being.

A Curious Theory.

Rider Haggard has a curious theory regarding the fate of Henry M. Stanley. He thinks that the explorer is alive, but that he has been seized, taken into the interior of Africa, and deified by some of the tribes. He is inclined to think that Stanley will be treated with the greatest kindness and veneration, but that he will not be permitted to escape. When the interior tribes find a real live idol who seems to them to be god-like in appearance and power they are not likely to give him up. All of which is about as probable as Haggard's story "She."

Chinese Legation at Washington.

The members of the Chinese legation at Washington try very hard to make themselves popular in society. They often make handsome presents—rare jewelry, perhaps, or costly silk—to casual acquaintances. They are very assiduous in paying calls. They start out together and go from house to house, leaving their cards and photographs. They seem to think that their names will not be recognized, so they leave their pictures to establish their respective individualities. But to most Washingtonians the photographs all look alike.

"Long John's" Monument.

The monument to be erected over the grave of "Long John" Wentworth in his lot in a Chicago cemetery has been completed and shipped from Augusta with the exception of the main shaft. The material is Hallowell granite and the height seventy-one feet. The base is a single stone eighteen feet thick and the shaft is four feet tall, being pyramidal in shape. The shaft is to be shipped next week, and is said to be the largest stone ever shipped by rail to this country. Its weight is seventy tons and the cost of the monument is $30,000.

It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

Evils of Tobacco-Using.

Decisions reported sixty-three cases of disease from the use of tobacco. The prominent symptoms noted were digestive derangements, disease of the kidneys, sleeplessness, palpitation, and vertigo. The cases were only relieved by absolute discontinuance of the use of tobacco. Tobacco-users often seek to mitigate the evils of tobacco by lessening the quantity of the weed used. This does to some degree mitigate the evils from which they suffer, but a cure is by no means possible, unless the weed be wholly discontinued.

There is probability that the employes of the Lehigh Valley railway through whose negligence the awful disaster of Mud Run took place will be punished for their carelessness. The coroner's jury returned a verdict throwing the blame upon the railway servants, and the engineer conductors, lookouts, and flagman have all been placed under arrest. Should it be proved that some or all of these men caused the disaster by their failure of duty, they will be made a severe example of, as the slaughter was so terrible that public opinion has been thoroughly aroused.

Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the West coast of Newfoundland, said in Halifax the other day that the Confederation question is not dead in the ancient colony. Many Newfoundlanders are tired of the existing condition of affairs, and are looking so earnestly to Canada for relief that they may be expected to express themselves at the elections of 1889. That material benefits are looked for by the Confederates is evident from the remark of the rev. gentleman that the result depends upon the fishing season. If the Newfoundlanders make money they will remain Independent of Canada. But if they are not prosperous they will want to join us.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines till it is too late—till the stream-let becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

Style.

The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it trial. All druggists.

The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Rattlesnakes as Food.

It was said of a strong political partisan that he would swallow rattlesnakes if party interests demanded it. It is only men of this sort who, without protest, swallow the large, old-fashioned pills. Sensible people, requiring medicine to cleanse their systems, invariably use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are unrivaled in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

The place honors not man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old established and favorite Overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western and Union and Southern Pacific Railways. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time tables and maps given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men, young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Troubles, in book form, or *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Silence is the fence around wisdom.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

He who is loved by man is loved by God.

A. P. 423

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FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT. Also Sites, Kilns and Fuel. Some special bargains. H. S. MITCHELL, Drayton, Ont.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York.
June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. C. T. CHURCHILL.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

AGRICULTURAL.

Official Grades of Grain.

At a meeting last week of the committee on grain at the Grain Yard Produce Exchange the following official grades of grain were established:

Winter Wheat.

Extra white winter wheat shall be bright, sound, dry, plump and well cleaned.

No. 1 white winter wheat shall be sound, dry and reasonably clean.

No. 2. white winter wheat shall consist of sound white winter wheat unfit to grade No. 1.

No. 3 white winter wheat shall consist of sound white winter wheat unfit to grade No. 2.

No. 1 red winter wheat shall be sound, dry, long berried and well cleaned.

No. 2 red winter wheat shall be sound, dry, and reasonably clean, weighing not less than 59½ lbs., Winchester standard, and shall not contain more than 10 per cent white wheat.

No. 3 red winter wheat shall consist of sound winter wheat unfit to grade No. 2.

Extra red winter wheat shall be sound, dry and clean, weighing not less than 59½ lbs. to the measured bushel, Winchester standard.

No. 4 winter wheat shall include all sound winter wheat unfit to grade No. 3 red.

Mixed winter wheats shall be all white and red wheat mixed, and shall be equal to No. 2 red in all other respects.

[Note.—No. 1 red and No. 2 red wheats that grade steamer shall be graded steamer No. 2 red.]

Oats.

Extra white oats shall be bright, sound, reasonably clean and free from other grain, weighing not less than 32 lbs. to the measured bushel.

No. 1 white oats shall be bright, sound and reasonably clean and free from other grain, weighing not less than 31 lbs. to the measured bushels.

No. 2. white oats shall be seven-eights white and equal to No. 2 oats in other respects, weighing not less than 28 lbs. to the measured bushel.

No. 3 white oats shall be mainly white, reasonably sound, reasonably clean and reasonably free from other grain, weighing not less than 25 lbs. to the measured bushel.

No. 1 oats shall be bright, sound, reasonably clean and reasonably free from other grain, weighing not less than 31 lbs. to the measured bushel.

No. 2 oats shall be reasonably sound, reasonably clean and reasonably free from other grain, weighing 28 lbs, and over to the measured bushel.

No. 3 oats—all merchantable oats unfit for any of the above grades, shall be graded No. 3.

Rejected oats—all oats damp, unsound, dirty or for any other cause unfit for No. 3, shall be graded rejected.

Soils.

The soil is that portion of the earth's surface that contains a mixture of animal, vegetable and mineral substances in such proportions as adapts it to the support of vegetation. The common standard divides these into nine different kinds. Six of these have reference to the amount of sand or clay which they contain, and the other three to the amount of lime which they contain, although nearly or quite all soils contain more or less lime.

Some soils retain moisture much better than others. Some contain a larger per cent of available plant food than others, and some contain the materials necessary to secure a good growth of one class of plants and some of others.

Before selecting a farm, the kind of crops intended to be grown should always be determined, and so far as possible a variety of soil selected that is best adapted to grow the desired crops.

The classification commences at pure clay of which there is but a small amount compared to soils that contain no more than ten per cent of pure clay. A clay loam, a loamy soil, and a sandy loam are the three most generally found, and they may include to a more or less extent the last three, viz.: marly soils, calcareous soils and vegetable molds.

A clay soil is usually wet and cold; is more largely benefited by under-draining, by fall plowing, and needs frequent stirring to keep in a loose or mellow condition. It is generally heavier to plow and cultivate, and requires more work to get into good tilth. A sandy soil, on the other hand, dies out rapidly, and is usually easily worked into good tilth, and is greatly benefited by dragging or rolling to make more compact.

The best treatment for clay soil would be the reverse of a sandy soil, and to a considerable extent plants or varieties of crops that thrive best in the one will not grow so well in the other. Soils undergo more or less changes, and can be changed to a more or less extent by the application of different materials. Ashes, lime, sand and other materials can be readily applied in sufficient quantities to make a material change in the character of a soil.

It is the difference in the character of the soil that makes different treatment necessary.

Digging and Storing Roots.

Roots should not be topped too soon after digging. The tops should be given a few hours to wilt, after which the juices will have become more solidified. If topped at once, before they have time to prepare for the change, there will be more or less bleeding from the portions cut, to the detriment of the roots.

After being topped, they should not be long exposed to the sun and wind. They should be piled in heaps of ten or twelve bushels, and covered with coarse wild grass or some such material that will exclude rain, but still allow the sweating process to go on unimpeded.

They need not be removed from these temporary pits until quite late in autumn, when heavy freezing begins. Their final housing can then be done at a time of leisure, or after the rush of the other work is over.

Roots are easily kept in pits through the entire winter. A long, narrow pit or trench may be dug, large enough to contain the amount to be stored, and this filled in sections of three or four feet in length, with walls of earth a foot or so in thickness, between the sections. When so arranged, a section may be taken out at any time without disturbing the rest. The top covering should be alternate layers of straw and earth, and should extend several feet over the sides of the trench to prevent freezing from underneath.

The Rail on a Summer Fallow.

I kept a summer fallow free from weeds, destroying a heavy crop of thistles and Canada grass this season with one plowing in June and one in September. Before I could turn the plows into it in the spring the weeds and grass had formed a heavy crop at least 15 inches high. They were turned under by fastening a chain to the plow beam. I harrowed and then allowed it to stand until the second crop of weeds began to show up. It was then worked with the steel rail so or three times during the summer, and the young weeds torn up by the roots, fell back over the rail and withered in a short time in the hot sun. The result is a thoroughly clean field this fall with the least possible outlay of time and labor. I have had very little experience in agricultural operations, and my experiments with a steel rail may contain nothing novel or instructive to readers. But as far as I can ascertain I am the first in this district at least to utilize railway iron for cultivating the soil, and my new way of working my fields has excited some comment among older farmers, sometimes not quite complimentary to myself.

A Variable Agricultural Implement.

It occurred to me last spring that a steel rail would be an efficient implement to spread manure, and I borrowed one from the Canada Atlantic R. R. Co. with which to make the experiment. The manure, a large proportion of it night soil, had been deposited on a four acre field. I hitched two heavy teams to the rail, about four feet from each end, and started them, taking a sweep of 30 feet each time. It worked admirably. The field was level, and after going over it four times with the rail, which was done more quickly than once with the harrow, I had the satisfaction of seeing the manure not only evenly spread but well incorporated with the surface soil. In half a day, with two men and two teams, I had spread as much manure as 20 men could have done in the same time with forks and shovels.

Agricultural Notes.

A window facing south in the poultry house this winter will pay in increased eggs.

From a careful experiment of a Massachusetts farmer, it is shown that the manure from eight hens in one year is as valuable as that from a cow during the same time.

The present average rate of monthly wages for farm labor in the United States, according to the department of agriculture, is $18.24 without board and $12 35 with board.

One reason that there are so many mortgaged farms is because so many farmers sell corn, oats, and hay early, and then have to buy the same class of articles before the next crop is raised.

It often happens that autumn is the best time to apply manure to fruit trees. The soluble portions of the manure sink into the soil during the months before the commencement of growth in the spring.

G. W. Campbell says grapevines can be safely pruned in freezing weather and cuttings made while the wood is frozen, unless the cold has injured the wood and buds, or the wood is allowed to thaw out rapidly.

A very large part of the crops grown upon the farm in the shape of grain should be turned into meats and butter and cheese before it is sold. In this way the land is kept in fertility and the product is very much more valuable and concentrated. The farmer who raises crops through the summer and feeds them through the winter has double profits.

Fowls that are confined to yards and kept warm in cold weather will give better results the entire year than when they are allowed to roam at will, sensibly remarks an experienced poultry keeper. The hens that have free range will sometimes lay more eggs in summer than will those that are confined; but the hens that are properly cared for during the cold season will lay at a time when the highest prices for eggs are usually obtained.

And Yet, Why Not?

Every district has its local practices in food, and the peasants look with the greatest suspicion on any new dish, and can rarely be induced to adopt it. Though it has been abundantly proved that many of the fungi are excellent eating, such is the force of custom that the mushroom alone is ever publicly recognized, while curiously enough it is said that in some other countries where the claims of other agarics are allowed the mushroom itself is not used. Finally, I feel myself (and the gentle reader probably feels the same) that I would rather die than subsist on insects, such is the deep seated disgust we experience toward this class of food. Yet it is notorious that many races of respectable people adopt a diet of this sort, and only lately a book has been published giving a detail of excellent provender of the kind we habitually overlook—nasty morsels of caterpillars and beetles, and so forth.

And, indeed, when one comes to think of it, what can it be but prejudice which causes one to eat the periwinkle and reject the land snail, or to prize the lively prawn and proscribe the cheerful grasshopper? Why do we sit on chairs instead of on the floor, as the Japanese do, or on cushions like the Turks? It is custom, and perhaps it suits with our other customs. The more we look into our life and consider the immense variety of habit in every department of it—even under conditions to all appearances exactly similar—the more are we impressed by the absence of any serious necessity in the forms we ourselves are accustomed to. Each race, each class, each section of the population, each unit even, vaunts its own habits of life as superior to the rest, as the only true and legitimate forms; and peoples and classes will go to war with each other in their assertion of their own special belief and practices, but the question that rather presses upon the ingenuous and inquiring mind is whether any of us have got hold of much true life at all.—[Home Journal.

A New York girl has varied the custom by being married at sunrise.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Pastor—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?" Thomas—"Yes, sir; but not half so sore as I'd feel if they found it out."

An infelicitous spinster once declared with great decision in the presence of Mrs. Partington, that she could not bear children. "Perhaps," replied the old lady, "if you could, you would like them better."

Putting it delicately—"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted generous girl." "I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

Mamma (with much show of indignation)—"I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed." Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories)—"Well, the Lord called Samuel three times and He didn't get mad about it, did he?"

Myrtle—Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting? Florence—Yes, dear I'm engaged to him, you know. Myrtle—Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer. Florence—The dear boy, I wonder who will marry him, eventually.

Says an old Yale College man: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was in college the last school adjoined the jail, the medical college was next the cemetery and the divinity school was on the road to the poor house."

Thrifty mother—"Ellen, why will you persist in eating the soft part of your bread and leaving the crusts under the edge of your plate? Some day you may be glad to get even crusts to eat." Thoughtful daughter—"Yes, mother, that's what I'm saving them for."

Dinguss—"Shadbolt, can you spare five dollars?" Shadbolt—"Certainly, Dinguss; here it is." Dinguss—"Thanks; I'll just give you my note for the amount." Shadbolt (who knows him)—"No use wasting paper, Dinguss. I told you I could spare the five dollars."

There is truth in the remark that a bag, if empty, hangs loosely by its string, but the more there is put in it the closer is the mouth drawn and the harder it is to get anything out. So, often, as men have more means so give, is it more difficult to obtain money from them.

"I notice in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, pouring out Mr. Barracks' coffee, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle." "Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks, agreeably. "He is right. We should surely not deny to woman a privilege we accord to tug boats and locomotives."

One day a small boy was urging his grandpa to sing, contrary to the wishes of the old gentleman, who did not know one note from another. The entreaties of the child finally induced him to try, and his efforts after a few strains were rewarded by the following—"Grandpa, I guess you had better talk it."

"Every rose has its thorn, you know, Mr. Willbe," remarked Miss Everglade, as she refused him after a year's courtship. "I know," was the stricken man's reply; "but roses don't eat caramels, go to the theatre and wear jewellery, and I think I'll make my next venture after about twenty years' meditation."

Very stout old old lady (watching the lions fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that sin's a very big piece o' meat for such a animal." Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

Some one took an umbrella from the hallway of a Lewiston man's house and about the same time the dog was missed. A search was made and the dog was at last found in a Lisbon street store, and standing near him was the missing umbrella. A stranger had come into the store followed by the dog. When he went out he left the umbrella, which the dog carefully guarded until his owner appeared.

In one of the courts recently in the Midland Counties, a woman was testifying on behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross-examined her said:—"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," she replied. The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

The Power of the Silent Vote.

So much is certain: Neither through money nor through passionate appeals to party prejudice can those elements in whose power the decision lies be brought to change the judgment they have once formed, or to desert to the camp of the enemy. It is what is called the silent vote that decides at the last moment; and there is no doubt that on the 6th of November many a man will cast his ballot into the urn without having indicated beforehand whether he is inspired for Harrison or believes in Cleveland. It will, in truth, be a secret ballot—more secret than ever in the history of this country—and in its result many politicians of the old school may have reason for astonishment.

Editorial Thrift in Dakota.

The Deadwood "Daily Pioneer recently made this announcement to its readers:—"Very satisfactory arrangements were concluded between Prof. Molitor and the "Pioneer" for a joint supply of wood for the winter. The professor pays for the wood, and the manager of the "Pioneer" bucksaws it into proper lengths, when it becomes common property. The "Pioneer" is on very friendly terms with its neighbours."

Very Muscular Christianity

The seamy side of the English Establishment is revealed in an advertisement which recently appeared in the London "Times," and which read as follows:—"To Noblemen and others.—A young clergyman, fond of riding, driving, shooting, hunting, cricket, and all out-door sports, would be glad to hear of a good living. Address, Ivanhoe, 147 Chancery Lane, W. C."—[New York Tribune.

Smith says that he isn't lazy. He lies abed to economize. It costs nothing to sleep, but the moment he wakes up his expenses begin.

How to Live to a Good Old Age.

The first lesson to be taught and learned; that all disease is the result of broken law; that much of it might easily be avoided by the observance of the laws of health on the part of the individual; that much more, which is beyond the reach of individuals, might be prevented by the combined efforts of communities and the state; and that those diseases which are entailed upon this generation by the law of heredity, might by obedience to law be gradually stamped out of existence, and future ages be freed from their curse.

The next thing to be taught is the laws themselves—and with the laws, and of even greater importance, the habit of obeying them. We know a great deal more than we put in practice. This is the fault of the common modes of health teaching. Our newspapers and periodical literature contain a vast deal of popular instruction in these matters. They are treated of in an abundance of well written books which are within easy reach of all who care to read them. Our schools are taking hold of the good work, and instruction in hygiene is fast coming to be recognized as an essential part of even an elementary education. But all these do not reach the evil, or if they do, they only touch it on the surface.

Our schools are full of good grammarians who do not use respectable English in common conversation. So, too, they may be full of glib reciters of the laws of health, who do not observe a single one of the laws they have learned. The main point is to secure obedience. The greatest criminals are usually well versed in the laws of the land; but this knowledge does not avail to keep them out of the penitentiary when they have broken these laws. Neither will a knowledge of the laws of health keep a man from being sick, so long as he does not live up to his knowledge.

We are creatures of imitation. Example counts for more than precept. The parent knows the law, and the child knows it too. When the parent keeps it, then the children will keep it also. It does little good for a child to learn at school that the food should be properly masticated, when three times every day at home he sees a hungry group crowd about the table like pigs around a trough, and bolt their food as nearly whole as it can be made to go down. The child whose mother gives it a bite of something to eat every time it cries for it, will not be in a condition to profit from an understanding of the law that food should not be taken between meals, until it is too late for the knowledge to be of much service. The law of pure air and proper ventilation may be taught ever so plainly in the text-books, but to the boy who is brought up to sit and sleep in a close, unventilated room, foul with the breath of living beings, and to shun fresh air as he would a plague, the knowledge will be of little avail. While his father's cellar is filled with decaying meat, vegetables, and all manner of filth, and the cesspool smells to heaven from beneath the kitchen window, all the teachings of the schools will not prevent his having typhoid fever, or diphtheria, or some form of filth disease, when the summer sun calls into activity the germs of disease which are latent there. If liquors are kept upon the sideboard and wines are served upon the table in the home, not all the teachings of all the temperance text-books in the land can be relied upon to produce in him habits of sobriety and total abstinence.

It is the practice of the principles of hygiene in our homes, and this alone, which will lessen the rate of disease and death today, and develop a stronger race to-morrow. The child who has learned the laws of health from his father and mother, by seeing them continually and persistently applied, will come to follow them in his own case, as naturally as he will conduct himself properly in good society, if good society has been his birthright, and gentlemanly conduct has become habitual.

Unnatural Sleep.

There is no common error more productive of mischief than the belief in the harmlessness of sleep-producing drugs. The supposition that sleep under the influence of a medicine of any sort, is a substitute for natural sleep, is a mistaken one. Remedies of this sort must sometimes be used, but their habitual employment is most mischievous. We quote with approval the following from the "London Lancet," one of the leading medical journals of the world:—

"When we are weary, we ought to sleep; and when we wake, we should get up. There is no habit more vicious than adopting measures to keep awake, or employing artifices, or, still worse, resorting to drugs and other devices, to induce or prolong sleep. Dozing is the very demoralization of the sleep function, and from that pernicious habit arises much of the so-called sleeplessness—more accurately, wakefulness—from which multitudes suffer. Instead of trying to lay down arbitrary rules as to the length of sleep, it would be wiser to say: Work while it is day; sleep when you are weary, which will be at night, if the day has been spent in honest and energetic labor. When you awake, rise; and if the previous day's work has been sufficiently well done, the time of waking will not be earlier than sunrise.

"The difficulties about sleep are almost uniformly fruits of a perverse refusal to comply with the laws of nature. Take the case of a man who cannot sleep at night, or rather, who, having fallen asleep, wakes. If he is what is called strong-minded, he thinks, or perhaps reads, and falls asleep again. The repetition of this lays the foundation of a habit of awakening in the night, and thinking or reading to induce sleep, and habitual sleeplessness occurs, for which remedies are sought, and mischief is done.

"If the wakeful man would only rouse himself on waking, and get up and do a full day's work of any sort, and not doze during the day, when next the night comes round, his sixteen or twenty hours of wakefulness would be rewarded with sleep of nine or ten hours in length; and one or two of these manful struggles against a perverted tendency to abnormal habit would rectify the error or avert the calamity."

Sore Throat From Milk.

A recent epidemic of sore throat in Canterbury, England, in which more than two hundred persons suffered, was traced to the use of milk from a certain dairy, the cows of which had suffered from diarrhea. A lamb connected with the dairy had had sore throat. It is more than probable that many diseases may be traced to this source.

Fashion note—large cheques will still be popular.

Wits Go Wool Gathering.

"Do you know that many business men are half crazy when they enter a restaurant at noon for lunch or dinner?" This was said to a reporter by the owner of a well known restaurant, who continued: "Their minds are not upon what they are doing; their brains are busy as can be figuring and planning. Their bodies left their counting rooms, but their heads remained. They, as a rule, eat hurriedly, and any number of them do so mechanically. I have seen them do the most absurd things possible. Often it happens that one will throw down one cent at the cashier's desk with a seventy five cent or fifty cent check, and wait for a minute or two for the change. And these are sharp, shrewd calculating business men, who if you entered their places of business, you would find alert enough, and who would never make a mistake in giving out or receiving money.

"They show their mental abstraction in various ways. One will come in, and with deliberation place his hat beneath his chair, yet when he has done eating he will rush to the rack, and, seizing somebody else's hat, go out, probably not discovering his error for a day or two. It is a positive fact that not long ago a man with a 7⅞ head wore out of my place a 6¾ hat, which would scarcely stay on the top of his head. Nor did he discover his mistake until he reached his office.

"One day a man stepped up to my desk and complained that he had lost his hat, a very fine one which had cost him $7 or $8. His hat had been stolen, he charged, and he was excited and angry. Would you believe it? It was he who had stolen one. I discovered a few minutes later that two days before he had taken the hat of another, leaving his own. The one he took was of the same material, but had been worn an entire season, being greasy and soiled; still, he wore it without discovering the fact until the time he made the complaint, although his own hat was a fine brand new one.

"It is truly odd how men will behave about hats. Frequently one will come holding one in his hand and tell me he did not wear that when he came in. I look at the faces of these, and if they have but just been shaved, tell them they made the exchange at the barber's and did not discover their error until they came in here. One man made a great ado because, as he said, some one had carried off his hat, when investigation showed that he had worn another man's hat to the restaurant, picking it up as he left the office, but not detecting it until he had eaten. Going out to eat at noon is not an interval of rest to most business men, because there is no rest. They must supply the wants of their inner man, but they do it without any rest of the brain. Their occupation is before them all the while, as their feet away looks show. They say and do things in the most mechanical manner, and will skip from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in their computation. A level headed man of business insisted up and down, while holding his own hat in his hand—a nice silk one—that it did not belong to him. He knew what he had worn down town—it was a white one, he declared. He probably had done so the day before, but would not be convinced of his error until the name on the inside of the inner band revealed it to him. A man picks up a heap of human nature in our business, because all sorts of things occur, particularly at the noon rush, when men do some of the most absurd things in the world, and are often most unreasonable because of their self absorption.'

Scenes in a Spanish City.

The antiquities of Toledo are not the only interesting things. The sights from day to day on the streets and in the family circle are peculiar. The very children have queer sports. One of their favorite pastimes is to parade in a dark hall with slow step and drone a chant in imitation of a church festival service. Boys are also fond of playing bull fights, "the bull" part being taken by some lad not distressed by rough handling. Owing to the narrow streets, everything seems mixed up together—wine shops, rag tables, children, citizens, cadets, loafers and beggars mingling in one mass.

The people generally are simple and good natured. The chief street is shaded by awnings, and every public doorway is screened by a striped curtain. Foreigners visiting the town are dubbed the "Strangers," and so referred to on every occasion when designation is necessary. The leading place of amusement is called the "Grand Summer theatre." It is within the ragged walls of a once grand building, now half torn down. It is quite a common thing in the evening to hear guitar duets in the narrow, dark streets, being given as serenades to ladies in the house before which the playing is done.

The skill displayed by some of the players is marvelous, and the music is delightful. The treble is carried on a small instrument called a "mandura" that makes a most pleasing combination with the guitar. Often professional players are hired to go and play before a house, and will thrum out native airs for several hours, smoking cigarettes assiduously all the while.

A Lesson to Learn.

There are other things besides speech in the pursuit of which men, once fairly launched, often do not know when or how to stop. A man begins business with every promise of good success. He has energy and judgment to start with, and perseverance to overcome the obstacles which may meet him. His ventures are successful, his employes are faithful, his future looks bright. All would be well did he but know just when or where to stop, or, knowing this, did he have the resolution to enforce it upon himself. But he presumes upon his past good fortune, continues to make ventures too long and too heavily, and failure overtakes him. Or he presumes on his physical strength, and does not take needed rest—his powers give way, and he is left a wreck. Not a business man alone, but men of every occupation, with energy and ambition, need to learn this lesson when to stop, if they would not make failures of their lives.

A correspondent of the Victoria Times writes:—The Bay of Nanaimo is literally alive with the fall salmon, swarming, awaiting at the portals of our pretty little river for the first flush of the freshet, when that mighty army of finny soldiers will start on their crusade upwards and onwards, pursuing their way until thousands of them line the banks of rivulets and streams, having wasted their lives and energy complying with Nature's great laws.

We have just Received

Another Large Range of Men's and Boys' Underwear and

CARDIGAN JACKETS

Which we are selling at Desperately Low Prices. Also

LADIES' SCOTCH WOOL VESTS AND COMBINATION SUITS.

We make money by saving money for you. Buy from us and you will be a Steady Customer.

B. O'HARA.

Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: Hanging is evidently going out of fashion in Canada. There have been fourteen murders since the year opened, and only one execution.

Big guns are generally treated with considerable respect. Two which are now on a new English iron clad, will most certainly be. They throw a two thousand pound projectile ten miles and then it has force enough left to penetrate three feet of solid iron.

A French-Canadian of Chichester sighted three bears. He procured his gun. The first shot fired burst the gun barrel, the fragments of iron lacerating his hand terribly; but this did not deter him. His wife bandaged up his hand; and reloading the damaged gun, he succeeded in despatching the three animals. The *Equity* is assured that this bear story is true.

WHEAT WANTED.

We are now prepared to buy any quantity of wheat, for which we will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Madoc Roller Mills.

FRED. ROLLINS.

TO LET,

DWELLING HOUSE and store, together with outbuildings. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM GEORGE,
Maynooth P. O., Ont.

October 30th, 1888. 32-4w

ROAD NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Carlow and Mayo will, at its next session, to be held in the Town Hall, Carlow, on Saturday, December 8th, at 10 o'clock a. m., pass a By-law to establish a road starting from a point on the line between lots 20 and 21 in the 9th concession, Carlow, and running in a northerly direction until it reaches the Combermere Road, as described in surveyor's report. Also a By-law to establish a public road in Mayo, known as Hullett's Road, and described in surveyor's report as follows: Starting 16 chains and 50 links west of post between lots 9 and 10 in the 13th concession of Mayo, running north of west 20 degrees, 2 chains and 50 links, thence 30 degrees south of west 2 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 4 chains, thence 5 degrees south of west 9 chains, thence 17 degrees south of west 3 chains and 50 links, thence 5 degrees north of west 8 chains, thence 18 degrees south of west 3 chains and 60 links, thence 25 degrees south of west 7 chains, thence 14 degrees north of west 4 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 2 chains, thence 12 degrees north of west 17 chains to centre of road allowance between concessions 12 and 13, Mayo. All parties interested will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

W. D. PARKHURST,
Township Clerk.

Dated 31st October, 1888. 32-3w

PHOTOGRAPHS

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

adoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

W. MACKAY,

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT.

Over the Hardware Store of Connor & Co., Durham Street, Madoc, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot 6, in 9th con. of Madoc. There is on the farm a log house and a frame barn. There is about 40 acres of wood land of beech and maple, and 60 acres cleared. The land is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM McMECHAN.

O'Brien's Hotel,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Rates, - $1.00 a Day.

Newly Furnished & Refitted Throughout.

HAVING leased the O'Brien House for a term of years, I have furnished it new throughout in first-class style, and the bar is stocked with best liquors and cigars. Good yard and stable accommodation. I will be glad to meet all my old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

SAMUEL CURRY.

Belleville, May 1st, 1888. 5

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25.000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block — Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Fall Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon,
Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas,
Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

WHITE'S

Agricultural, Wagon and Sleigh WORKS.

WE have in stock for this season's trade a choice assortment of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

including the steel Wellington. We are agents for the famous

Steel Frame Spring Tooth Harrow,

the best in the market.

LUMBER WAGONS,

Tubular Axles, Pipe Box and Skein, at prices to suit the purchaser.

A full and complete assortment of

STOVES

for Coal or Wood. We would invite inspection to our line of Cook Stoves.

Special attention given to

Wagon Repairing and General Blacksmithing.

Would be pleased to have farmers visit our works and examine the stock we are putting in wagons and sleighs.

J. & J. WHITE.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

CANADA PERMANENT

Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $8,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,**
Appraiser at Madoc.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

—o—

We have pleasure in announcing that in a few days our Fall and Winter Stock will be complete in every department, when we shall be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

Our stock, as usual, will consist of Dry Goods, Carpets, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

We feel confident that a better selected stock of goods has never been offered to the public in Madoc, and at the lowest possible prices.

We have some lines of fall and winter goods left over from last season which we are disposing of at below cost.

Rare bargains are now being offered. Don't fail to give us a call.

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Sept. 19th, 1888. **POST OFFICE BLOCK**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff c it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 33, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 34. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 22, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

G. A. ROLLINS, Secretary. JAMES WHITE, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont. Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates

LEONARD & O'BRIEN,

BARRISTERS. Office over the Telegraph Office, Belleville. Money to loan on farm and village properties at lowest rates.

CHAS. J. LEONARD. | S. O'BRIEN.

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE— Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office Monday evening, Tuesday, and Tuesday evening of each week, and at any time by appointment.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART, Solicitor, Madoc

507

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

DENTISTRY.

J. B. IRISH, L.D.S., of over 20 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, the 1st TUESDAY and the 3rd TUESDAY of every month, staying two nights and the full day. Next visits, 6th and 20th Nov., and 4th and 18th Dec. A first-class and reliable thing expeditiously done in every department of the business, without any delays or disappointments. Vitalized air used, and the new local anaesthetic. Best fit of teeth filling, &c.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First-class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, PROP.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late F. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel. JAMES McCAW, Manager.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c., MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

HOUSE TO LET

IN the Village of Madoc. That desirable good brick house now occupied by Mr. Charles G. Wilson. It is well finished throughout, with bath-room and all modern conveniences. Possession given on or about the 1st of October. Apply to

D. C. CLARKE.

Madoc, August 4, 1888.

House and Lot for Sale.

PART of lot No. 3, in the 6th concession, immediately adjoining the corporation of Madoc village, containing 2 acres of land, frame house and barn, and a good well of water. Terms reasonable. Apply to

MRS. O. SULLIVAN.

Madoc, May 1, 1888. 5-3m

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place and convenient to Eagle Lake.

For further particulars apply at the law office of the undersigned, Madoc.

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc. May 1st, 1888. 5 3m

CEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CLASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

ROAD NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Municipal Council of Carlow and Mayo will, at its next session, to be held in the Town Hall, Carlow, on Saturday, December 8th, at 10 o'clock a. m., pass a By-law to establish a road starting from a point on the line between lots 20 and 21 in the 9th concession, Carlow, and running in a northerly direction until it reaches the Combermere Road, as described in surveyor's report. Also a By-law to establish a public road in Mayo, known as Hullett's Road, and described in surveyor's report as follows: Starting 16 chains and 50 links west of post between lots 9 and 10 in the 13th concession of Mayo, running north of west 20 degrees, 2 chains and 50 links, thence 30 degrees south of west 2 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 4 chains, thence 5 degrees south of west 9 chains, thence 17 degrees south of west 3 chains and 50 links, thence 5 degrees north of west 8 chains, thence 18 degrees south of west 3 chains and 60 links, thence 25 degrees south of west 7 chains, thence 14 degrees north of west 4 chains and 50 links, thence 35 degrees west of north 2 chains, thence 12 degrees north of west 17 chains to centre of road allowance between concessions 12 and 13, Mayo. All parties interested will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

W. D. PARKHURST, Township Clerk.

Dated 31st October, 1888. 32-3w

Palmer's Grocery.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INform the public that he has purchased the business of Mr. R. Beaton, Whytock's old corner, and will enlarge the same with a fine new stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CANNED GOODS,

MEATS of all KINDS,

&c., &c. The usual stock still kept in my old stand, 3 doors south.

Ice Cream and Fruits in Season.

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

5 **A. PALMER.**

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

[Correspondence to THE REVIEW.]

It is our painful duty this week to record the death of Mr. John Vankleek, who died at his residence, lot 5, 9th concession of Faraday, on November 5th, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mr. Vankleek, who was formerly a resident of Madoc, came to reside here some 13 years since (in the Vankleek Settlement), and with the assistance of his sons succeeded in making a large clearance, and a comfortable home for himself and family. Some years since his house and all it contained was destroyed by fire, but this was soon replaced by a larger edifice. Shortly after settling, Mr. J. Vankleek organized religious services, which were held at his house every Sunday, and afterwards in the school house, and which have continued up to the present time.

Mr. J. Vankleek had been ailing for some months but at last passed peacefully away. His remains were taken out to the residence of his brother, Mr. B. Vankleek, in Madoc, attended by all of his family resident here, and next day his body was laid by the side of his first wife in the burial ground at Hazard's Corners. The funeral was attended by nearly all of his relatives residing both here and in the township of Madoc, and also by a large number of other persons, to its last resting place. The Rev. T. H. McDonald conducted the burial service and preached a most impressive funeral sermon.

By a curious coincidence Mr. Vankleek went into his location in Faraday and was carried out to his long home on the same date, viz, the 6th of November.

Hastings Road, Nov. 12th, 1888.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE PANSY FOR 1889.

Edited by PANSY.—Mrs. C. R. Alden.

THE PANSY is an illustrated monthly containing from thirty-five to forty pages of reading matter. It is devoted to young folks from eight to fifteen. Its contributors are among the best writers for young folks.

Pansy's New Serial will run throughout the year and is entitled *The Way Out.*

Pansy will also continue her *Golden Text Stories.*

Margaret Sidney has a serial story entitled *Rob: A story for boys.* It is full of the adventures, frolics and ambitions of a wide-awake boy.

Mrs. C. M. Livingston has tales of child-life and child-ways, in a new department, *Baby's Corner.*

The Bible Band Readings, The Queer Story column and The P. S. Corner will all be continued.

The Pansy is only One Dollar a year. A specimen copy for five cents.

You can get your own subscription free by sending two new subscribers with two dollars to pay for same. You must remit direct to

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

THE

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J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

COUNTY NEWS.

Six cars of iron ore are shipped daily from Calabogie.

Thomas Russell, Napanee, had his leg broken by a runaway.

Thos. Dolan, aged 75, living about Chapleau, fell dead while reading his prayer book.

MRS. James Vandervoort, formerly of Belleville, died in Dallas, Texas, on Tuesday of yellow fever.

Smith's Falls has been prospered by building operations and improvements in the sum of $165,150.

One of the proprietors of the Cardwell House, Picton, was fined $50 and costs for selling liquor without a license.

There are thirteen ladies and seventy-two gentlemen now attending Albert college. There is now accomodation for 240 students.

A. McClatchie, Sidney interested in a mica mine in Loughboro, intends moving there shortly where a hundred men and three steam drills are now at work.

A school teacher was fined $2 and costs at Ashton, recently, for whipping a child. Several children in the neighborhood took up a collection and paid the fine.

Caldwell's saw mill at Clyde Forks is closed for the season. During about five months 5,350,000 feet of lumber, 800,000 lath, and 3,000,000 shingles were cut.

On Friday Andrew Prout, Sheffield, summoned Dr. Meng to attend a couple of ill horses. The veterinary pronounced it glanders and ordered that both animals be destroyed, which was done. One of the horses was valued at $150.

Adam Mullen, of Horton, refused to do statute labour and was fined $2 and costs. Between the laying of the charge and the day of the trial Mullen did the work so that he may get off by paying the costs.

The Renfrew *Mercury* says that the Mt. St. Patrick neighborhood boasts of a centenarian resident, W. Nicolson, who is in 102nd year, is in good health enjoys hearing the news of the day read to him, and whose chief affection is that he is losing his sight.

On Friday two valuable horses belonging to Mr. J. R. Grenizen, of Pittsburg, reached a bin full of wheat and died from overfeeding. On the same day a colt belonging to Mr. Grenizen jumping a wire fence was caught by it and killed.

John Noonan, Perth, shipped to Great Britain fifty beef cattle, bought in the neighborhood. Mr. Noonan last week took a car-load of cattle to the Montreal market, but had to leave twenty unsold so great a drug were cattle in the market there.

Robert McCormack, Belleville, charged with keeping his photograph gallery open and taking pictures on Sunday, Nov. 11th, was fined. The magistrate held that the law which prohibits labor on the Christian Sabbath, must be observed, and imposed the fine of $1 and costs.

Peterboro has been shaken from centre to circumference by sensation. One of its young men, while doing Toronto, fell in love with a girl and married; she has sold his belongings and returned to an old lover in Toronto. Then six of the family of John Cronin were poisoned by head cheese.

He Suddenly Stopped Smoking.

A humorous correspondent tells of the sudden way in which a man at Lansdowne stopped smoking. Several nights ago he sat down on the railroad track, filled his pipe, and while the lighted match was on its way he stopped and has not smoked since that moment. To excuse of those who have tried to quit and failed we may say that the motive which impelled this man to desist at that particular time was a locomotive which protruded itself upon his notice at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, cyclonically hurled him from the track, and mixed him promiscuously with a pile of ties and three panels of fence breaking two of his ribs and cutting and bruising him in various parts of his body. It was effectual as a counterblast to tobacco, but he does not recommend the plan for general adoption. He is recovering.

Making History Fast.

The Events Which are Bringing Belleville to the Front.

BELLEVILLE, Nov. 12.—We are making history fast. This is a fact. Don't get jealous. Further developments may remove the gloss and show an ugly skeleton. I could begin with an anterior date of six months, but will content myself with a more recent period. It will be enough to satisfy you.

You know something about the Balkwill case. The local press gave it considerable notoriety. Well, it showed most conclusively that we are a progressive community. When our dashing, ambitious, and facinating *genus homo* decided to show their hand they generally succeed. Balkwill did. He was a "hale fellow well met," with lots of friends and mountains of conceit. When the Dafoe house went up in smoke he was a gentleman of leisure, and smoked choice Havanas or sipped champagne with boon companions. Social obligations demand some cash in the bank. Balkwill's account was not formidable, but his hospitality was unbounded. He was soon on the "ragged edge," and cast about for a chance to keep up appearances. Friends came to his assistance. A big push resulted in his being granted a license to dispose of liquors, cigars, etc., at wholesale. The temperance element strongly opposed the license, but the application prevailed. A shop was fitted up in a favourable locality and choice brands procured. Balkwill did a flourishing business, apparently, and his friends rejoiced. But circumstances became suspicious. There were indications of advanced ideas of commercial morality. Creditors made an investigation, and then there was a denouement. Balkwill was arrested, bailed, tried, and finally acquitted of fraud. The direct proof was not produced, the judge said. The accused left for the backwoods as soon as his freedom was assured—to shoot bears, he said. He heard that his presence in Belleville might be sought by meddlesome officers of the law, and so he took a convenient chance to reach the borders of Uncle Sam's domain. He won't return, and Belleville thus loses a shining light. But the end is not yet.

Balkwill was forced to bankruptcy, and his stock came under the official care of Sheriff Hope as assignee. The shop was securely closed and a careful watch was kept on the premises, as there was some suspicion of dishonest projects. One morning the police were informed that the shop had been entered during the night previous and nearly $2,000 worth of cigars and liquors carried away. An investigation followed, which resulted in the discovery of the stolen goods in a woods on the second concession of Sidney, and about three miles from the city. A chain of circumstancial evidence led to the arrest of Dan Houston, a companion and former associate of Balkwill. It was proved conclusively that he had been seen going to the same woods the same night with a loaded wagon, but Houston got the benefit of a doubt that could not be removed from the judge's mind and is also a free man. We think our history is piling up with giant strides, but somenow we are not happy. The fact is this kind of history doesn't tickle our vanity. But there's more to follow.

About three years ago a promising young man named Stephen O'Brien completed his law studies. It was well-known that he was possessed of a limited supply of this world's goods, as his paternal predecessor was in humble circumstances and had depleted his treasury in educating his favorite son. No sooner, however, had the young disciple of Blackstone received his commission to practice law, than he began to spread himself wonderfully. He purchased a large house, furnished it luxuriously, and married an amiable and beautiful young lady. He also made other investments that required considerable cash and brilliant prospects. Many people asked what it all meant, and as many more shook their heads in silence. To-day this promising young lawyer is beyond the reach of numerous creditors, with a questionable reputation and disgraced friends. Being the third case of a similar nature that we had quite recently, our history multiplies and our vanity decreases. QUINTE.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—On Trial.

Matters at Whitestrand had been going meanwhile from bad to worse. Winifred never spoke another word to Hugh about Elsie's watch; her pride prevented her. She would not stoop to demand an explanation. And Hugh had no explanation of his own to volunteer. No ready lie rose spontaneous to his lips. He dropped the subject then and for ever.

But the question of the encroachments could not be quite so cavalierly dropped: it pressed itself insidiously and silently upon Hugh's attention. An eminent engineer came down from London to inspect the sand-drifts, shortly after Hatherly's visit. He stroked his chin and remarked cheerfully with a demonstrative smile that currents were very ticklish things to deal with on their own ground: that when you interfered with the natural course of a current, you never could tell which way it would go next; and that diverting it was much like taking a leap in the dark, as far as probable consequences to the shore were concerned. After which reassuring vaticinations, the eminent engineer proceeded at once with perfect confidence to erect an expensive and ingenious breakwater off the site of the poplar, which strained the slender balloon of Hugh's remaining credit to the very verge of its utmost bursting-point. A year passed by in the work of building and throwing out the breakwater; and as soon as it was finished, with much acclamation, a scour set in just round its sides which ate away the grounds behind even faster than ever.

The estate, in fact, was simply doomed. Æolian, Pactolian, indeed: ah me, the irony of it! Those Æolian sands were overwhelming Whitestrand. The poplar had formed its one frail support. In destroying the poplar, Hugh had simply outwitted himself. No earthly science could now repair that fatal step. Physicians were in vain. Engineers and breakwaters were of no avail. The cruel crawling sea had begun remorselessly to claim its own, and day after day it claimed its piecemeal.

Nor was that all. Hugh's affairs were getting more and more involved in other ways also. Those were the days of the decline of Squiredom. Agricultural depression had told upon the rents. Turnips were a failure; mangolds were feeble; Hessian fly had made waste straw of old Grime's wheat crops; barely had never done so badly for years. Foot-and-mouth disease and pleuro-pneumonia had combined with American competition and Australian mutton to lower prices and to starve landlords. Rents came in worse and worse at each successive Whitestrand audit. The interest on the mortgage was hard to raise; and the servants' wages at the Hall, it was whispered about, had fallen into arrears for a whole quarter.

Clearly the young Squire must be short of funds; and nothing was afloat to help his exchequer into safer waters.

But drowning men cling to the proverbial straw. For his own part, Hugh had high hopes at first of his *Life's Philosophy*. He had trimmed his little bark most cunningly, he thought, to tempt the stormy sea of popular approbation. There was the big long poem for heavy ballast, and the ballades and occasional pieces in his lightest vein for cork belts to redress the balance. Sooner or later the world must surely catch glimpses of the truth, that it still enclosed a great unknown Poet. He waited for the storm of applause to begin; the critics would doubtless soon set up their concerted pæn. But one day, a few weeks after the volume was published, he took up a copy of the *Bystander*, that most superior review—the special organ of his own special clique—and read in it with hushed breath—a hostile notice of his new and hopeful volume. His heart sank as he read and read. Line after line, the sickening sense of failure deepened upon him. It had not been so in the old days; then, the critics had hasted to bring him better in lordly dish. But now, all that was utterly changed. He read with a cheek flushed with indignation. At last, the review touched bottom

"Mr. Massinger," said his critic in concluding his notice, "has long since retired, we all knew, into Lowther Arcadia. There, among the mimic ranges of the Suffolk sandhills—a doll's paradise of dale and mountain—he has betaken himself with his pretty little pipe to the green side of a pretty little knoll, and has tuned his throat to a pretty little lay, all about a series of pretty little ladies, of the usual insipid Lowther-Arcadian style of beauty. Those wax-faced pet damsels somehow fail to interest us. Their cheeks are all most becomingly red; their eyes are all most liquidly blue; their locks are all of the yellowest; and their philosophy is a cheap and ineffective mixture of the Elegant Extract with the choicest old crusted English morals of immemorial proverbial wisdom. In short, they are unfortunately stuffed with sawdust. The long poem which gives a title to the volume, on the other hand, though mollusc-oid in its flabbiness, is as ambitious as it is feeble, and as dull as it is involved. Here, for example, selected from some five hundred equally inflated stanzas, are the modest views Mr. Massinger now holds on his own position in the material Cosmos: the scene, we ought to explain, is laid in Oxford: the time, midnight or a little later; and the Bard speaks in *propria persona*.

> The city lies below me wrapped in slumber:
> Mute and unmoved in all her streets she lies:
> 'Mid rapid thoughts that throng me without number
> Flashed the phantom of an old surmise.
> Her hopes and fears and griefs are all suspended:
> Ten thousand souls throughout her precincts take
> Sleep, in whose bosom life and death are blended,
> And I alone awake.
>
> Am I alone the solitary centre
> Of all the seeming universe around,
> With mocking senses, through whose portals enter
> Unmeaning phantasies of sight and sound?
> Are all the countless minds wherewith I people
> The empty forms that float before my eyes
> Vain as the cloud that girds the distant steeple
> With snowy canopies?
>
> Yet though the world be but myself unfolded—
> Soul bent again on soul in mystic play—
> No less each sense and thought and act is moulded
> By dead necessities I may not sway.
> Some mightier power against my will can move me:
> Some potent nothing force and overawe:
> Though I be all that is, I feel above me
> The godhead of blind law!

"Seven or eight pages of this hysterical, cartilaginous, invertebrate nonsense have failed to convince us that Mr Massinger is really, as he seems implicitly to believe, the hub of the universe, and the sole intelligent or sentient being within the entire circle of organic creation. Many other poets, indeed, have thought the same, but few have been so candid as to express their opinion."

Hugh crushed the *Bystander* in his hand with a burning sense of wrong and indignation. The measure he himself had often meted to others, therewithal had it been meted to him; and he realised now in his own person the bitterness of the stings he had often inflicted out of pure wantonness on endless young and anonymous authors. Cheyne Row had clearly cast off her recalcitrant son. He was to know an outcast and a pariah, a wicked deserter to the camp of the Philistines.

Winifred was seated on the sofa opposite, but he did not pass the paper to her. He flung it from him. He was too vain to ask for her sympathy; and perhaps he was not quite sure that he had any claim upon it. They were leading a life of mutual avoidance, as far as possible: communicating only on strictly practical topics, when occasion demanded, and not even in the most amicable spirit. They were not in touch with each other; but which was to blame? Not surely Hugh—the wise, the brilliant, the Immaculate! And yet—and yet—how little he understood a woman's heart. While *he* had been reading in bitterness of spirit what the *Bystander* said of him, Winifred was also reading—in the *Charing Cross Review*, and the subject was that same volume of her husband's. The criticism here was ten times more galling and bitter than that under which Massinger had just been writhing, and she knew how it would pain him were he to read it. Had she been as heartless as her husband, she would have passed the paper to him and enjoyed his humiliation and discomfiture. But she was not as heartless as her husband was—in many ways. She was as many another woman, with a proud and selfish and unsympathetic husband, has been. She had loved him once and in a measure loved him still, and therefore would not pain him by inflicting another wound, as it were with her own hand. She buried the paper deep beneath the sofa cushions; and Hugh never knew the bitter things which the *Charing Cross Review* had said about him. It would have been all the more galling to his wounded spirit had he known further that that review was signed with the initials A. H.—Arthur Hatherley

Winifred lifted the paper which Hugh had flung from him, skimmed the *Bystander* review in haste. But she said never a word in any way about it. "Shall I accept Lady Mortmayne's invitation?" she asked with chilly unconcern.

Bohemia had clearly turned against them; but Philistia at least, Philistia was left to console their bosoms. If one can't be a poet, one can at any rate be a snob. In the bitterness of his heart, Hugh answered: "Yes. Go anywhere on earth to a body with a handle." Then he tried to rouse himself, to put on a cheerful and unconcerned manner. "I like to patronise art," he went on with a hard smile, "and as a work of art I consider Lady Mortmayne almost perfect."

Winifred laid down her paper on the table. "What shall I say to her?" she asked glassily. She was a timid letter-writer. Even since their estrangement, Hugh most often dictated her society notes for her.

"Dear Lady Mortmayne, we shall have great"—Hugh began with vigour.

"Isn't "we have great pleasure" better English, Hugh?" Winifred asked quietly, as she examined her nib with close attention.

"No," Hugh blurted back; "certainly not. She'll have great pleasure's quite good enough for me), so I suppose it's good enough for you too; isn't it?" He was getting positively cruel now. "If you can write so well," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "write it yourself. 'Great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for Thursday next.'"

"Thanks. I think I'll put it my own way. 'And will bring the dahlias she promised.'"

"Who promised?—Lady Mortmayne?"

"Oh, bother! I mean, 'the dahlias I promised, which I would have brought before; but I was unfortunately prevented by my gardener having quite inadvertently'"—

"For Heaven's sake, split it up into short sentences," Hugh cried, on tenter-hooks. "I couldn't let such a note as that go out of my house—I mean, our house, Winifred—if my life depended upon it. A man of letters allow his wife to make such an exhibition of impossible English!"

"I wish I was clever," Winifred said, growing red, "and then I could write my own letters without you."

"Be good, my child, and let who will be clever," Charles Kingsley," Hugh answered provokingly. "'An honest man's the noblest work of God:' Alexander Pope. (I think it was Pope; or was it Sam Johnson? A placid woman runs him close, eood: Hugh Massinger. Eood's a powerful weak rhyme, I admit, but what can you expect from a mere impromptu? I only wish all women were placid. Well, the moral of these three immortal lines, selected from the works of three poets in three different ages born (Dryden), is simply this—you do very well as you are, Winifred. Don't seek to be clever. It doesn't suit you. Take my advice. Leave it alone.—For it you do, you'll find it in the end a complete failure."

"Hugh! You insult me."

"Very well then, my dear. You will be able to exercise Christian patience and resignation in pocketing the insult—as I have to do from you very often."

Winifred shut down her writing-case with a bang and burst, not into tears, but into an uncontrollable fit of violent coughing. She coughed and coughed till her face was purple and livid with the effort. Hugh watched her silently, as hard as adamant. She had often coughed this way of late. The habit was growing on her. Hugh thought she ought to cure herself of it.

"I shall go up next week again to consult Sir Antony Wraxall," she said at last, when she recovered her breath, gasping and choking. "Will you go with me, Hugh?"

"We've no cash now to waste on junketing and gadding about in town," Hugh answered gloomily. "A pretty time to talk about riotous living, with the servants' wages all overdue, and duns bothering at the door for their wretched money! My presence could hardly give you any appreciable pleasure. You can stop at the dingy old lodgings in Albert Row, and Mrs. Bouverie Barton will help gad about with you. You can traipse together over hall London."

Winifred bowed her poor head down in silence. Her heart was sick. It was full to bursting. This was all she had bought with the fee-simple of Whitestrand.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—An Artistic Event.

"Mr. Warren Relf," said the daintily etched invitation card, "requests the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Bouverie Barton and friends to a Private View of his Paintings and Water-colour Sketches, on Saturday, October the 3rd, from 2.30 to 6 p. m. at 128 Bletchingley Road, South Kensington."

Such a graceful little invitation card never was seen, neatly designed by the artist himself, with a bold flight of sea-gulls engaged in winging their way across the upper left-hand corner; and a stretch of stormy waves bestridden by a fishing-smack in full career before the brisk breeze occupying the larger part of its broad face in very delicate and exquisite outline. When Winifred Massinger saw it carelessly stuck aside among a heap of others on Mrs. Bouverie Barton's occasional table in South Audley Street, she took it up with a start and examined it closely. "Mr. Warren Relf!" she cried, in a tone of some surprise. "Then you know him, Mrs. Barton?" I didn't remember he was one of your circle. But there, of course, you know everybody. —What a sweet little etching!"

"What? Mr. Warren Relf!—O yes, I know him. Not I'm afraid, a very successful artist, as yet; but they say he has merit—in his own way, merit. I'm going to see these new pictures of his on Saturday, if I can sandwich him in edgeways between the Society for the Higher Education of Women and the Richter concert or tea at the Macklinnon's. I've only five engagements for Saturday. Quite an empty day.

"Have you got a card for the private view yourself, dear?"

"No," Winifred answered with a slight blush.

"Well, then, would you like to go with us, dear?" Mrs. Bouverie Barton asked kindly.

Winifred turned over the card with a wistful look. "It says, "Mr. and Mrs Bouverie Barton *and friends*," she repeated with emphasis. "So of course you can take whoever you like with you, can't you, Mrs Barton?—Saturday the 3 I from 2 30 to 6 p. m.—I think I might.—I'll risk it anyhow.—That'd suit me admirably. My appointment with Sir Anthony's for two precisely."

"Your appointment with Sir Anthony?" Mrs. Barton echoed in a grieved undertone.

Winifred coughed—such a nasty dry little hacking cough. "Why, yes. Sir Anthony Wrax all," she [illegible] checking herself with some difficulty from a brief paroxysm of her usual trouble. "I've come up this week, in fact, on purpose to consult him. Hugh made me come, my lungs have been so awfully odd lately."

"My dear," Mrs. Bouverie Barton put in tenderly—everybody knows Mrs. Bouverie Barton, the most charming and sympathetic hostess in literary London—"you hardly seem fit to go running about sight-seeing at present. Does Mr. Massinger seriously realize how extremely weak and ill you are?—It scarcely seems to me you ought to be troubling your poor little head about private views or anything of the sort with a cough like that upon you."

"Oh, it isn't much, I assure you, dear Mrs. Barton," Winifred answered, the tears coming up into her eyes as she spoke at the touch of sympathy. "Hugh doesn't think it's at all serious."

At 128 Bletchingley Road, the ancestral home of all the Relfs—for one generation—a tiny eight-roomed London house in a side-street of intense South Kensington—all was bustle and flutter and feverish excitement. Edie Relf to day was absolutely in her element. It was her joy in life, indeed, to compass the Impossible. And the Impossible now stared her frankly in the face in the concrete shape of a geometrical absurdity. She had undertaken to make the less contain the greater, all the axioms of Euclid to the contrary notwithstanding. Whatever upset Edie was to a clever woman. Of no more importance in her scheme of things than to Emmanual Kant or to Sandwich Hodgson. The Relfs had issued no fewer than three hundred and twenty separate invitation cards, each with that extensible india-rubber clause, "and friends," so capable of indefinite and incalculable expansion. Now, the little front drawing room at Bletchingley Road could just be induced, when the furniture was abolished by Act of Parliament, and the piano removed up stairs to the back bedroom to accommodate at a pinch some thirty-two persons, mostly charlines. "My dear Edie," Mrs. Relf cried in a voice of despair, "we can never, never, never pack them in anyhow."

"Herrings in a box would find themselves comparatively roomy and comfortable," Warren murmured, with a glance of black despondency round the four scanty walls of the tiny drawing-room. "How on earth could you think of asking so many?"

"Nonsense, my dears!" Edie answered with a confident smile that presaged victory. "Leave that to me. It is my proper business. I see it all. The commanding officer should never be hampered by futile predictions of defeat and dishonour. Of course they won't come, the greater part of them. They never do rush, I regret to say, to inspect your immortal works, Warren. But still we must arrange, for all that, as if we expected the whole united British people—in case of a rush, don't you know, mother. Let me see. We've only sent out cards, I think, for a poor trifle of three hundred and twenty."

"No," Warren corrected gravely. "Three hundred and twenty cards, you mean, for six hundred and forty wives and husbands."

"Some of them are bachelors, my dear," Edie answered with a sagacious nod; "and some old maids, who never by any chance buy anything. And what's two hundred? A mere trifle! I declare it affords no scope at all for a girl's ingenuity. Like our respected ancestor, Warren Hastings, I stand aghast at my own moderation.—I really wish, mother, now I come to think of it, we'd sent out invitations for a thousand."

"Six hundred's quite enough for me, I'm sure," Warren replied, glancing round the room once more in palpable doubt. "How do you mean to arrange for them, Edie?"

"Oh, easy enough. Nothing, could be simpler. I'll tell you how. First of all, you throw open the folding-doors—or rather, to save the room at the sides, you lift them bodily off their hinges and stick them out of the dining-room window into the back garden."

"They won't go through," Warren objected, answering with his eye.

"Rubbish, my dear! We'll go through, indeed! You men have no imagination and no invention. You manufacture difficulties out of pure obstructiveness. If they won't go through whole, why, just take out the panels and unglue the wood-work, that's all.—Very well, then; that throws the drawing-room and dining room into one good big reception-room, from which of course we remove all the furniture. Next, we range the chairs in a long row round the sides for the old ladies—the old ladies are very important; keep 'em down stairs, or else they'll prevent their husbands from buying—and let the men and the able-bodied girls stand up and group themselves in picturesque clusters here and there about the vacant centre. What could be easier, simpler or more effective? A room treated so furnishes itself automatically with human properties. With taste and care, we could easily squeeze in some seventy or eighty."

"We could," Warren answered, after a mental calculation of square area. "But how about the pictures?"

"Hear him, mother! Oh, but men are helpless! Where should the pictures be but up in the studio, stupid! We wouldn't take all the people up to see them at once, of course. You and I would go around, looking very affable with a professional smile—so, you know—perpetually playing about the corners of our mouths, and carry off the men with the most purchasing faces in constant relays up to admire the immortal master-pieces. Meanwhile, mother and Mr. Hatherley, down below here, would do the polite to the old ladies and undertake the deportment business. Or perhaps Mr Hatherley'd better be stationed on guard up-stairs, to fire off some of his gushing critical remarks from time to time about the aerial perspective and the middle distances. Mr. Hatherley always knows just what to say to weigh down the balance for a hesitating purchaser."

"Edie," Warren cried, flinging himself down with a disgusted face upon the dining-room sofa, "I hate all this horrid advertising and touting, for all the world as if one were the catchpenny proprietor of a patent medicine, instead of an honest, hard working British artist!"

"I know you do, my dear boy," Edie answered imperturbably; "and that's all the more reason why those who have the charge of you should undertake to push you and tout for you against your will, till they positively make you achieve the success you yourself will never have the meanness to try for.—But, thank goodness, I don't mind puffing. I'm intriguer enough myself for the whole family. If it hadn't been for my egging you on, and pestering you and bullying you and keeping you up to it, we should never have got up this private view of your things at all.—And now, having started and arranged the entire show, I mean to work it my own way without interference. If there's anything on earth I love, it's a jolly good muddle."

And jolly as the muddle undoubtedly was, Edie Relf did pull them through in the end with triumphant strategy. Saturday the 3rd was a brilliant success. Bletchingley Road, that mere surburban byway, had never before in its checkered career beheld so many real live carriages together. The six hundred, or at least a very fair proportion of them, boldly they drove and well, down that narrow side street. All the world wondered. The neighbors looked on and admired with vicarious pride. They felt themselves raised in the social scale by their close proximity to so fashionable a gathering. Number 128 itself was a changed character; it hardly knew its own ground-plan. Edie alone had reigned supreme. And as two of the clocks chimed from Kensington church tower on that eventful afternoon, she murmured aside to her mother, with an enraptured gaze at the scarlet and green *Kakemonos* on the wall of the staircase: "My dear, there's not a speak of dust in this house, nor a bone in my body that isn't aching."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Snake-Charming Explained.

The secretary of the Bombay Natural History Society has prepared a paper on the poisonous snakes of India, in which he explains the methods of the professional charmers. The species upon which they practice is the *cobra*, one of the largest venomous reptiles in the world. It is found all over India.

On account of its timidity and the great ease with which it can be tamed, it is the only snake with which the snake-charmers will have anything to do. By attracting its attention with one hand, it may easily be seized round the body with the other; and as long as the hand or any other object is kept moving before its eyes, it will never turn to bite the hand that holds it. This is the simple fact, the knowledge of which the charmers turn to such advantage in their well known performances.

The snake is taken from its basket, and a slight stroke across the back brings it at once into a defensive attitude. The constant motion of the musical instrument before the snake keeps it watchful and erect, and not the music produced. As a matter of fact, snakes have no external ears, and it is extremely doubtful whether the cobra hears the music at all.

The charmers say that the adder of the East has no ear for music, because they cannot operate on it as they do on the cobra. It is rather interesting to note that this has been the belief since the Psalmist wrote, "Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers."

Vital Wicks.

"There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath." Thus writes an eminent American author. The most frequent derangements occur in the blood and in the liver, by which, when in healthy conditions, the blood is purified. Look out for the terrible chain of diseases that owe their inception to torpid liver and consequent impure blood. When the symptoms of liver and kidney troubles, consumption (Lung scrofula), bronchitis, and dropsy, make their appearance, the system is in immediate need of a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery. Its marvelous effects have been tested and proven in the cure of tens of thousands of cases. It purifies and enriches the blood, restores lost vitality and effectually eradicates the seeds of the worst maladies that afflict mankind.

Two miniature railways are to be laid out in Pekin for the pleasure and convenience of the Emperor.

Ills, Wills and Pills.

An odd mixture of words, but the sufferer from constipation, indigestion, impure blood billiousness, and other such ILLS, can be cured if he WILLS, without taking the horrid, old-fashioned PILLS. These are superseded in our day by those wonder-working, yet tiny, little globules, known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No griping, no drastic purging: do not cause costiveness afterwards, as the old style pills do. One little Granule a dose.

The International Type Writer Co. is a new corporation at New York city. It has a capital of $1,000,000.

> In mirthful measures, warm and free,
> I sing, dear, maid and sing for thee!

But I think I would be performing a greater service to you and your sex by singing, not in measured rythm but by setting out some stroag truths in simple prose. If you or any of your fema'e friends are suffering from ulcerations, displacements, bearing-downsensations, or unnatural discharges, use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is sure to eradicate these complaints in a short time. It is the only medicine for women's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, "under a positive guarantee," from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The State University of Missouri has seventy-three professors and assistants and 800 students.

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AGRICULTURAL.

The White Guinea.

The Guinea fowl is a native of Africa, and its somewhat called African Pintade or Gal lende. They have never cut-grown their wild nature enough to be closely confined. When bred for domestic use they are peculiarly a farm table fowl, as they seldom find their way to market.

They are very profitable on farms, as they are industrious foragers and excellent insect destroyers. Will destroy more insects than all other poultry combined, and are not destructive to growing crops.

On the great Landreth seed farm near Philadelphia, Penn., they are the only fowl kept. They are given free access to all the fields. They can be kept without cost, but it would be better to give them an evening meal when young, to entice them to come up to the roost at night.

The White Guinea is not a polygamist, but has but one mate. They are abundant layers of very fine, rich flavored eggs. The young being hardy and easily raised, the eggs are set under common hens. It requires about four weeks to hatch out the young. The flesh of the White Guinea, unlike that of its speckled relations, is very tender and toothsome. As a table fowl they come nearer the wild game birds than any of our domestic fowls. Their scarlet trimmed heads and beautiful snow white plumage attract many admirers.

The White Guinea grows rapidly, and for broilers excel young chickens, and farmers that want to raise something pretty as well as toothsome would do well to raise a flock of these pretty little birds. They will well reward him for the small outlay for breeding stock.

JASON HILLARS.

VARIETY FOR FOWLS.

Variety in feeding, says the "Poultry Yard," is not only highly appreciated by poultry, but in the experience of those who have tried this plan, as well as the most general system of feeding out whole grain only as a regular food, it has been found that the former is much the best toward keeping domestic fowls constantly in good thrift. By variety, we mean both raw and cooked food —meat, vegetables, scraps, green food, corn, oats, rice, barley, wheat, pounded bones, etc. Either for laying fowls, for breeders, or for growing stock, the varied feeding plan is always most beneficial.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

The New York hay crop promises to be 30,000 bales short; that of the Pacific coast will be larger than usual; the crop in England is light.

The Royal Agricultural Society has issued a new list of prizes for preserved fruits, jams and jellies, made exclusively from fruit of the British Islands.

In consequence of the generally bad crops and bad weather in England, the farming population is giving more attention to fruit growing than formerly.

One of the reasons why so many beginners in poultry raising fail to make poultry pay, is because they crowd 100 fowls into the space which half that number require.

Where persons have fancy fruit to ship, it pays to have the name of it printed neatly and laid in the case on top of the fruit. Buyers are pleased with this idea, and it helps to sell it.

When large quantities of roots are to be stored, and there is no root cellar, it is far better to construct pits than to fill the cellar of the dwelling house with them to vitiate the air of the entire house.

The great preponderance of testimony shows that soft food is better for cattle than is dry feed, and that in the dairy it is no trouble, with plenty of ensilage, to keep up a summer flow of milk all the year.

Lawns are best made by following nature's suggestions. If she has made a swale so be it. If she has rolled up a mound let it alone. We have only to remove roughnesses and inequalities.

In Holland thirty-six dollars yearly per acre is often paid as rent for land on which cows are kept. Yet the Holland dairymen are supposed to make large profits. They hold their cows at a high valuation—an average of $150.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seed in are said to burn better than hard coal. An acre of sun-flowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Healthy fowls pick up their food quickly and relish it. When they go at it lazily, pick up a grain or two and then stop, there is something wrong. At this season it is well to examine closely for lice, and if they are found get rid of them.

A vegetable and small fruit grower of Arlington, raised on less than half an acre, $800 worth of strawberries, besides what were used in the family. The fruit was sold at wholesale rates, and the varieties were Sharpless and Belmont.

Foundation walls for barns and stables should go down deep on low soils that are not well drained. Many walls go to ruin by failure to go a little deeper for the foundation. An exceptionally cold winter may cause damage from frost, and it is always well to bank up as much as possible.

New chestnuts are now to be had. If you wish to plant some select large ones, and if the ground is ready to receive them, plant at once where they are to grow. In planting, put two nuts in a place, using a light iron bar to make the holes, which should be about two or three inches deep. Plant in straight rows three feet apart, each way, so as to use the cultivator for a few years while the trees are young. If you are not ready to plant them now, pack in sand in earthen vessels and keep in a cool cellar.

A Very Indirect Compliment.

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder tells that at a big reception in London he got into conversation in a corner with a quiet, steady, middle-aged gentleman; and Mr. Wilder deplored the lack of interest he felt in the crowds of titled people around him. "I would rather talk to a plain person like yourself," he said, "in a quiet fashion, than be the Duke of Teck, who I believe is here." And then they went on exchanging opinions about England and America. Mr. Wilder found later on that his quiet companion was the Duke of Teck himself.

Tiny silver acorns are the newest in bonnet pins.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Judge—"This man is accused of assaulting an officer. What's the evidence?" Officer (aggrieved)—"Look at the man, your honor: this head is cut, his eye is gone and his nose is broken. Isn't that enough to show that he assaulted some one?"

"Why don't you ask somebody in your neighborhood to trust you?" said a storekeeper to a stranger who wanted credit. "I'd rather not," was the reply. "But I don't know you and they do." "Yes," was she rejoinder, "that's the reason I'd rather not."

Young Lady (badly frightened)—Oh, George, there comes papa. George (ditto)—Where? where? Young Lady—Hear him slipping along the hall in his stocking feet? George (greatly relieved)—Be calm, darling, be calm. George is not afraid of stocking feet.

"Oh, yes," said the Western man, "we like to have you fellows come out to grow up with the glorious West. But we draw the line at the men who are driven to settle with us because they are unable or unwilling to settle with their creditors in the East."

An old horseman in the city, who has charge of a large livery stable, states that in all his experience he has never before seen his horses shed their coats so early in the fall or receive in return a new one so heavy, so he predicts the "blizzardest blizzardy kind of a winter."

A New York couple were recently photographed while the marriage ceremony was being performed. The photographer probably thought that it would be much easier to get them to "look pleasant" at that moment than at any other period during their married lives.

Mr. Padup—"Mrs. Hashcroft, this pie positively excites my admiration. Can't you let me have a whole one just like it?" Mrs. Hashcroft—"O, Mr. Padup, you are a sad flatterer, I'm afraid." Mr. Padup—"No, I'm in earnest about it. I want the crust to bottom one of the office chairs with."

Bobby was at a neighbor's and in response to a piece of bread and butter politely said: "Thank you." "That's right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say" Thank you." "Yes, ma told me I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter."

Sturdy farmer—Wan'ter marry my darter eh? Well, whas hev yo got ter support her with? Impecunious youth—I admit, sir, that I am meagerly supplied with this world's goods; but think of my family connections. We have one of the finest genealogical trees in the country. Sturdy farmer—Huh! Won't keep a family in fire-wood mer'n three weeks.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class do the quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question: "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast!" yells the hungry boy at the foot of the class.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience, they advance in knowledge." "I don't think so," replied Smith. "Don't think so? That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject is universal opinion." "It may be, but I have my own opinion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth, I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged and I don't know half as much as my son."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To the Harvard Annex," Circe said;
"And, by the way, Mr. Harvard man,
Just try to beat us girls if you can!
We're going to be lawyers, doctors, and bless
Your heart, sir, we'll soon be running the press."

The senior smiled as he passed her by,
And a semi-triumphant look blazed in his eye.
"You may do all you say, my confident maid,
And still we men will be far ahead;
For the time you girls will lose your nerve
Will be when you try to pitch a curve!"

Bear Discipline.

A traveller who was crossing the Rocky Mountains, overheard a teamster tell the story of a mother bear and her cub, giving what he called a good example to human mothers in family government. This teamster was going up the mountain for pine logs, driving a wagon. On the top of a large rock by the side of the road was a young bear. The mother had started up the mountain as the team approached.

"The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently, the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and, giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow.

"But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time, and taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs.

"This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop, up the side of the mountain.

"He knew, that cub did, that he'd better mind, for that old bear wouldn't stan' any more foolin'."

The Fraser Canon.

While this vast gorge has not towering vertical walls, like the true canons of Colorado and Utah, its steep, bristling mountain sides of rock often bulge into headlands projecting like buttresses, and these, as a rule, must be pierced by a tunnel. Everywhere between them the roadbed is hewn out of rock or lodged along slopes of sliding fragments upon abutments of massive masonry, after a plan that would have staggered railway men a few decades ago; but sometimes the promontories are only a few rods apart, and are separated by deep gullies. Here to each tunnel succeeds a bridge, and to the bridge another tunnel, until, looking back, you can count six or seven such alternations within sight at once. Far above the tremendous torrents on one side and overshadowed by stony walls and snowy peaks on the other, the traveller is at a loss which to admire the more—nature's savage force or man's conquering audacity and skill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pink and blue was a French combination in vogue for evening dress last season. Red and green is another French arrangement, but if the tones are not absolutely and exactly right the effect is awful.

It is said that the coal mines in the Souris region are so extensive and so easily wrought that the very best fuel can be had for a dollar and a half a ton. This ought to boom the country and greatly promote the construction of local railways.

Colonel Hughes-Hallett, the Englishman whose reputation was made so unsavoury by his infamous conduct towards a young female ward of his own, claims that his conduct has been vindicated by the Queen inasmuch as she has not called upon him to resign his commission.

Velvet bears the honour of preference this year, being in far greater vogue than plush. The latter fabric, though it is not considered best style, will, however, be quite extensively worn, for the reason that the very moderate sum asked for the finest grades of plush will this season bring it within the the limits of the average purse.

The condition of the veteran John Bright is so serious that his death may be looked for at almost any moment. He has not been able to leave his bed for two weeks, and is gradually growing weaker. His mind remains clear, however, and he insists on having the full report of the Parnell Commission brought to him every day, and he reads it.

A singular crime was recently reported from the south of France. A nurse-girl of seventeen having been punished by her mistress for carelessness toward the child left in her charge, revenged herself by fastening the child and herself together with a chain, and then jumping into a river. She was seen to make the leap but before help could be got both girls had sunk and were drowned.

What an amount of attention the relation of this colony to the motherland is getting just now. Nearly every debating society attacks it with greater or less accuracy, and more or less evident success. The Young Liberals have had very weighty discussions on the subject, and the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society recently decided that "the colonies are detrimental to the mother land." A good many in this country seem also to have the opinion that the mother land is detrimental to at least this colony.

Surely this is new under the sun, if anything is. A company in London, Eng., undertakes to supply a large sheet of paper folding in envelope form and duly stamped, for a half-penny. And how do they manage it? Why, in this way. The space not reserved for the letter writer is covered with advertisements, and it is by these that the company recoups itself for its apparent sacrifice in supplying at half-price, all the means of transmitting a letter, which in the ordinary course of things would cost a penny, as well as the stationery used.

It seems of no use to keep repeating the old law that honesty is the best policy. People who want to make a short cut to comfort won't listen but go on stealing all the same. Yet what could be more foolish than that trick of the Toronto letter carrier, opening letters and extracting from them a few dollars thereby losing both position, character and means of living? Decidedly the devil gets his work done at the very lowest prices. Why that man blackened his own character and ruined his family for the chance of getting five dollars, which after all he did not get!

The popularity of the convenient fur pelerine is not likely to diminish, judging by the display that is made of them in the shops. The newest models are improved in form, as they are more tightly fitted, setting closely to the lower portion of the arms, and no spreading cape-fashion as formerly. One shape shows a high Medici collar, which can be turned up becomingly when required to protect the neck and ears. In its natural position it falls on the shoulders, much in the fashion of a sailor collar. There is a straight upright collar of ordinary make going round the throat also. Women who are not very sensitive to the cold greatly favour this small fur wrap, as, while it enables them to present a seasonable appearance, it also allows the display of a handsome gown beneath, from the waist down. It should be remembered, however, that cold is as readily contracted through an exposure of the arms to the northern blast as through the chest. A chill up the arms will reach the lungs in as short a space of time as by exposure of an improperly wrapped throat or chest.

The anxiety expressed in some quarters as to whether young Emperor William could be provided with enough peaceful occupation after his return to Berlin was obviously premature, since there was the coronation yet to think of. This ceremony, it is now said, may very likely be fixed for Jan. 18, as that will be the anniversary of the crowning of Emperor William I. at Versailles. This would be a felicitous selection, presumably gratifying to the present monarch, who looks up to the ways of his grandsire, and certainly pleasing to the German people from its reminder of an event in which they take a just pride. That coronation of 1871, typical alike of the union of Germany and of a military prowess which could fix the scene of the ceremony in the heart of a conquered enemy's country, was one of the dramatic pictures of our time which the coming coronation, with all its attendant splendors, can hardly match. It is fortunate for the peace of Europe that William III. is quite content to be crowned peacefully at home, instead of seeking first another Versailles in which to perform the ceremony.

Among the autumn mantles is an original one made to match a costume. It is of pansy-coloured bengaline, with the shoulder capes to the elbows, made of pansy-coloured matelasse silk. The front is shaped like a fitted corsage; the back has three pleat which narrow on each side as they reach the waist, and from there continue to the bottom of the wrap, which falls almost as long as the skirt. Another wrap is plain black velvet has sleeves of the same, covered with a massive network of silk passementerie and cut jet. This wrap has pannelled fronts, the ends of which diminish to a point, where two heavy jet Hungarian spikes are placed. The panels, as well as the wrap entire, is lined with satin striped moire. Another autumn garment is a short model extending only a few inches beyond the waist: its shape is straight, finely shirred about the neck, and bordered with a pleated ruche of fringed silk. It has a "bonne femme a hood—that is, large and round, made of shot velvet, with a surah lining in one of the colours of the changeable velvet.

What will We do in Heaven?

An enterprising New York interviewer lately asked Dr. Talmage about what people would be doing in Heaven, and got in return for his pains and his impudence quite a number of wrinkles about the heavenly activities. And all in that glib, irreverent way which Talmage so much affects and which is so dear to the typical interviewer's heart. Here is a specimen of the way in which the Brooklyn Tabernacle man spread himself:—

"The Bible says that in Heaven there are many mansions, which I take as meaning rooms. There will be the reception room, the music room, the family room, the throne room. I suppose after that the musician has found his own loved ones who have gone before him he will see Beethoven and Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and all the great earthly exponents of that art. The painter will pass a few happy hours with his kin and then go into the presence of Rembrant and Raphael and Rubens and Claude and Titian and all the other great souls of painters whose fame we revere on earth. I suppose great wits—and the best Christians I have ever found or met are the Christian wits—they will come into communion with the Sidney Smiths, the Christopher Norths, the Shakespeares, and so on, with other men and women.

"Shakespeare, you know, in his last will and testatement, dedicated his soul to God through the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was as thorough a Christian as he was great as a dramatist.

WE WILL FIND OUR TRUE VOCATION.

"I could talk to you forever on the subject of heaven, for it is one we all are interested in. My ideas of Heaven are greatly changed. When I first entered the ministry I had imagined a poetic heaven: now it has become to me a home circle. We can do there whatever we please; our nature is enlarged there; we will enjoy more freedom a higher state of existance, and go on improving through eternity. We have an imperfect nature in this world, and here we cannot do as we please. We are bound down; our best moods have no scope, no freedom; we are tied down in a great many instances to uncongenial pursuits to which we have become devoted by accident or the force of circumstances. In heaven all this will be changed. Locomotion will be rapid, and, to use a material idea, we shall be able to fly like the bird—that is, if we want to go anywhere the mere wish will accomplish it. To-day you and I have to walk or ride in the cars to the Bridge, or we pass hours in a train on our way to a city in the West. In heaven we would be at our destination in the twinkle of an eye. Space will be annihilated—time will be as nothing.

All this may be just as well as something else but we tell Talmage that he knows nothing about what he dogmatizes with such glibness and such flippancy. It looks very much as if both the interlocutors spoke as if they had their tongues in their cheeks and were quietly smiling in true Roman Augur fashion. Why will people continually presume to be wise above what is written and fly off into space as if they were little divinities and diamond editions of omniscience? Another of the learned pundits puffed away at cigarettes all the time he was lay my down the law about the upper regions and spoke as glibly of God and planets and outlying regions of space as if he knew all about it and had come but recently from the very presence chamber of the Almighty. It was all very much in the same style as was remarked about another New York doctor when he once preached in Toronto. "There were three persons," said the somewhat critical hearer on that occasion, "Evidently on very intimate terms —God, Moses and Dr. ——." Such disjointed declamatory *blague* is apt to bring both religion and its official expounders into contempt.

Wanted to See the Postmaster.

"Where's the postmaster?" demanded a long, bony woman with a freckled face, who presented herself at one of the delivery windows in the postoffice the other day.

"What is it you wish, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Are you the postmaster?"

"No, ma'am, but—"

"Thought you didn't look old enough. It's the postmaster I want, young man. I don't want no truck with you. Will you go and tell him I'd like to see him?"

"He is busy now, but if you will state your business perhaps I can attend to it. You are keeping other people wait—"

"Young man, I've walked eleven blocks to get here, and I pay as much to support this postoffice as any woman of my means in the city. I'm going to get what I came for or I'll raise the biggest row you ever saw. You're a-listening to me, are you, young man!"

"I am, madam. Will you please tell me what you wish?"

"I want to get a letter I mailed this morning to Mrs. Edward Felix Winterbottom, Newburyport, Essex County, Mass. She's my cousin——"

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to write 'in haste' on the back. I forget to write it when I dropped it in, and the letter's important."

"I can't do such a thing as that for you, ma'am. Besides it isn't necessary."

"Is ain't, hey! Perhaps you know more about writing letters than I do. Perhaps you're 55 years old and have married on a correspondence with friends in the East for thirty-seven years, young man! You long-legged, tallow-haired dude, if you don't go and fetch the postmaster——"

But the post office policeman gently led her from the building.

Cured by an Earthquake.

There is a well-known lady in this county who has enjoyed perfect health since the earthquake of two years ago. For several years up to that time her health had been declining, and she was then quite feeble. The physicians said the trouble was that she never perspired. When the great earthquake occurred she was considerably frightened and in a few moments the perspiration came freely from every pore. She began to improve from that moment and soon entirely regained her health.—[Washington (Ga.) Gazette.

Very stout old old lady (watching the lions fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for such a animal." Attendant (with the greatness and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

GOOD WORDS FROM GOOD BOOKS.

A young man who, with any degree of earnestness, declares that he never intends to marry, confesses to a brutal nature or perverted morals.

The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your associations with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain.

The body is the temple or the tabernacle of a soul that shall live forever. . . . What do you think of stuffing the front door of such a building full of the most disgusting weeds that you can find, filling the chimney with snuff?—J. G. Holland

No Christian can maintain a close walk with God, none can keep alive the hallowed fire of the soul without daily kindling it afresh at the altar. None can grow in knowledge and holiness without stated and regular seasons of prayer.—Abbott.

Any coward or fortunate fool may brag or vaunt, but he only is capable of disdain whose conviction that he is stronger than his enemy rests on grounds of reason.—Pericles, B. C. 450.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing.—Carlyle.

The Songs of Labor.

There is scarcely an occupation, certainly none that demands unity of purpose and regularity of attack, which has not had its own peculiar kind of song or accompanying chant. The anvil, the loom, the dairy, the field, the wharf, the plantation, ay, and even the collier's dreary world, are each in themselves an incentive to some kind of music, and their laborers in all parts make for themselves, if not a pleasing recreation, at any rate a soothing monotony by crooning, or humming, or chanting, some rhythmical measure. Athenæus has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was one for the corn-grinders, another for wool-workers, another for weavers; the reapers had their carol, the herdsmen a song composed by a Sicilian ox-driver; the kneaders, the bathers, and the galley-rowers were not without their chant. It is still the custom of Egypt and in Greece to carry on an immense labor by an accompaniment of music and singing; hence the story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre. In Africa to this day the laborers on the plantations at Yaoorie work to the sound of a drum.

Almost all these old Grecian trade songs have their counterpart at the present time in some land, if not universally. The corn-grinder's song is imitated on the Russian wharves, where the women sing in chorus as they crush the grain for exportation; the weavers in Ayshire, where are still to be found the almost obsolete hand-looms, croon some weird Highland tune as they sit at their work; the reapers in Russia have their wheat chorus and rye chorus, and the haymakers in many countries have special songs of their own.—[Nineteenth Century.

Prices a Century Ago.

Prices in England in 1788 were, upon an average: Meat, 5d. per lb: bacad, 4d. or 5d a quartern loaf; eggs, in spring, 16 or 18 for 4b., fowls, in summer and autumn, 1s. 6d. a pair; loaf sugar, 7d. per lb.; wages, seven or eight guineas, and £1 for tea or beer. Washing always done at home, and everything ironed, as mangles then cost £25, whereas they can now be bought for as many shillings.

The editor's drawer culls an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy who wrote, "Abraham Lincoln was borne in Kentucky in 1492 at the age of seven years."

A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State prison by which, hereafter, convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prisen stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes, but if after that period they became unruly again, they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

An old lady friend of ours told us recently that of all the medicines she had ever tried she found none to equal Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, and said she, "I always have to go back to Dr. Carson's Bitters, no matter what other medicine I am induced to try." Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. Large bottles 50 cents.

The sapient warriors who edit the pages of the *New York Herald* have printed several pages of matter showing how easily Bermuda and Halifax could be captured in case of war. In the case of Halifax it seems there would be two armies of attack. One of them would go by rail, and the other would be thrown across the Bay of Fundy. Dynamite and nitro-gelatine would complete the work of destruction.

A strange, repulsive story, comes from Paris, to the effect that a boy of fourteen fell in love with a statue of Venus, and when his father had it broken in order to foil the precocious passion, the infatuated Parisian Pygmalion went and hanged himself. Unless the whole thing is a hoax it goes far to prove that "calf-love" may be too serious a thing to laugh at. One comforting thought, at anyrate, is that the example of this particular "calf" is not likely to be followed.

Over the door of a very ancient house in the famous old Scotch city of Dumfermline, may still be read this significant motto,

"Since word is thrall but thoct is free
Keep weel thy tongue, I counsel thee."

which, of course, being interpreted for the benefit of those who know no Scotch, means, "Think what you please, but be careful of what you let slip from your tongue." This motto carries one's thoughts a long way back to times when it was anything but safe to utter all that was in the mind. It is a good enough motto even for these days. Lord Sackville might have applied it to the case of letter writing with considerable advantage to himself. It would have saved him from being recalled in semi-disgrace. His punishment for lack of judgment has been severe If the mean hounds who tricked him, and prostituted their own honour, and what pretensions they may have had to the character of gentlemen, could be as summarily dealt with, a good many of us would think that more substantial justice had been done.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, NOVEMBER 22, 1888.

—THE St. John *Sun* nominates Hon. M. Bowell for the office at Washington about to be vacated by Lord Sackville West.

—HON. Arthur S. Hardy, provincial secretary, is to take over the crown lands department, and Col. Gibson, Hamilton, will succeed Mr. Hardy. Mr. Pardee's recovery is not looked for, though his colleagues insist on his remaining in the cabinet to the last.

—WESTERN papers agitate for a more frequent application of the cat in cases of assault. The agitation is growing in favor. Lashing is the only sure corrective for some people's criminality. They don't mind imprisonment, but they do mind the cat. Fifty cuts across the back will leave marks and memories most enduring.

—"WHEN Greek meets Greek," &c. The following despatch appears in the daily papers:—"Mr. Mowat and Mr. Dalton McCarthy are a good legal team to conduct Manitoba's railway case before the supreme court, but they will have to work hard to beat Mr. E. Blake and Mr. Christopher Robinson, who are to appear for the Canadian Pacific railway company."

—THE statistics of labor for the state of New York, 1887, show that 1,604 strikes took place during the year, of which 696 were unsuccessful, 190 compromised, and 24 undecided. The total number of strikers was 50,726, and 8,176 were refused work after the conclusion of the strike. The loss in wages was $2,013,229, and the loss to the employers $1,102,577. Another illustration of the care which should be exercised in the adjustment of all labor difficulties. Strikes should not be allowed until every diplomatic expedient has been exhausted, and those who get themselves into trouble unnecessarily should be forced to get themselves out of it. The executives of most of the labor organizations are becoming exacting in their discipline.

—THE helplessness of the London police, their utter failure in tracing the Whitechapel murderer, is remarkable. It may be that things will be different now that Sir Charles Warren has been driven from office. He got it into his head that he was master of the situation, that he knew everything that it was well of one like to him to know, and when the opportunity came he knew nothing and could do nothing. It is indeed suspected that his subordinates conspired to exhibit his gross ignorance of duty conspicuously. Scotland Yard is supposed to have on its staff some of the shrewdest detectives in the world, and it is impossible to conceive that they would be so long about detecting the murder fiend if allowed to use their ingenuity in their own time and in their own way.

Holloway's Pills.—Important for the delicate.—It is difficult to determine which is the more trying to the human constitution, the damp, cold days of autumn and winter or the keen, dry, easterly winds of spring. Throughout the seasons good health may be maintained by occasional doses of Holloway's Pills, which purify the blood and act as wholesome stimulants to the skin, stomach, liver, bowels, and kidneys. This celebrated medicine needs but a fair trial to convince the ailing and despondING that it will restore and cheer them without danger, pain, or inconvenience. No family should be without a supply of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, as by a timely recourse to them the first erring function may be reclaimed, suffering may be spared, and life saved.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Unique Weather Indicator.

Capt. Rothwell has discovered a novel method of determining the character of a winter before it arrives. The indicator which he uses is the backbone of a goose. If the surface of that part of the bone nearest the head of the goose is unusually white and the rest of the bone dark a great deal of snow and severe weather may be expected at the beginning of it. But if the end of the bone is white instead of the front then the forepart of the winter is expected to be mild and the latter part severe. The captain says that his indicator has proved true for several years, and that the bone is up to the present telling the truth with regard to the present season. He has a number of goose bones on which are marked the years they were used.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

FARM FOR SALE.

LOTS 6 and 7, in the 11th concession, Monteagle, will be offered for sale by public auction at Maynooth on January 10th, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon.

34-tf MRS. JANE GREEN.

PURLOINED,

FROM the bar of Moon's Hotel, Madoc, an ivory-headed bamboo cane. Any person giving such information as will lead to its recovery will be handsomely rewarded.

E. VANKLEEK.

Madoc, Nov. 22nd, 1888. 34-tf.

FOR SALE.

LOT 7, on the south side of Cooper street, in the Village of Madoc. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to

D. E. K. STEWART,
Barrister, Madoc, or to
FRANCIS S. WALLBRIDGE.

34-tf Barrister, Belleville.

STRAYED

FROM the premises of the undersigned, Madoc Village, on or about the 1st of November, a small red cow with a white spot on her face. Any information of her whereabouts will be thankfully received by

T. L. OSBORNE,

34-1w Madoc P. O.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of Cold Spring cheese factory will be held in the factory on Monday, December 3rd, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of general business.

A. M. KETCHESON,

34-2w. President.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Hill cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 1st, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., sharp, for the transaction of general business.

DONALD McKENZIE,
President.

Madoc, Nov. 12th, 1888 34-2w

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Alexandria cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 1st, at the hour of 1 o'clock, sharp, for the purpose of paying dividends, electing officers, selling milk route, and transacting general business.

JOHN CASKEY,
34-2w President.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Brook Valley cheese factory will be held in the factory on Friday, November 30th, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the transaction of general business and receiving tenders for next season's milk route.

RICHARD FARRELL,
34-2w President.

BABYLAND, 1889

This is the one magazine in the world that combines the best amusement for Babies and the best help for Mothers.

Emilie Poulson will contribute the stories of some of **Baby's Benefactors,** being the tale of the flax and how it furnished linen for Baby; of the lamb, the toy-maker, etc. Many pictures by Mr. L. J. Bridgman.

Baby Bunting's Neighbors, verses and pictures both, by Margaret Johnson, will tell about the strange Babies of different nations.

Dainty stories, tender poems, gay jingles, pictures beautiful, pictures funny, will fill each number. Large type, heavy paper, pretty cover, twelve times a year—and all for only 50 cents. Sample copy 5 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston, Mass

Our Little Men and Women, 1889.

This is the magazine for little folks beginning to read for themselves.

Mrs. M. F. Butts has written a new story in twelve parts entitled **Patchy and Hippity-Hop.** It will have a dozen delightful full-page pictures.

Boy Bob's Menagerie will picture many animals, and give Bob's peculiar account of them.

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates will contribute a dozen poems about **Dame Nature's Elves,** the *real* elves. Many pictures by Mr. L. J. Bridgman.

There will be stories of home and foreign life, games, sports, some Western Coral wonders, little "pieces to speak," and seventy-five full-page pictures, besides no end of smaller ones. Twelve times a year, and all for only $1.00. Sample copy 5 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers
BOSTON, MASS.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$1 10 to $1 15
Spring Wheat	1 05 to 1 10
Barley	60 to 65
Rye	65 to 65
Oats	40 to 45
Peas	70 to 75
Buckwheat	50 to 60
Corn	70 to 75
Flour per 100 lbs	2 75 to 3 00
Butter per pound	18 to 20
Eggs per dozen	15 to 16
Lard per pound	10 to 12
Potatoes per bag	45 to 50
Hay per ton	12 00 to 15 00

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Allen Settlement cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, November 24th, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., for the election of officers, paying of dividends, transaction of general business, and selling milk routes.

WM. J. ALLEN, President.

Madoc, Nov. 13th, 1888.

WAR, WAR, WAR!

To Help Everybody, Both Seller and Buyers.

Maynooth, 6th November, 1888.

I HAVE this day bought all the stock of goods from my son, Samuel Haryett, of Maynooth, and intend commencing from this date a new system of doing business, under the management of Samuel Haryett, to sell

STRICTLY FOR CASH

and Farm Produce, and

No Credit Under Any Pretence

will be given. This will be a

Cast Iron Rule

and will not be broken. I intend to fill the new store with a large assortment of goods of all kinds, which, with the old, will be sold cheap under the new style. All my numerous friends will greatly oblige me by not asking for any more goods on credit.

WILLIAM HARYETT.

NOTICE.

There is reason in all things. All parties owing myself or son accounts are respectfully requested one and all to pay what they can on them between now and the 1st of March, 1889. We do not expect all accounts in full this winter as I will require some of the cash for my cheap goods now credit is stopped.

WILLIAM HARYETT.
Rockingham, Ontario.

AN AWFUL SCARE

has been caused among certain competing houses by the present low prices we quote on strictly first class new goods. We are sorry to break up time-honored customs or keep anybody awake nights, but our stock must be sold regard less of what others have asked or are asking for similar goods. We are "loaded for bear." We are bound to have patronage and lots of it. The way to do this is to let the prices talk. Now you know what to expect, so come and buy your boots, shoes and rubbers at the

NEW BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM,

Next door North of Dr. Loomis' private residence, Madoc.

JOHNSTON CAREY.

HAVING ADDED LARGELY

To the stock bought from J. Robertson, I am prepared to sell as

Close for Cash

as can be done by the trade.

COME AND SEE US.

Eggs, Butter and other produce taken at cash value.

E HILL.

THE GLOBE Christmas NUMBER

READY FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

A GREAT HOLIDAY PAPER

New Type, New Press, Fine Paper, Five Handsome Lithographed Plates, First-Class Illustrations, Original Matter and Superior Workmanship.

THE BEST XMAS PAPER EVER ISSUED IN CANADA.

THE LITERARY MATTER in the CHRISTMAS GLOBE will be entirely original and will include stories from the ablest pens in Canada. The subjects treated being wholly Canadian.

FIVE HANDSOME LITHOGRAPHED PLATES accompany the paper, the principal one being a scene from Vancouver Park, B.C., from a painting by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the celebrated Canadian artist.

MECHANICALLY the XMAS GLOBE will be in every way first-class and no expense will be spared in having it surpass anything of the kind heretofore published in this country.

AS THE DEMAND will be very great, we would advise intending purchasers to leave their orders at their newsdealer's or send direct to this office, not later than the end of the present month, as the supply will necessarily be limited and we cannot undertake to print a second edition.

The price has been placed at ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY.

It is intended to have the edition ready the first week in December in order to allow plenty of time for mailing copies long distances so as to reach destination before Christmas.

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO., Toronto.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, the best family newspaper in Canada and THE RURAL CANADIAN, the best agricultural paper in Canada Both from now to end of 1889 only $1.25.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

NEW CLOCKS,

WATCHES,

And SCARF PINS

15k. Keeper Rings.

18k. Plain Rings.

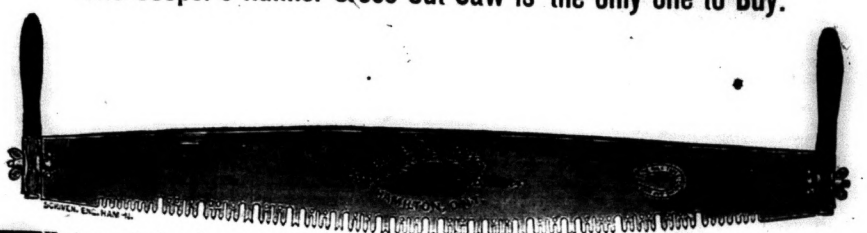
SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

THE ONLY ONE!

The Cooper's Runner Cross Cut Saw is the only one to Buy.



Having received such encouraging reports from its working powers, from last year, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public again, this year.

It differs from other Saws in being THREE GUAGES THINNER on the back than in the teeth, thus allowing it to saw easier, cut faster, and requires far less setting.

EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.

Cheapest stoves in town. Palace Aladdian and Royal Art Square Base Burners, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves. Call and See for Yourselves.

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

....SAVE....

your money by coming direct to the

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT

and we will help you save it.

NEW GOODS,
NEW DESIGNS,
NEW PRICES.

We are Headquarters for all qualities in wire and filled Mattresses, at old prices

CUT IN TWO.

TRY US! PROVE US!

We always have in stock every requisite to furnish funerals in a manner second to none. We make a specialty of preserving as near as possible the life like appearance of bodies entrusted to our care, for which we make no charge. Have no connection whatever with

THE UNDERTAKER'S COMBINE.

J. G. FROST,

Latest Local News.

—The boys enjoyed their first skate on the ice on the pond this week.

—The majority of prophecies this season are in favor of an open winter.

—Our merchants are getting their Christmas stocks to the front.

—There is just enough snow on the ground to give the country a decidedly wintry appearance.

—The REVIEW will be sent to new subscribers from this date to December 31st, 1889, for one dollar.

—There is a good opening for an ice rink in Madoc this winter, and the pond will be found a good place for it. Who will start it?

—We do not know whether any of our readers have observed it, but it has occurred to us that the fall this year has been mostly rainfall.

ex. Seamless Boots, youths' and boys', at Roberts'.

—Miss Addie Wellington and Miss Matie Demill, of Brighton, are visiting cousins, Mrs. E. A. Maybee and Mrs. E. L. Weiss, in this village.

—Mrs. Arthur Coe invites you to her "At Home" on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 27th. Proceeds on behalf of the Parsonage debt fund of the English Church.

ex. Youths', boys' and men's underclothing at Roberts'.

—The leading Philadelphia soap man says: "I have confined my advertising entirely to newspapers. The man who does not read a newspaper does not use soap."

—It is said that if some one startles you when you have hiccough it will cure you. The next time you have it get some one who owes you for borrowed money to whisper in your ear that he is about to pay you. This will be a fair test.

ex. A fine line of ladies' neckerchiefs at Roberts'.

—A number of the leading Oddfellows of Madoc visited Stirling last night, to witness the rendering of the secret and dramatic work by a team from the Belleville lodges. They were much pleased with the way the work was done.

—Occasionally there is trouble at auction sales about signing of notes. Following is the law in the matter:—If a man makes a purchase at a sale, and refuses to give his note or money therefor, the articles may be resold and the first purchaser sued for the difference, if any.

ex. Just arrived a splendid stock of groceries, crockery, boots and shoes, at D. W. Wright's.

—Messrs. M. W. Connor & Co. this week received a handsome present from the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., being a large frame containing a sample of every kind and size of cartridge made by this firm, and also showing the process of manufacture, arranged in a neat design on the card. There are about 140 different samples. The frame is a very handsome one, and can be seen in their show window.

ex. Cardigan overshoes at Roberts'. The only place in Madoc where they can be bought.

—This is the season of the year when the thrifty farmer gathers in the shekels and rejoices within himself as he counts the filthy lucre. Then he goes to the bank, and as the amounts which he has received for the products of his farm are placed to his credit by the obliging manager a smile again o'erspreads his countenance, which illuminates it into an electric-light. Many are there who pass this office on their way to the bank, but few there are who drop in and pay their little bill.

ex. Call and see those fancy cups and saucers, individual breakfast sets and tea sets both China and stone, at prices that surprise everybody at D. W. Wright's

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Black Cashmere Gloves, and Ladies' Jersey Jackets, is at Cross & Mouncey's, as they keep all the latest and newest lines, and sell at the lowest price. Call and see. Judge for yourselves.

Township Council.

The next and last meeting of the Council of the Township of Madoc for 1888, will be held at the Township Hall, Eldorado, on the first Monday in December next.

Church of St. John the Baptist.

The second of the series of "At Homes" will be given at the residence of Mrs. Arthur Coe on Tuesday evening next, November 27th. The ladies hope to have the pleasure of entertaining all their many friends and supporters and they wish to extend their hearty invitation to all the inhabitants of Madoc and vicinity.

ex. We have the finest assotment of boots and shoes on hand at present to choose from we ever have had, at prices that defy competition at D. W. Wright's.

Falling Off of Barley Receipts.

The receipts of barley at Oswego for October and November show a great falling off. This is due to the fact that the farmers in the Bay of Quinte district are holding their grain back in the hope of getting higher prices. As a consequence the lake marine suffers quite a loss, many vessels having already gone into winter quarters. The bulk of the grain will go through by rail the coming winter.

ex. Trunks and valises away down fine at T. Roberts.

Shooting Accident.

On Thanksgiving Day David Quinlan, of the Allen Settlement, met with a serious gunning accident. While out hunting he succeeded in wounding a fine deer, which, however, was able to bound away. Mr. Quinlan gave chase, and while running through a thick swamp he stumbled and fell, the gun being discharged and the contents, buckshot, lodging in his right side from the knee to the shoulder. We are informed that it was found necessary to take him to the Kingston hospital for treatment.

A Strange Phenomenon.

Bannockburn people are at present greatly interested in a remarkable case of horse affliction. Mr. James Harris, of that place, has a horse which has a live snake in its eye. The snake appears to be about 7 inches long and ¼ inch thick, and is continually on the move, in fact quite lively. It appears to live under a kind of scum in the eye. The people of that place are greatly interested in the case, having never heard of anything like it before, and in fact we never have either. The facts as above set forth are, however, vouched for by a correspondent, who says the strange abode of the little reptile has been quite an attraction for sight-seers.

ex. Boys rubber coats at Roberts'.

The Lady Missionaries to India.

From the Kingston papers we learn that the designation meeting held in Chalmers' church on the 9th for the benefit of Misses Sinclair and Scott, lady missionaries to India, was a great success. The was a large audience, and the addresses were sympathetic, Rev. Mr. Wishart, of Madoc, being among the speakers Rev. Mr. Craig said Miss Sinclair came to Deseronto three years ago as a teacher of a public school, and gave entire satisfaction. In the course of time her health failed and she was compelled to retire from her work. She returned a second time, and was again a success as a teacher. In the work of the church she was found ready to do anything. She was a member in full communion, an earnest Sabbath school worker and a zealous member of the church choir. She was also secretary of the foreign missionary society. Rev Mr. Wishart, of Madoc, spoke in complimentary terms of Miss Sinclair, stating that it had been interesting to him to see her grow up as she had done. She was always earnest, and it was gratifying to know that before she had fully completed her course in the Kingston medical college she had been chosen as a missionary to India. Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph, reminded the missionaries that they would not be forgotten while away. They would have to visit the heathen in their homes, teach them in the schools, and tell them of salvation through Jesus Christ. They would have to tell these people the old old story of Jesus and his love, which will be to them new and strange. Their interests in foreign missions had been felt by the whole church. In the names of the women's foreign missionary society and its auxiliaries, in the name of the church and its loving head, he presented each of the ladies with a copy of the bible. In the scriptures they would find that their mission was to teach the word of God to the people. In that they would also find the assurance of God that he was with them always. Miss Sinclair was presented with a copy of Smith's Bible Dictionary, in four handsome volumes, from the ladies' missionary association at Deseronto, of which she was formerly secretary. He brother David presented her with a gold watch.

ex. Rubbers, crack proof, the celebrated Goodyear make, at Roberts'.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BANNOCKBURN.

[Correspondence to the REVIEW.]

A very successful entertainment was held in the school house at Bannockburn on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the Sabbath School. Mr. Fairman, public school teacher, through whose indefatigible exertions the concert was gotten up, spared no pains to present an entertaining as well as profitable programme. The dialogues and recitations by the children of the school were amusing and carried with them morals calculated to be lasting and beneficial, and were well rendered, which showed careful and painstaking training by Mr. Fairman, who is an earnest worker in the Sabbath School. Among those deserving particular mention are instrumental violin solos by Miss Gunter and Mr. Adshead, and recitations by Mr. Blandin—the latter bringing down the house. Others, also, who took part in the programme, deserve mention, but space will not permit. The Rev. Mr. Leitch, in his usual happy manner, occupied the chair. The programme was interspersed with a social,—the gentlemen sharing their boxes of delicacies with the lady whose name was found inside the box. This created considerable amusement. The proceeds amounted to $21.25.

Queen vs. Garner.

In the High Court of Justice, Common Pleas Division, on Tuesday, November 20th, a motion was made in this matter, at Toronto, to quash the conviction of the defendant for sending skim milk to the Ivanhoe cheese factory, Huntingdon, during the summer of 1887. Motion made absolute quashing the said conviction, the question of costs reserved. A. A. McDonald for the defendant, Garner. Geo. Dickson, Q. C., for the factory.

Married.

WRIGHT—COMERFORD.—By the Rev. R. H. Leitch, on November 7th, at the residence of the bride's father, John Comerford, Eldorado, Goldsmith McGlaughlin Wright to Grace Comerford.

THOMAS—EMBURY.—At the Parsonage, Eldorado, by the Rev. R. H. Leitch, on November 14th, Robert H. Thomas, of Madoc, to Amy Ann Embury, of St. Ola.

ex. Hand-made long boots at Roberts'.

ex. J. R. Irish, Dentist, visits Madoc twice a month, 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday. For December the dates will be 4th and 18th.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

ON Church Street, in the Village of Madoc, a good frame house, situated about 50 yards from the Model School, and about 100 yards from the new High School. The lot is a corner lot, 95 feet frontage. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1888. 31

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north-east ¼ of lot 12, 9th concession, Township of Madoc, containing 50 acres, all cleared, 45 acres under the plow, well watered and well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

FRED. McKINNON.

Madoc, October, 1888. 30-2m

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

ANOTHER ONE!

JUST RECEIVED

our 3rd shipment this fall of those famous

PERSIAN LAMB CAPS

which we are selling so cheap.

The Price and Quality Sell Them.

Look at them Before Buying.

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

JUST OPENED!

THE BEST STOCK OF

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.

Quality and Style equal to the best ordered goods.

COME AND SEE.

Also a large stock of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

will be opened up this week.

T. ROBERTS.

Weiss Block.

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CARRIAGE WORKS

A FINE THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT FOR SALE.

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., Always on hand.

Don't forget the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS MADOC

OVERCOATS AND SUITS

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

20	Overcoats	at	$5.00	each.	12	Men's Suits at	$6.00 each.
20	"	"	7.50	"	10	" "	8.25 "
15	"	"	8.75	"	20	Nice Dark Check Suits at	9.50 "
20	"	"	10.00	"	15	" "	10.50 "
10	"	"	10.50	"	50	pair Pants, assorted, from	1.90 up.

Big reduction in Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth, Flannels, Tweeds, Table Linens, Towels and Towelling.

See Our 40 Inch Grey Cotton at 8 Cents a Yard.

T. McNAMARA.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The London Times advises compromise in the Manitoba railway dispute.

The Mormons in the North West have decided not to practise polygamy.

The Galt regatta was again adjourned last night and nothing further has occurred to throw light on the poisoning mystery.

Mrs. Nicholls, of Peterborough, has given $12,000 to St. Andrew's church, and $3,000 to the building fund of St. Paul's, of that town.

Hamilton is likely to suffer from a scarcity of wood this winter owing to the difficulty of obtaining freight cars over the Grand Trunk railway.

The Ontario Government offer a reward of $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the persons who sent the poisoned candies to the Lowell and Cherry families in Galt.

The Dominion Government have declined for the present to grant the petition of St. Thomas, asking for a free postal delivery.

A fire occurred at Dundas on Sunday morning which destroyed $5,000 worth of property, and at one time threatened to destroy the whole town.

Judge Church, in opening the winter session of the Court of Queen's Bench, in Montreal, denounced in no measured terms private detective agencies.

Miss Macdonald, sister of the Premier, is seriously ill in Kingston with heart disease. Her recovery is doubtful. Sir John and Lady Macdonald are with her.

John Kehoe, for the murder of Thomas Donnelly at Griffintown last August, was yesterday found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on December 14th.

The resignation is announced of Mr. E. H. King, formerly general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and for the last fifteen years a director on the London Board.

The Kingston City Council has decided upon giving a bonus of $75,000 to the Napanee and Tamworth railway. A by law will shortly be submitted to the ratepayers.

The opening of the Canadian College in Rome took place on Sunday in the presence of Archbishop Fabre, four Canadian bishops, and a large number of Canadian clergy.

'Rev. Abbe Rousselot, the cure of St. James parish, Montreal, on Sunday delivered a fierce invective against theatres, which, he contended, were vehicles for immorality.

William Preeper, the condemned murderer in the Halifax goal, has become the object of female sympathy. He is supplied abundantly with cooked food, fruit, and tracts.

Dr. McCully, specialist, Toronto, was arraigned in the Police Court Friday on a charge of feloniously shooting Mr. H. H. Oldright, a medical student, the previous night.

The new bank of the Cornwall canal has gradually settled, and it is now feared that water cannot be let in, and that no boats will be able to get through this season.

An article in the Ottawa *Canada*, a French Conservative paper, demands that the French population of Ontario should be represented by a Minister in Mr. Mowat's Cabinet.

Bylaws granting $75,000 to the Napanee and Tamworth railway and $225,000 to the Kingston, Smith's Falls, and Ottawa railway will be submitted in Kingston on the 29th inst.

Canon Mockridge, of Christ Church, Hamilton, feeling that he cannot conscientiously continue to minister to his congregation unless the free pew system is adopted, has sent in his resignation.

Dr. G. M. Dawson, who has returned to Ottawa from making a geological survey of the Kamloops district, B. C., is of opinion that the mining prospects in that country are very good.

The Kingston Locomotive Works, which have a contract to build twenty engines for the Canadian Pacific railway, turned out the first of the lot on Wednesday, and another will be ready next week.

Some startling disclosures where made on Monday at the investigation before Judge McDougall into the charges of malfeasance of office against officials of the Board of Works Department, Toronto.

Three conductors on the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk, running between Toronto and Hamilton, have been indefinitely suspended, the result, it is supposed, of the report of "spotters."

There is considerable disappointment felt in English-speaking circles of Montreal at the appointment of a French-Canadian Chief of the Fire Brigade over the head of a qualified English applicant by the votes of two English aldermen.

AMERICAN.

It was snowing hard on Monday in Pembina, Dak.

Jacksonville's yellow fever record up to yesterday is:—Total cases, 4,277; total deaths, 364.

Seventeen miners were killed in a Pennsylvania coal mine on Saturday evening by an explosion.

The President has designated Thursday November 29, as Thanksgiving day in the United States.

John Guy Vassar's will bequeathes about $600,000 to various educational, charitable and religious institutions.

It is reported that the Canadian Pacific railway is arranging to make Portland, Me., its seaboard outlet for freight.

Several new cases of smallpox are reported in Buffalo and there will likely be a good many more within a few days.

American circles in London are anxious that Lord Dufferin should be sent to Washington to replace Lord Sackville.

A suit has been commenced in San Francisco which involves the right of a sugar refining company to join the sugar "trust."

Hunters in Colorado have discovered a waterfall which is thought to surpass Niagara in beauty, while not equalling it in volume.

The Anarchists of St. Louis, Mo., are determined to make the anniversary of the Chicago executions the occasion of a big demonstration.

William Cooke, a Providence, R. I., broker seventy years of age and worth $100,000, committed suicide by hanging through suffering from insomnia.

It appears that Mr. Mackenzie Bowell was favored with a Murchison letter asking him for advice on the Presidential election, but he did not reply.

The manager of a New York dime museum has written a letter to Lord Sackville offering him $5,000 a week for holding the lovees of two hours' duration daily in his museum.

Mr. Charles Anderson, J.P., Clerk of the Fourth Division Court, at Delaware, died on Sunday from taking corrosive sublimate in mistake for the medicine he was ordered

An express train was entered on Friday morning fifty miles from New Orleans by robbers, who overpowered the express messenger, stole about $40,000, and made their escape.

The letter said to have been supplied by Mrs. Poitras, sister of the late Louis Riel, to the Republicans of the United States for campaign purposes, is declared to be a forgery.

Mr. Robert Balfour, son of Mr. Peter Balfour, of Hamilton, was killed in Los Angeles, California, by drinking carbolic acid, which a druggist gave him in mistake for wine of pepsin.

Word has been received from Prof. Peters, announcing the safe arrival of the University of Pennsylvania Babylonian Exploring Expedition at Sindh after the long detention by shipwreck in the Mediterranean.

The President yesterday ordered that a relief expedition be sent with all possible speed to Herald island, in the Artic ocean, where it is supposed twelve United States whalers, with a crew of about 500 men, have been wrecked.

An address signed by a number of New York Irishmen, denouncing President Cleveland for having approved of an extradition treaty the object of which was, they say, to crush the men who are active in the cause of Irish liberty, was published on Saturday morning.

FOREIGN.

Germany will resume the building of ironclads.

Forty men have been massacred by pirates at a French post in Tonquin.

The new Austrian army bills maintain the war strength of the army at 800,000.

The harbor of St. Petersburg is covered with thick ice, and navigation is closed.

Mr. Parnell's libel suit against The Times has been opened in the Edinburgh Court.

The Roman Catholics at Australia and India have presented the Pope with $1,000,000.

A slight earthquake shock was experienced in Memphis, Tenn., at an early hour last Saturday morning.

The first section of the Trans-African railway, from St. Paul de Loanda to Ambaca, has been inaugurated.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt will be examined before the Parnell Commission.

Grand Duke Paul of Russia, while in Athens, will probably be betrothed to Princess Alexandra of Greece.

The plenipotentiaries of all the powers interested signed the Suez Canal Convention in Constantinople yesterday.

It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of Field Marshal Blucher at the point where he crossed the Rhine in 1814.

The St. Petersburg police have given notice that Jews will not be allowed to reside in the Russian capital without a permit.

The Pope has appointed a committee of cardinals to re-examine the question of the restoration of diplomatic relations with England.

Dr. Mackenzie has been asked to deliver an address on December 4th on Song and Speech before the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh.

At a Tory caucus held at Wolverhampton on Friday evening Mr. Howard Vincent's motion in favour of fair trade was defeated three to one.

In spite of adverse criticism, the sale of Dr. Mackenzie's "Frederick the Noble" during the past fortnight reached nearly 100,000 copies.

Foreign Jewish farmers have been ordered to quit Poland within a month, and the foreign Jews in Southern Russia expect to be also expelled.

The St. Petersburg police authorities have given notice that Jews will not be allowed to change their names or to reside in the capital without a permit.

Mr. Balfour, in a speech at Wolverhampton, yesterday, adopted a very jubilant tone on account of the Conservative successes at the municipal elections.

The Czar's train was derailed on its way to Sebastopol and twenty-one persons on board were killed, but the Imperial party escaped with slight injuries.

Last year the profits at Monte Carlo fell off to the extent of $150,000. There was also a decrease in the number of suicides from twenty-five to nineteen.

M. Goblet, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has received a note from the Vatican, in which the papal claims to temporal power are again asserted.

The death is announced of Spencer Bulkeley Wyan, Baron Newborough, in the peerage of Ireland, at the age of 85. He is succeeded by his grandson, aged fifteen.

A seventeen-year-old nurse girl in the south of France, to avenge a whipping she received, leaped into the river with the child of her mistress, and both were drowned.

Lord Tennyson has been for the last month seriously ill with rheumatic gout. He is now convalescent, but it is doubtful if he will ever be an entirely well man again.

Mr. Gladstone arrived yesterday in Birmingham, which was *en fete* in honour of the distinguished visitor. He will remain most of the week, and will deliver several peeches.

The manager and artist of the Paris paper "La Charge" have been each sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 500f. for publishing cartoons ridiculing the army and glorifying Gen. Boulanger.

There is a report afloat in London that Prince Alexander of Battenberg will be privately married to Princess Victoria of Prussia next month, shortly after the arrival there of her mother, the Empress Frederick.

When Emperor Francis Joseph gave his sanction to the betrothal of the Archduke Leopold Salvator to the Princess Blanca of Bourbon, he expressly declared that it was purely a love match and had no political significance whatever.

"The North-German Gazette," commenting on the French budget, says:—The Republic has grown poorer, but all of her advisers have become rich. This explains why it is impossible to restore the ruined state of the finances of France.

The fact that Mr. Parnell's disclaimer of having sent £100 to Frank Byrne to enable him to escape after the Phœnix park murders has not been inclouded in the Irish leader's case against the "Times" in the Scotch case has elicited a great deal of comment.

A Lady's Pedestrian Feat.

Mrs. Adams Acton, an English lady who has one residence in St. John's Wood, London, and another at Ormidale, Arran, is the heroine of the latest remarkable pedestrian feat—a walk of 500 miles in England and Scotland, beginning at London and ending at Glasgow, and performed, not alone, but in the company of her whole family of six children, the eldest of whom is 12 years and the youngest 12 months. The latter, it need hardly be said, did not walk the whole distance, being wheeled, in fact, together with his feeding bottle and appurtenances thereto belonging, in a baby carriage. Mrs. Acton, in the course of conversation with a Scotch reporter on the experience of her trip remarked, "You must bear in mind that we had no idea when we started of doing anything wonderful in walking. We come up from London every year to our house here in Arran, and as we went down by rail no less than nine times last year we thought we would walk this year and see the country, for, of course, you never can see anything of it from the windows of a railway car.

"Our party consisted of six children, the youngest in our famous baby coach, which has been, oh, thousands of miles on the continent and in England and Scotland, my husband and myself and two maids—ten in all. When we started from St. John's Woods we each took a small black bag in our hands; but we soon had to give these up. Afterwards we had absolutely nothing but a nightgown and a mackintosh each. There was one brush and one comb for myself and all the children. We really couldn't carry more than the least possible quantity of luggage, you know. Tea—my husband is also fond of a cup of tea—so we carried our tea all the way from London; and we had a kettle, too, one of those flat ones to boil over a spirit lamp, and the spirit lamp itself. And, of course, the baby, being a young baby and fed on the bottle, obliged us to carry a tin can of milk. We had very light fare. As soon as we got into the North of England we always had porridge for breakfast. We never had much meat; on the only two occasions when we had really a good dinner we found we could not walk afterwards. We had eggs and milk, and bread and butter to any amount. The meat we had was almost entirely tinned meat, which we bought, with bread, in the town or village in the morning, and carried with us till we came to a suitable place for dinner. We had dinner in the open air always. Then for tea we had just to call at a cottage and get a kettle of water and the use of tea-things, which they were always glad to supply us for a shilling (twenty-five cents).

"Of course the trouble was boots," Mrs. Acton continued. "We were recommended all sorts of 'hygenic soles' and everything, and we tried everything, and we had to give them all up. We gave up boots altogether and took to 'sand shoes'—canvas shoes with india-rubber soles. These allow the feet to go anyhow they like; there is no pressure, and we found them admirable. We never got blisters or sore feet or anything. We used to soap our toes and heels and the inside of our stockings before we started; that is a very good thing. Then, as to washing, we could not possibly stop to have everything washed at the inns and places, so the way we managed our washing was to have one thing washed each night. We found we could always get one thing washed and quickly get up, and so we had clean things without the trouble of carrying any with us. We carried no umbrellas. But though the weather was very bad in England we did very well without. In the first part of the time we walked in our mackintoshes and hats that the rain would not hurt. Of course, it was very muddy; and, what with the mud and the rain and the sun, our dress got into such a state we were quite ashamed of ourselves; and on Saturday nights we had to stop somewhere and buy flowers or some little frilling or something to brighten up our hats to go to church in next morning. But we never had colds, in spite of having no umbrellas, and though we had a great deal of grey cold weather that people complained of, we found it splendid weather for walking.

"Nurse wheeled that baby coach the whole way, although, as it was continually raining, you may imagine the roads were frightfully heavy. Baby got quite like a gipsy; he quite enjoyed it. First thing in the morning he used to say, 'Tite ready; tite ready to go!' We walked on an average twelve miles a day. We made it a rule to start by half-past seven, after breakfast. We walked a few hours and then rested during the heat of the day, and walked again in the afternoon. Having so many children with us the anxiety was to get into some place for stopping at before dark—by six, if possible, but never later than seven. Sometimes we had great difficulty in getting accommodated. Sometimes we had the roughest lodgings and sometimes we were at the most splendid hotels. We took just what we could find, in fact."

The King of Spain.

An American who has just returned from Spain brings some interesting gossip concerning the infant King of that country. It seems that his miniature Majesty has but one great passion, which is, strangely enough, Bologna sausage. Whenever he sees this unromantic edible he can hardly be restrained. Stretching forth his baby hand in an imperious way, he exclaims: "His Majesty wishes it." But his Minister of the Interior takes care that his Majesty doesn't get it. Alfonso is extremely jealous of his mother, and whenever they appear in public it makes him angry to have the people applaud her. He has a great bump of egotism, that youngster.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

A "Confirmed Bachelor" Airs His Views on the Matter.

Although the "Westminster Review," the "Daily Telegraph," and other publications are devoting so much space to the discussion of this question, they have so far, strangely enough, completely missed the real point at issue. They gravely give the views on the subject of married men and married women, and come to the conclusion that matrimony is a failure or a success, according as it has affected these persons. The intelligent reader does not need to [illegible] marriage only affect the two persons who are bound together in wedlock, it would be a comparatively trivial affair. Marriage is only a public question because the bridegroom has a number of male friends interested in his fate; and they would not much mind what became of him were it not that their own happiness largely depends on the marriage he makes, all bachelors will agree with me that the marriage of their friend is a failure if it does not add to their own comforts. Looked at from this high point of view, then, is marriage a failure? I fear it is.

I am not prejudiced on this subject; indeed, it is only sad experience that has turned me to disbelief in marriages. From one earliest days I was always afraid of embarking on it myself, chiefly because I did not think I was worthy of it (for I never had as high an opinion of my merits as I might be justified in having), but several of my friends will bear witness that I used to advise them strongly to make the plunge. This I did because I fancied their houses and households might become useful for me. For instance, take the case of H. J. Gower, once my good friend, though now we are not on speaking terms. A few years ago Gower, then a bachelor, was

IN LOVE WITH TWO YOUNG LADIES,

or, if that is impossible (I don't know), he at least could not determine which of the two young ladies it was that he was in love with. One of them lived in Haddington, and the other in London, and Gower was so undecided about them that he asked my council. Now, if I had been against marriage for my friends, I would have cautioned Gower, but instead of that I advised him to marry the London girl. My reason for giving this advice was that I occasionally ran up to London for a few days' holiday, and would have done so more frequently had it not been for the expenses of the London hotels. It struck me that if Gower, who is an Edinburgh man like myself, married the London girl, and I became friendly with her, she would, on hearing that I sometimes went to London ask me to stay with her people. Say I did so for a week I would save at the least 10s. 6d. a day, or £3. 13s. 6d. in a week. Subtract from this the price of of two pairs of gloves which I might feel obliged to present to the ladies of the house in return for their hospitality, the saving would still be £3, 10s., for you can get gloves in London that are all right (until you put them on) very cheaply indeed. It is obvious, then, that had Gower taken my advice his marriage could not have been a failure. What did he do, however, than go straight from me, and offer his hand to the Haddington girl, to whom he is now married. This marriage

WAS BOUND TO BE A FAILURE,

for I never had any desire to take a holiday in Haddington. To make matters worse Gower had not been married a week before he told his wife that I had advised him to marry the other girl. Such is Mrs. Gower's narrowness that she resented this, and I have long ceased to visit at her house. Here, then, is a marriage that ended disastrously. I smile when I hear the marriage of Pemberton spoken of as a success. He speaks of it in that way himself, and so does his wife; but it was a complete failure. Marriage, I would point out, may be a failure before it takes place, and Pemberton's is a case in point. No sooner was he engaged than he began to detertiorate. Thus when I met him in the old days after business hours he was delighted to see me, and at once asked me up to his room to have a smoke. Such an excellent fellow was he in these times that I never carried my pipe about with me. I could always depend on meeting Pemberton and having one of his cigars at his lodgings. He liked my company, as, indeed, no sensible man could fail to do. But what a sad falling away there was when he became engaged. Not only did he take to smoking a pipe exclusively, but when his cigars ran done, he ordered in no fresh supply. Unless you bought your cigars yourself—a thing I never paused to do—there was no smoking cigars in Pemberton's room. This was a bad beginning but

THINGS GOT WORSE AND WORSE,

until, had I not hoped that it might be to my advantage to do so, I would no longer have visited him. Instead of coming with me for a quiet stroll through Princes' Street Gardens, and treating me to a cup of coffee at the café later on, he preferred to hurry off to the house of the young lady's parents, where he spent all his spare time. There never was a clearer case of selfishness, and if matrimony makes a man selfish it is obvious that it is not a success. I tried to argue the matter with Pemberton, asking him to weigh the lady against me, and see what a sorry contrast she made. Pemberton would not, however, even spare my feelings, but answered brutally that five minutes with her were better than an evening with me. I retorted wittily (for I have a very keen tongue) that five minutes with him were preferable to an evening with him, and then remembering that Pemberton was obtuse, I added that I considered him an ass. In reply he knocked my hat off my head, whereupon I left him haughtily. This is the man who says that marriage is not a failure.

Then there is Gibb, who married two years ago, and now has a house at Merchiston. I remember vividly going with Gibb to buy that house. With the exception of one room, none of the rooms were very large, but this one is really magnificent. It has a monster bow window, and being on the second storey has an admirable outlook on a fashionable Merchiston Avenue. The neighbours are also fashionable people, but it was the large room that attracted me.

"This is the house for you, Gibb," I said, but he didn't seem sure of it.

"It is rather dear, I think," he said.

"Nonsense," I said. "Consider the advantages."

"What are they?" he asked.

"Well," I poinsed out, "It will be such a handy house for me, for one thing. My lodgings are not far off, so that I can drop in on you almost every evening, and stay to supper."

Gibb looked, strange to say,

MORE DOUBTFUL THAN EVER.

"I wouldn't like to bring you out every evening, you know," he said.

"It's no trouble at all, old fellow," I hastened to answer.

"In wet weather," he said, "you might catch cold."

"I'll risk that for the sake of an old friend," I replied genially; "and I know you'll feel a little dull for a time. Married men always do."

"On the whole," said Gibb, rather hastily I thought, "I don't know but that the other end of the town would suit me better."

"You won't get such a magnificent room as this at the other end of the town."

"I daresay not, but this room is perhaps too gorgeous. What use could I make of it?"

"My dear Gibb," I said, "what a ridiculous question to ask. This is an ideal smoking room, and you will furnish it so cosh. The little room at the back will make a nice drawing-room for your wife, and while she is sitting there alone, doing anything she likes, you and I will have our evenings here together. I noticed a little coffee service among the wedding gifts—"

"There were only two cups," interposed Gibb.

"Well, we don't want any more," I said, "that will be one for each of us; and you can buy a spirit lamp, so that we can make the coffee ourselves. It is such a nuisance to be disturbed when smoking."

"But my wife," said Gibb, blushing at the word, as well he might, "might feel a little dull spending all the evenings by herself."

"She'll be all right," I assured him carelessly, "or at anyrate she'll soon get used to it."

"The room at the back is only ten feet by eight," he said, "rather small for a drawing-room; and the view is restricted to a washing-green."

"Anything," I said, "does for a drawing-room. Being small, the room will be the more easily furnished, and while we are here smoking, your wife will be able to keep an eye on the washing."

"Certainly this is a glorious window," Gibb said, taking another look at it.

"Just picture to yourself," I said, firing my own imagination, while seeking to fire his, "two nice comfortable smoking chairs in this window, a small table between us with the coffee service on it, and a box of first-class cigars within arm's reach. Why, you and I might have supper here together. Isn't it like old times, eh?"

"But my wife would need supper too."

"Well, she could have it by herself in the drawing-room. In summer we could have the bow-window open, and we would have a splended view from the chairs I spoke of. We could let our legs dangle over the window in the freest and easiest way possible."

There the conversation ended, but when I heard that Gibb had bought the house I thought that all was well. On his return from the honeymoon I was among the first callers and I observed with satisfaction that the servant led me straight to the big front room. Now, I thought to myself, this shows that Gibb's marriage is to be a success, for I had feared that I might, in the first place, be ushered into the drawing-room. I am not naturally an observant person, and on being shown into the large room all I took note of was that it was flurnished with a number of nice padded chairs. Excellent chairs I thought to myself, as I sank into one, having first rolled the antimacassar into a ball and dropped it on the floor. Gibb and his wife were both there, and having made a few polite remarks to her I waited for her to go and leave Gibb and me together. Foolishly enough, she sat on, and Gibb did not even produce his cigars. To make matters easy for him and show that I did not feel like a stranger, I produced my pipe and tobacco pouch from my pocket. While filling the pipe I noticed that Mrs. Gibb suddenly stopped talking. This did not offend me, for I had not been paying much attention to her remarks.

"Can you give me a light, Gibb?" I asked. Instead of replying, Gibb coughed in such an uncomfortable way that I looked up at him. He winked at me, I thought.

"The fact is, Riginald," he said (not that that is my real name), "that we—I—that is Mrs. Gibb—"

He floundered over his words as young married men often do when explaining matters in presence of their wives.

"Don't you see, Mr. de Vavasour" (another name of the pen), said Mrs. Gibb, "that this is not the smoking-room?"

At first

I THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS JOKING,

but after casting my eye round the room I noticed that it was full of fal-de-rals, and even contained a piano (I hate pianos.)

"Then," I said, "this is the—the—"

"The drawing-room," said Mrs. Gibb.

"But it is the best room in the house," I said.

"Yes," she said; "that is why we chose it for the drawing-room."

I looked at Gibb, whose face was a little red.

"Mr. Gibb," said his wife, insisted on making this the drawing-room."

Gibb's face got redder.

"Then is there not a smoking-room at all?" I gasped.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gibb, "the little room at the back that looks on to the washing green. Mr. Gibb thought that would be the best room for smoking in, as it is too small for a bed-room."

Gibb got me across the landing into the little room, and there another surprise awaited me.

"We might have a cup of coffee," I said to Mrs. Gibb, who had followed us to the door.

"There is coffee in the drawing-room," she said sweetly.

"Give me a cigar, Gibb," I said savagely.

"I don't have any," he said, "but I can get you a cigarette."

I pushed his cigarettes from me (he had only three) and turned to the door.

"Mrs. Gibb," I said, handing her fourpence, "would you mind running round to the tobacconist's at the corner and getting me a Henry clay?"

She actually refused. These are the friends of mine who pretend that their marriages have not been failures.[—The Scotsman.

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" Wife—"Yes, and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained.

A Thanksgiving Dinner that Never was Served.*

It was Thanksgiving day, and from grandpa to the baby
All were chatting and laughing, with face to the fire;
For outside it was gloomy and bitterly cold,
And snow clouds were gathering, fold upon fold.

The soft firelight played, through the wide folding doors,
On a long table, bright with a shining galore
Of silver and plate, and a breath of good cheer
Gave token that dinner would shortly appear.

What a sweet, subtle sense of something to come,
A joy still untasted, a future still dumb,
A hope all expectant, yet calmly reserved,
Attends on a Thanksgiving dinner unserved!

How the hope gathers strength as the slow moments fly,
And the hungry ones, faint for the sweet by-and-by,
Greet the dishes that enter, and the great horde of sweets
That hover to rest near the still empty seats!

It chanced at the meeting a queer little pet
Was present, and made all the children forget
How impatient they were, whilst his odd little wiles
Kept all quite delighted and brimming with smiles.

It was Uncle Will's monkey,—an old sailor's gift,—
Named Jock, who to-day was permitted to drift
When and where he desired; and, too late, it was plain,
Such distinction had turned Jock's weak little brain.

For at length, as though tired of such lavish attention,
And wishing some fun of his own small invention,
Jock sprang from the circle still drawn to the grate,
And mounted a cornice, to plot, and to wait.

So hardly the turkey steamed high on his platter,
When a puff! and a shriek! and a quick "What's the matter?"
A stamping, a running, and shouts of dismay,
Told the house was on fire! on a Thanksgiving day!

The rest of the townsfolks, surprised at their feasts,
And still grasping their forks, came by hundreds at least,
To add to confusion, and get in the way
Of the engines, that soon began to play.

For out in the garden, but huddled quite safe,
Sat a queer little shuddering, shivering waif,
With his hips sadly burned, and his hair singed in patches—
Sir Jocko it was—after playing with matches!

For 'twas only a match, by his sly touch ignited,
That had spoiled a Thanksgiving, and balefully lighted
A town to the sight of a house turned to tinder!
And its Thanksgiving dinner reduce to a cinder!

Let us turn from the scene, for what pen can portray
The dark disappointments of that fateful day?
Though our memory linger, with sadness unwavering
Round that Thanksgiving dinner that never was served.

*Fact

France Wants a New Game.

A prize of 5,000 francs has been offered for a new game suitable for the students of French schools. France has no national game, and wants one sadly. M. Pasteur will probably recommend inoculation as a charming diversion. M. de Lesseps will doubtless suggest the digging of canals. Gen. Boulanger's voice will perhaps be raised in favour of the building of barricades. Some people have supposed that duelling was the national game of France. It appears, however, that there is lacking that spice of danger which renders English football and American baseball so attractive. Those English and American games are not deemed suitable to the climate of France, although attempts are now being made to introduce them. The French public is coming to the conclusion that some popular outdoor sport for boys is necessary to build up their physical systems. The youths of that nation are singularly deficient in healthful open-air amusements. The climate and the temperament of the race may offer insurmountable obstacles to the introduction of any athletic sport of northern countries. The experiment with football, baseball, and cricket, however, is well worth trying, and may lead to important results.

Who are the Lucky Ones?

After all, what is luck? She is the hand maiden of every man at one time or another She is ever by one's side, ready to give a helping hand. The blind do not see her; the timid or irresolute decline to take her outstretched hand. The unlucky man is the man who forgets to strike when the iron is hot. The lucky man is the one who takes advantage of proffered fortune. Circumstances, it is to be confessed, throw more of such proffers in the way of one than another. But if one will follow the footprints of the lucky men of the world it will be found that at the points where they seized fortune at the flood there are tracks which show there were many faltering and hesitating ones near by, any one of whom had within his reach the same opportunities as the fortunate one had.

One Thing Was Certain.

"Long" John Wentworth was once running for office, and heard that his political opponents were asserting that if elected he would soon get his hand into the city treasury. "Maybe I will, and maybe I won't," he sardonically replied, when he heard of the charge. "But I'll tell you one thing; nobody else will get his hand in; I'll sit on the chist."

THE PEOPLE'S KITCHEN.

Food Furnished at Cost for the Working People of Switzerland.

During my recent vacation I had an opportunity of visiting one of the "Cuisines Populaires" that are coming to be a peculiar feature of some industrial centers in Switzerland. In 1877, while a socialistic congress was in session at Chaux-le Fonds, near Neuchatel, one of the speakers said: "All the arguments in the world will not have as much effect on the working man as a good plate of hot soup." These seed were sown on good ground, for a month later the first popular kitchen was opened, and similar institutions are now to be found in other parts of Switzerland. The aim of these kitchens is to supply working people with good wholesome food at cost price. They are not charitable institutions in any sense of the word, nor do they depend on contributions from the rich, nor on subsidies from the state, in order to keep them going. They are joint stock concerns, but in order to interest the largest number of persons possible in their success the value of the shares is fixed at a minimum sum.

The one I visited has a capital of 10,000 francs, 7,000 francs of which has been paid in, and the shares are held by very nearly 7,000 persons. It owns the building it occupies, which, though by no means palatial, is amply sufficient for the purpose. On the ground floor there are two dining rooms, large enough to accommodate from 600 to 650 persons, a smaller one for women, a waiting room and an office. The establishment is run on a strictly cash basis, but instead of paying with money customers settle by means of checks, which can be purchased in any quantities and it is no unusual for workmen to purchase these checks in sufficient quantities to last them a month. The kitchens are all located in the basement, here is also the "counting," branch of the institution about which I shall say more presently. The bill of fare and the prices are the same in all the dining rooms. Three meals are served up in close succession, and as no one is allowed to remain at table after he has finished his repast the institution is able to feed about 1,800 people daily.

Between meal hours food can be had by any who want it, but no wine is ever served except when accompanied with food. The prices charged are as follows: Soup, one quart 3 cents; half quart, 2 cents; meat, boiled or roast, one-fifth of a pound if the latter, a trifle more if the former, 5 cents; a ration of vegetables, 2 cents; wine, 2 cents a glass, 3 cents per half pint or 12 cents for a litre; a ration of bread, 1 cent. So you see a person can have a square meal, composed of bread, meat, vegetables and a glass of wine (and I may add that this latter article is of a good quality and sold pure), for 12 cents. The institution not only supplies its customers with meals, but also sells them cooked food to carry away with them. This branch of the business is conducted at the counter, where prices for bread and meat are the same as in the dining rooms, but the portions are one-tenth larger, and two portions of vegetables sold for 3 cents.

Cuisines populaires also furnish the public schools of the town with soup gratuitously and with bread at cost price. The managing committee are supplied with a certain number of checks that they can give away as they please, and all the food left over at the end of each day is distributed to the poor. The cuisine is managed by a board of directors who form three committees, charged respectively with looking after the wine, food and furniture. The employes are few in number; a stewardess, who receives a salary of 1,300 francs a year; a female cashier and cook, each of whom are paid 65 francs a month, and some girls to wait on table, who are paid 25 francs monthly. In addition to their wages all the employes are fed, of course, and those who are only employed a few hours each day can gain the rest of their time in factories.

Made Blind Through Vanity.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the State lived at 40 Orange avenue, in Evansville. A pair of large liquid blueeyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated, and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well-to-do, and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault, and that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshipped her own eyes, and did everything in her power to make them more beautiful than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such an extent that her right eye began to shrivel. This brought her to her senses, and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes sure, and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago, and she has lost all sight in the left, and will be blind for life.

The New Fashion in Dogs.

One of the encouraging turns in the vagarie of fashion is to be noted in the report that the style in dogs has discarded that canine Albino the poodle, and the even more idiotic monstrosity, the pug, and that henceforth the correct thing in dogs will be the collie and the fox terrier. The new styles of dogs are among the finest specimens of the high qualities of valor, affection, fidelity and intelligence. The fox terrier is handsome, useful, plucky and generally indicates his good sense by objecting most strenuously to being carried about in the arms of his mistress. As to the Scotch collie, he is as nearly human in intelligence as it is possible for an animal to be, and is superior to the average of mankind in some important moral qualities. The new turn of fashion for dogs will give the votaries of style an opportunity to become acquainted with intellectual caninity, if the associations to which these high class dogs are to be subjected do not prove too debilitating to their minds.

My Toothache

Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A one minute cure is just what every persons desires to possess. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and as a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline is the only positive remedy for toothache add all nerve pains. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.

Prosperity is no test of character, as adversity that finds us out.

Immodest words admit of no defence. For want of decency is want of sense.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

To persons who have taken a prejudice, every word is misunderstood, every look offends.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have done.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we walk in the shade.

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.

Punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life.

It is far better to have a few acquaintances and among them many friends, than to have many acquaintances and have scarcely one upon whom you can rely.

The best outfit for a successful, happy life is a good knowledge and faithful practice of Bible teaching. Integrity to truth is far better than any amount of smartness.

If you are under darkness of soul, first go to God with it; and then go to some experienced saint of your acquaintance. It is good sometimes to light your candle at a neighbour's fire.

Floods and Droughts.

In the present condition of the Mississippi valley, floods and droughts seriously affect the interests of man. There, as in all other civilized countries, the great seats of population tend to gather on the river-banks. The alluvial lands are in all cases singularly fertile; and the streams themselves afford natural ways of transportation, the value of which does not seem to become lessened by the great extension of railway systems. In the present condition of these valleys, the fitness of these streams for navigation is progressively diminishing, for both in times of flood and in periods of drought they are unsuited to the uses of commerce. Moreover, in the flood periods, the streams are a very serious menace to all the towns which are gathered along the river-banks. As yet, we have only seen the beginning of these evils; for notwithstanding the extensive settlements in the Mississippi valleys more than half their original forest cover ing remains. When, with the rapid increase of population, these river-basins become as thoroughly subjected to the uses of man as are those of Europe, we have yet greater ills to apprehend.

Will Not Leave Us.

It having been rumored that Mr. W. H. Riddell, the able and popular Secretary of the Ontario Mutual Life, had accepted a similar position in Toronto, we are authorized to say that the position of Secretary of the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Company and Manager of its Head Office, was offered to him, but for reasons not necessary to state here, he refused at present to become an applicant, notwithstanding the fact the salary would be very handsome and that other very tempting inducements were held out to him. While we would be pleased to announce his preferment we but voice the unanimous feelings of our citizens when we say his departure from Waterloo would be sincerely regretted, not only by the Company he has so long and efficiently served, but by a host of friends and acquaintances to whom he has endeared himself during a residence of seven years in their midst, by his genial and obliging disposition and other qualities which go to make up the successful business man and worthy citizen.—[Waterloo Chronicle, Nov. 1st.

Chaussier dried a man in a kiln and there resulted only twelve pounds of solid matter.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old established and favorite Overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western, and Union and Southern Pacific Railways. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time tables and maps given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.

A GOOD LIGHT is indespensible to the comfort of a family during the long winter evenings. Poor coal oil in a house is next thing to bad bread. Housekeepers who cannot have gas should use "Carbon Safety Oil." Sold by dealers everywhere.

It is proposed to build a three-foot-wide cinder path between New York and New Haven for bicycles.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

During the last five years 425 lives have been lost at sea among the English herring fishermen.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Men*. Book sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Diamond Dyes

Brilliant! Durable! Economical!

Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Beware of imitations, because they are made of cheap and inferior materials, and give poor, weak, crocky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Carpets, Feathers, Ribbons, &c.; &c. We warrant them to color more goods, package for package, than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond* and take no other.

A Dress Dyed
A Coat Colored
Garments Renewed } FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

At Druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

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CANADA SHIPPING CO.—Beaver Line of Steamships, sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Saloon tickets, Montreal to Liverpool $40, $50, and $60. Return tickets, $80, $90, and $110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate, $30; Round trip tickets, $60, Steerage, $20, Round trip tickets, $40. For further particulars and to secure births, apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to the Local Agents in the different Towns and Cities.

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IMMENSE STOCK of Machinery to select from. Send for Lists.

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BEST VALUE IN THE DOMINION.

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Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

LADIES, LOOK:

BERLIN WOOLS, all colors, 8c per oz.

SHETLAND AND ANDALUSIAN WOOLS, 8c per oz.: Sax ny Wool, all colors, 10c per skein; Wool, best quality, 10c per ball; Embroidery Silk, every shade, 10c doz. skeins; Arrasene, all colors, 30c dozen skeins; Filoselle, best quality, 48c and 60c dozen skeins; Macrame Cord, 12 colors, 10c ball; Felt, extra quality, 2 yards wide, $1.00 per yard; Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 45c yard. Always on hand the newest materials for fancy work, at lowest prices. Letter orders have prompt and careful attention. Goods can be sent to any part of Canada by post. Write for price list. A trial solicited. HENRY DAVIS, Importer, 232 Yonge Street, Toronto. Please mention this paper

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of this Company line sail during winter to and from Halifax Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Allan, New York, H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooks, Philadelphia; H. A. Allen, Portland Boston Montreal.

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INCORPORATED 1855.

Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto.

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Paid Up Capital..... 2,300,000
Total Assets..... 10,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it has recently acquired for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness and at the lowest current rate of interest all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Application may be made to either of the Company's local Appraisers or to

J. HERBERT MASON Manager Toronto.

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ROYAL Dandelion COFFEE,

Manufactured only by

Ellis & Keighley, - Toronto.

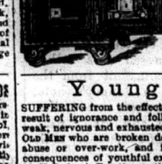
We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast *is the subject before us—*
Mamma tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best, [Highest,
'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

LADIES' Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved

TAILORS' SQUARE.

Satisfaction guaranteed to each ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 340 Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents Wanted.



DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

Don't wait until you are burnt out or robbed Buy a Safe now and sleep easy, and be sure and get prices, etc., of the New Championdale S. S. KIMBALL, 377 Craig St., P.O. Box 945, Montreal, P.Q.

Young Men

SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address

M. V. LUBON Wellington St. E. Toronto.

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application. THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

FANNING MILLS A SPECIALTY

MANSON CAMPBELL

15000 NOW IN USE

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JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER

A PERFECT FOOD FOR THE SICK

A WARMING & NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE

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EFFECT FOOD FOR CHILDREN,

Because it supplies all the NUTRITION needed to meet the physical demands of

GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS.

It Produces Firm Muscle and Nerve.

Use Hop Bitters.

Cure All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidney, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, DRUNKENESS. $1,000 Reward paid for a case they will not cure.

OUR DRESS GOODS

STILL HOLD THE LEAD.

We have this week received another lot of Dress Goods, bought very low, and can sell them at less than wholesale prices. Our selection has been a happy hit, as dressy patterns and low prices rule the day.

B. O'HARA.

QUEER ELECTION BETS.

The following is a few of the queer bets made by Americans during the late Presidential election. They are in all cases strictly carried out:—

James Bates of Denver will sit on the ridge pole of his barn all day because Harrison was elected.

A Methodist church deacon in Centerville, Ia., plays a game of poker on a table set in the middle of the main street as Harrison is elected.

A young woman in Camden, N. J. named one of her two suitors "Ben," and the other she called "Grover." The election decided which is the successful candidate for her hand.

If Cleveland was elected a New York young man was to have the privilege of kissing one of the prettiest young ladies in that city three times. As Harrison is elected he will present her with a dozen pairs of the best kid gloves.

As Harrison wins, A. W. Race, of Chesterville, W. Va., who is a little too fond of the cup of cheer abstains from liquor for three months.

Mr. Tepe of Bond Hill, Ohio, will wear a petticoat for three months, as Harrison is the man. If he does not comply he forfeits $100.

Two well known and athletic young men at Ansota, Conn., made an agreement that if Harrison was elected the Cleveland man is to strap one leg up and hop on the other from the corner in front of the *Sentinel* office to Bridge street, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. If he touch anything to prevent his falling he was to pay for a game supper for four. If he fell he was to be helped up and go on again.

Orvil Hannaford, Canterburry, N. H., an enthusiastic supporter of Harrison and Morton, and Joseph Stoneham, of Boscawen, an equally ardent advocate of Cleveland and Thurman, made a bet that if Harrison was elected Mr. Stoneham was to be harnessed to a sulkey and draw Mr. Hannaford from the church at Boscawen to Bonney's hotel at Penacook, a distance of three miles, over a hilly, rough and sandy road. Mr. Stoneham will of course play mule over the road.

WHEAT WANTED.

We are now prepared to buy any quantity of wheat, for which we will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Madoc Roller Mills.

FRED. ROLLINS.

TO LET,

DWELLING HOUSE and store, together with outbuildings. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM GEORGE,
Maynooth P. O., Ont.

October 30th, 1888. 32-4w

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PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

adoc, April 21, 1887. 31y

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall St. N.Y.

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FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT

INSURANCE AGENT.

Over the Hardware Store of Connor & Co., Durham Street, Madoc, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot 6, in 9th con. of Madoc. There is on the farm a log house and a frame barn. There is about 40 acres of wood land of beech and maple, and 60 acres cleared. The land is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM McMECHAN.

O'Brien's Hotel,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Rates, - $1.00 a Day.

Newly Furnished & Refitted Throughout.

HAVING leased the O'Brien House for a term of years, I have furnished it new throughout in first-class style, and the bar is stocked with best liquors and cigars. Good yard and stable accommodation. I will be glad to meet all my old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

SAMUEL CURRY.

Belleville, May 1st, 1888. 5

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER. ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Fall Trade, which will be found to to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.

Teas a specialty.

Canned Goods, etc.

Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon, Hams, and Lard.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas, Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

WHITE'S

Agricultural, Wagon and Sleigh WORKS.

WE have in stock for this season's trade a choice assortment of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

including the steel Wellington. We are agents for the famous

Steel Frame Spring Tooth Harrow,

the best in the market.

LUMBER WAGONS,

Tubular Axles, Pipe Box and Skein, at prices to suit the purchaser.

A full and complete assortment of

STOVES

for Coal or Wood. We would invite inspection to our line of Cook Stoves.

Special attention given to

Wagon Repairing and General Blacksmithing.

Would be pleased to have farmers visit our works and examine the stock we are putting in wagons and sleighs.

J. & J. WHITE.

MEDICATED

CONFECTIONERY

Some choice lines at

WILSON'S

DRUG STORE,

Durham St., Madoc.

CANADA PERMANENT

Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $8,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,**
Appraiser at Madoc.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

—o—

We have pleasure in announcing that in a few days our Fall and Winter Stock will be complete in every department, when we shall be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

Our stock, as usual, will consist of Dry Goods, Carpets, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

We feel confident that a better selected stock of goods has never been offered to the public in Madoc, and at the lowest possible prices.

We have some lines of fall and winter goods left over from last season which we are disposing of at below cost.

Rare bargains are now being offered. Don't fail to give us a call.

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Sept. 19th, 1888. **POST OFFICE BLOCK**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are peculiarly suitable.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Its famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,
78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XII., No. 35. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 29, 1888. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

G. A. ROLLINS, Secretary. JAMES WHITE, Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

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J. B. IRISH, L.D.S., of over 30 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, the 1st TUESDAY and the 3rd TUESDAY of every month, staying two nights and the full day. Next visits, 6th and 20th Nov., and 4th and 18th Dec. A first-class and reliable thing expeditiously done in every department of the business, without any delays or disappointments. Vitalized air used, and the new local anaesthetic. Best fit of teeth filling, &c.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

THE BEST Hotel in the town. This Hotel has been lately refitted and repainted. We can give increased accommodation to the traveling public. First class sample rooms. Choice liquors and cigars. Excellent attention paid to guests. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage, as you will find this second to no hotel in the county.

ROBT. SIMMONS, Prop.

MAYNOOTH HOUSE,

(late P. Green's old stand, Maynooth.)

THIS HOUSE is situated in one of the best districts for hunting, fishing, &c., and has been all refitted. Furniture new. Bar always supplied with the best brand of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Good stabling accommodation, and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. Parties travelling will consult their own interest by calling at the above hotel. JAMES McCAW, Manager.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. & F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* and securing *correctness* of Surveys.

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

FARM FOR SALE.

EAST half of lot 6, in 9th con. of Madoc. There is on the farm a log house and a frame barn. There is about 40 acres of wood land of beech and maple, and 60 acres cleared. The land is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM McMECHAN.

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GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

GEO. W. WALKER,

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CLASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

O'Brien's Hotel,

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Rates, - $1.00 a Day.

Newly Furnished & Refitted Throughout.

HAVING leased the O'Brien House for a term of years, I have furnished it new throughout in first-class style, and the bar is stocked with best liquors and cigars. Good yard and stable accommodation. I will be glad to meet all my old customers and friends, and as many new ones as may favor me with their patronage.

SAMUEL CURRY.

Belleville, May 1st, 1888. 5

Palmer's Grocery.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS TO INform the public that he has purchased the business of Mr. R. Beaton, Whytock's old corner, and will enlarge the same with a fine new stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

CANNED GOODS,

MEATS of all KINDS,

&c., &c. The usual stock still kept in my old stand, 3 doors south.

Ice Cream and Fruits in Season.

All kinds of farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

5 **A. PALMER.**

This and That.

In the United States about 3,500 watches are manufactured every day.

Artificial eggs have been sold in the Pittsburgh market and offered to the public in the place of real ones.

England uses about 190,000,000 postcards a year, and the United States not far from 339,000,000 annually.

A sister of Sir John A. Macdonald, at Kingston, and the father of the Hon. Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, at Apohogin, N. B., both died last week.

The most economical man in Maine has been found. He will buy a small load of wood and saw it six time to save fire, make soap with the ashes, wash clothes with the soap, and grease his boots with the suds.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Twenty-five years ago the now Princess of Wales and future Queen of England was living on the third floor of a corner house in Copenhagen, and her father, who no one ever dreamed then of being a King, was poorer than many a burgher in the same street. She and her two sisters, now the Czarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, occupied the same room, scantily furnished, and instead of a wardrobe a curtain drawn across the wall hid the pegs on which their few dresses hung. They had never worn a silk dress in their lives. Now Alexandra doubtless has all the dresses she wants, but it is more than likely that she looks back with pleasure upon those years as the happiest of her life.

Of Interest to Farmers.

A few days ago a Pontiac and Pacific railway train ran into and killed five horses two miles west of Parker's Station. The train went off the track, and the damage to rolling stock amounted to $7,000. The accident had its sequel at Aylmer on Saturday, when Mr. St. Julien, the police magistrate, fined a farmer named Courveau $20 for carelessly leaving his farm gates open, enabling horses which were not his property to get on the track. The company will also sue him for $8,000 to recover the loss sustained by the accident. Notice of appeal from the magistrate's decision has been given.

THE

TRADERS' BANK

OF CANADA.

(MADOC BRANCH.)

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Done. Drafts on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain issued

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of one Dollar and upwards received and Interest allowed on the same at the rate of

4 per cent. per Annum.

No notice of withdrawal of Deposits equired.

J. H. McCLELLAN, MANAGER.

Victoria Block, Durham Street.

Madoc, May 23rd, 1887. 8 1ly

COUNTY NEWS.

Belleville harbor was frozen over last week.

A new Orange lodge will be established at Picton.

Peterboro Irishmen gave $135 towards the Parnell fund.

There was a heavy fall of snow at Peterborc last Thursday.

A new Orange Hall is to be opened at Lime Lake on the 1st of January.

A Driving park association has been formed in Deseronto, the capital stock being $2,500.

The lumber cut in Gilmour & Co's big mill, Trenton, this season is nearly seventy-eight million feet.

The car works at Deseronto are now turning out two flat cars a day for the Canada Atlantic Railway.

A three year old son of P. Heeman, of Peterboro, fell into a pail of boiling water and was scalded to death.

It is reported that the work on the Murray Canal will continue through the winter, if so, it will be a great boon to working men.

Dog thieves are operating in Belleville. Policeman Morton had a fine spaniel pup stolen, which shows that the thieves are no respectors of persons.

Mr. Jeremiah Anderson, near Stockdale, has grown a very fine root crop on a farm owned by Wm. Thurley Esq., of Frankford. He has one turnip that weighs 26½ lbs and a radish weighing 14¾ lbs.

The Wagar iron mine, Tamworth, is only a pocket of limited extent. It will not pay for opening up. The ore is the finest in Eastern Ontario, but the discovery of its limited extent is a disappointment.

A young man named Wood, killed in Rathbun's lumber shanties at Oak Lake, had a strange presentiment before the accident, for in the morning he remarked to a friend :—"Good-bye, one of us may be killed before night."

Gilmour & Co., of Trenton, are now talking of a gigantic scheme for conveying their logs over the lakes in the northern townships. Mr. Gilmour stated that he intended to build a railway down to the water's edge and hoist a tug on a car and take it back north.

A sad affair occurred near Marmora last Saturday. Mr. Geo. Terrill and wife were in Marmora that day, and left their children alone. The youngest, about two years of age commenced putting shavings into the stove, when its clothing caught fire. The child was so severely burned that it died Sunday.

A serious accident occurred at Tweed to one of Mr. Jas. Young's children on Sunday, 18th inst. It seems that the little fellow was playing with a dynamite cap, when it exploded in his hand, blowing off the second finger, and so lacerating and mangling the thumb that it had to be amputated.

A large number of men are employed in the quarries near Foxboro, on both sides of the river. The stone is of the first quality, and can be got in any thickness or size that may be required, whilst the deposits cover a large area. Foxboro stone is being very largely used by the Grand Trunk.

Mr. and Mrs. Gobe reside about five miles from Kingston. They are a middle-aged couple, and have been economical in their style of living for many years. The result of their economy was the saving up of $900. They kept the money in bills in several places about the house. One day last week Mrs. Gobe changed the hiding place of the money, putting it in an old stocking and placing it under the bed. While the folks were away from home to the market in Kingston on Saturday the children were rummaging under the bed and found the stocking full of money. They pulled the crisp bills out and scattered them over the floor, playing with them in an innocent way until they were tired. Then they replaced all the bills in the stocking and deposited the whole in the stove. In this way the $900 went up the kitchen stove-pipe.—*Canadian Freeman.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Apples are cheap in Ottawa at the present time. One morning last week, a party offered to trade a barrel of good ones for four pounds of butter.

The chief of police, of Belleville, has laid information against 40 laborers employed on the Grand Trunk double track, charging them with desecrating the Sabbath by working on Sunday last.

George Greenwood, of Wolfe Island, has placed in the Kingston *Whig* window several curiosities. He shows a cluster of twenty-nine apples on one stem and two cabbages grown from one stalk.

Mr. A. Chisholm, a former resident of Sidney, who has for some years been engaged in the manufacture of wire fencing at Winnipeg, has decided to start a factory in Belleville for the making of the same article.

The gross revenue of Belleville harbor this season was $3,650. Dues were collected on the following articles and quantities:—Barley 46,169, Sawlogs 388,551, Floats 1,145, Cedar, long 64, 174, Posts 50,769, Ties 18,145, Jotts 45,186, Long logs, over 13 ft, 1,148, Timber 163.

Saturday afternoon three boys, while skating on the Trent river, at Trenton, broke through the ice. Two managed to pull themselves out of the water, but the third, a boy named Clarke, was drowned. The body has not yet been recovered, and is believed to have been carried on some distance by the current. The lad was about 8 years of age.

A few days ago a butcher purchased a steer from a farmer for a certain sum of money and paid a few dollars down to bind the bargain. It was understood that the farmer was to keep the animal for two weeks, and when he called for it the butcher was to pay the rest of the money. The other day the farmer came to the city, and calling on the butcher, said he had a note to meet, and if the butcher did not mind, he would like to receive the rest of the money then. The butcher thinking that the farmer was telling the truth, paid the amount asked. As soon as the ruralist received the money, he laughed and then told the butcher that he was very sorry, but the steer was dead.—*Kingston News.*

MOIRA.

[Correspondence to the REVIEW.]

A fashionable wedding is always a delightful and interesting event, and the one I refer to was unusually so, for such a modest and unpretentious young village as ours. Sunny skies and balmy air augured well for the happy pair. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, and was performed by the Rev. Mr. Cleworth. The bride presented a handsome appearance, adorned with white roses and bridal veil of white. A brilliantly dressed, well-wishing throng of warm-hearted friends witnessed the impressive rites. Such a rare display of choice and costly wedding presents is seldom seen, beautiful pictures, vases inlaid with gold, silver baskets and dishes, and other splendid articles too numerous to mention. In the evening over half a hundred guests partook of as sumptuous a marriage supper as ever tempted an epicure's palate. Everything that heart could wish, or hand accomplish, or head invent, was done for the enjoyment of guests. With mirth and social glee the hours passed until the guests with ardent wishes for the continued felicity of the happy couple, departed. The bride was Miss Nellie, third daughter of the late Wm. T. Bird, Esq. The bridegroom was Mr. John L. Foster, of this place. The date was Wednesday, 14th November.

The farmers of this county will have a treat on December 6th. Prof. Robertson, of Guelph, is to lecture, afternoon and evening, in the Town Hall, Huntingdon. His subject is "Dairying," dealing specially with the Silo question, which is of vital importance to all dairymen. The lecture is free to all.

LALLA HAHA.

November 16th, 1888.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

Peterborough has raised $200 for the Parnell Defence Fund.

This year's receipts from the Crown Lands of Quebec will exceed a million dollars.

Deseronto is agitated because the Government intend selling the only available ground for a park.

The Dominion Government have decided upon establishing a permanent police force at Batoche.

Dr. McCully has been committed for trial on his own bail for $1,000 by Police Magistrate Denison.

There were 391 deaths in Montreal last month, of which 15 were from typhoid and 31 from diphtheria.

Some anxiety is felt in Montreal regarding the steamer Henri IV., of the Bossiere line, which is overdue.

A extensive deposit of mica was found a short distance east of Hamilton by a man who was digging a well.

Friday being the 47th birthday of the Prince of Wales, the Governor-General cabled his congratulations.

Efforts will be made to get other municipalities to join Ottawa in a crusade against exemptions from taxation.

A man in Hamilton for chastising his son for playing truant by kicking him about the head and face was yesterday fined $10.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald left Kingston on Thursday for Ottawa, Miss Macdonald, the Premier's sister, being much better.

Michael Dinwoodie, an old Torontonian, supposed to have died years ago, has shown up after 30 years' absence, with a fortune of $60,000.

Twenty actions have been taken by the Montreal Board of Health against proprietors of unsanitary houses in various parts of the city.

A deputation of Mormon representatives was in Ottawa on Friday to get permission to establish a town site on their lands in Alberta.

The Acting Mayor of Montreal has given instructions that proceedings be taken against the correspondents who have been libelling the city.

The Northwest Temperance Alliance, in convention at Regina adopted a strong memorial to Lieutenant-Governor Royal on the permit question.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Dosoh was annulled in Montreal on Thursday on the ground that the bride, who was a minor, had not her father's consent.

The rumour that the Pope in Council has given a decision on the division of the $400,000 voted to the Jesuits by the Quebec Legislature is denied by a prominent Montreal Jesuit.

Mr. Dewdney, as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, strongly favours the extension of the Industrial school system among the Indians of the North-West and British Columbia.

Messrs. John Windsor & Co., of Montreal, have taken an action against the *Witness* for $25,000 for libel, because of an article reflecting on the sanitary condition of the firm's tomato canning factory.

The Hon. Edward Blake has promised to visit British Columbia next summer in order to learn more of the resources and characteristics of the Pacific Province.

The new Canadian seminary in Rome, at the request of Sir John Macdonald to the British Government, has, by permission of the Italian Government, been placed under the protection of the British flag.

It is expected that the final meeting of the Provincial Treasurers to adjust the accounts between the Dominion and the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario will take place in Ottawa towards the close of the month.

The Town Council of Whitby the other night passed a resolution expressing great indignation at the present mail service from the West in the morning given by the Grand Trunk railway under its new time table.

In replying yesterday to an address from the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, the Governor-General said national and other societies were too apt to fall into the error of holding themselves as separate entities of the community rather than regarding themselves as citizens of the Dominion.

AMERICAN.

A very heavy snowstorm raged on Sunday throughout the State of Kansas.

The New York *Tribune* says the new Congress will be Republican by from 25 to 30 majority.

The Boston Sugar refinery shuts down today for an indefinite period, by order of the trust.

Mrs. Sadie Walters, a beautiful Chicago woman has become insane from smoking cigarettes.

The death is announced at Youngstown, Ohio, of Hannah Starkey, who was born in Cork in 1777.

Thomas Barron, of Albany, N. Y., has challenged Steve Brodie to jump from the Niagara Falls bridge for $500 a side.

Thomas Little, a miner, died at Altoona, Pa., on Monday night, and $60,000 worth of stock and bonds were found in his trunk.

Anna E. Dickinson is suing the Republican National Committee for $1,250, balance of pay for her services in the campaign.

William Parker, registrar of deeds of Nelson County, Dakota, is reported to have gone to Winnipeg, leaving behind a shortage of $10,000.

The Northwestern Passenger Association, formed to keep up rates between Chicago and Northwestern points, has completely collapsed.

An unknown visitor committed suicide at the Falls on Monday by jumping from Prospect Point. His body was recovered by the guides.

Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, leaped from the Poughkeepsie bridge Monday morning and broke three ribs, besides sustaining other injuries.

The Dublin *United Ireland* says it would be cheap for America to establish Home Rule in Ireland, even at the cost of a war with Great Britain.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury has instructed the collector at San Francisco that Chinese merchants are not affected by the Exclusion Act.

The Detroit "Tribune" (Republican) say there will be no commercial union with Canada until there is full and complete politica union. It will be annexation or nothing.

It is expected that before long Detroit will be made a Metropolitan seat, and Bishop Foley, who was consecrated a few days ago in Baltimore, will be the first Archbishop.

A prisoner in the Buffalo penitentiary was found Friday morning to be suffering from smallpox. He was at once isolated, and all the other prisoners were vaccinated.

Judge Sawyer, of San Francisco, has decided that a Chinese born in the United States is an American citizen, and not amenable to the Act of Congress excluding Chinese labourers.

Notwithstanding the enormous emigration into that country, the United States have spent $125,000,000 more in surveying and managing their wild lands than they have derived from sales.

FOREIGN.

It is stated that the Czar will visit Berlin in the spring.

The amount of the new Russian loan is reported to be £20,000,000.

Lady Derby has entered a caveat against the will of her brother, the late Lord Sackville.

A ferry steamer was sunk in a collision in Calcutta on Friday and sixty persons were drowned.

The London *Globe* attributes Mr. Cleveland's defeat to a feeling of disgust at his weathercock policy.

A house collapsed in Tichfield street, London, Eng., causing the death of six persons and the injury of twenty.

England, Germany and France are to cooperate in putting down the trade in slaves and firearms in East Africa.

There are rumours of an alliance between France and Spain, directed principally against other Mediterranean States.

The Lord Mayor's procession in London yesterday was devoid of the usual pageantry, and was a very tame affair generally.

To a deputation Mr. Gladstone said he did not intend quitting public life until the Irish question was definitely settled.

A reservoir at Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva, burst yesterday, destroying a number of houses and drowning many persons.

The Berlin police have found another batch of Emperor Frederick's letters and telegrams in Baron von Roggenbach's house.

Queen Natalie's appeal to the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Athens have been unsuccessful, both declining to interfere.

A Russian company is being formed, with capital of 100,000,000 roubles, for the construction of docks at the principal Russian ports.

King George of Greece has formally notified his Prime Minister of the betrothal of Princess Alexandria to Grand Duke Paul of Russia.

London Standard's Berlin correspondent says the sending of a German expedition inland depends on their attempt to re-occupy the coast.

Mr. Gladstone has offered to aid a practicable scheme to remove the pecuniary difficulty in the way of a working man becoming a member of Parliament.

The leading powers of Europe, with England and Germany co-operating, have decided upon making vigorous efforts to suppress the African slave trade.

The betrothal of the Prince of Naples to Princess Clementine of Belgium will be announced shortly. The Princess is sixteen and the Prince nineteen years of age.

It is stated Prince Bismarck has asked Emperor William to relieve him of a great portion of his duties, and to appoint in his stead Count Herbert Bismarck.

Disappointment is felt over the Birmingham speech making of Mr. Gladstone because he did not issue a new manifesto or even define his present idea of Home Rule.

Imperial Parliament resumed its session yesterday. In the Upper House Lord Salisbury said that the papers connected with the Sackville incident would be issued today.

A London despatch says the evidence given before the Parnell Commission has suddenly become striking, dramatic, and terrible. The story of Irish outrage and crime is having a marked effect on public opinion.

It is stated that, in accordance with the decision of the Special Navy Committee, the Imperial Government will announce an admiralty scheme to build eight first-class men-of-war, a score of swift cruisers, and a number of torpedo boats.

Referring to the suggestion that Lord Dufferin should succeed Lord Sackville, a London despatch points out that the appointment would be impossible, as the position at Washington is inferior to those already held by Lord Dufferin.

The London "Times," referring to the Sackville matter, says the action of the American Government was hasty and unmannerly. And the "Standard" hints as to whether the affair does not involve the tendering to Mr. Phelps his passports.

It is stated that Emperor William and Prince Bismarck recently informed the King of Holland that the succession of his daughter Wilhelmina, would only be recognised by Germany on condition of Holland entering the Band on the same footing as Bavaria.

In the House of Lords on Tuesday Lord Salisbury said Germany had invited England to co-operate with her in the work of more effectively preventing the exportation of slaves from and the importation of arms to East Africa, and England promised to aid her in the work.

Prompt Action.

Not only in cases were decision is called for, but in all the plain duties of life is prompt action imperative. Many persons mean to do the things which their conscience demand who yet fall simply from delay. Certainly they will return that borrowed money, they will attend to those unsettled bills, they will preform this or that neglected duty—but not just now. Thus it is put off from time to time, trouble is caused by the unjust delay, other duties crowd in, and they carry a load of unfulfilled obligations, continually increasing, until life itself seems one huge burden which they can hardly bear.

WHEAT SPECULATORS.

WRITTEN BY THE MAN WHO SOLD SHORT.

Here is a man whose millions are so many that, by the most profligate extravagance—if he were inclined to the excesses of more generous natures—he would be unable to endanger his financial security; to whom additional wealth can be of no more practical use than the same bulk of waste paper, who deliberately concocts a scheme to use that wealth so as to bring ruin and suffering upon as many people in as many walks of life as he can by any ingenuity compass in his meshes, and all to add a few more useless millions to an enormous fortune that he only utilizes for mischief. So speaks our able contemporary Life. To accomplish this benevolent purpose, he, early in the summer, begins secretly to purchase all of that most important food staple, wheat, that he can lay his covetous hands upon. So deep laid is this scheme, so vast is his wealth, and so large his commercial experience, that he is enabled to secure entire control of the cereal upon which the nation so largely depends for its food for the next few weeks.

And now his sport begins. The first to feel the effects of his machinations are his business associates, men with whom he has held friendly relations, whom he meets daily in the streets and in the places of trade. They have sold wheat short for delivery within a certain time, and knowing when that time expires, the arch conspirator withdraws the grain from the market, and so forces a tremendous increase in price. The speculators have got to fill their orders, or else go to ruin, and the conspirator calmly looks on as they bid his goods up far beyond their value, and counts his daily gains by the millions.

If the mischief wrought by the arch conspirator only stopped at that point, it would be brutal enough. But it does not stop here. The millers begin to run short of wheat wherewith to make their flour, and the bakers run short of the flour wherewith their bread must be made. There is plenty of wheat to feed the people, but the conspirator still controls it at the ruinous advance in price he has brought about. The baker is obliged to pay the exorbitant price for his flour, and the small baker, who bakes for the poor, must pay the most, since he purchases in smaller quantities and is unable to keep a stock on hand.

And this is the second cruel result: In both city and country, where the very poor live in wretchedness and squalor, where bread is largely the food supply and money is hardest to get, the price of bread goes up two and three cents per loaf or else the loaf is reduced in weight from three to four ounces. Many who come for bread go home without it, or purchase stale crusts to satisfy their hunger, and the hunger of innocent children and helpless invalids in the tenement houses. Hundreds and thousands of men and women and children suffer a daily deprivation in order that one man may add to his millions.

But it should be borne in mind that the conspirator has brought about these results by strictly legal means and that he has violated no commercial statutes. He has only taken advantage of the opportunities he possessed to rob his fellow-men without giving the law any hold upon him. He has caused more actual misery and suffering in one week than all the criminals in the country in a year, and yet his honor is untainted and his reputation unsmirched. There are plenty of men who admire him for his very coolsauness and indifference to others in carrying out a great scheme. If he had climbed into the window of one of the grain speculators at night, and stolen his watch, the conspirator would be disgraced forever; and yet it is difficult to discover any greater degree of moral depravity in obtaining the same speculator's money by legalized hook and crook, and yielding him no return for it.

After all, however, the grain thief is little, if any, worse than the other capitalistic rascals of his time. The man who wrecks a railroad and beggars its stockholders for his own gain is considered an able financier, and he generally belongs to a church.

Written by the Man who Didn't get Left.

A fair-minded man gives even "Old Nick" his due; why shouldn't "Old Hutch" have his? For years he has been noted both in the Chicago and Milwaukee markets as a bold, long-headed, shrewd, "nervy" speculator in produce. He has lost several fortunes and made several. When he lost he neither asked nor received much aid or sympathy; when he won he has never been somewhat nor nearly as hard on the "boys" as Armour, Plankington, or several other mammoth operators in the wheat, corn or pork pits. It is only a few years ago that rumor was widespread that he had "gone broke" in an attempt to corner wheat in company with several other large speculators. Well, it is supposed that he "dropped" a million or two then into the claws of the bears, whereupon wheat dropped to the lowest figure it has ever reached in late years; but who executed the bears who had pulled down the price of the Northern farmer's chief "money crop" far below its intrinsic value in the markets of the world? Did the price of bread decrease with the price of wheat then? Certainly not. Was there a general howl from the press because it didn't? Not a howl, scarcely an occasional murmur. An eminent English statistical authority on agricultural matttrs estimates that the wheat crop of the United States in that same year—1885—was grown at a loss of from $80,000,000 to $170,000,000, and this loss was suffered by the farmers of the country—the hardest-working, most temperate and economical class in the community. Yet was there a single voice raised in the public press in denunciation of the wholesale robbery of the most deserving of all classes by the unscrupulous speculators who unduly depressed the price of their wheat? This year the "bears" were nearly uniformly triumphant in all our wheat markets. With exultant shouts they dragged and pounded down, over and over again, the price of the product, in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Minneapolis and other great receiving centers. The "bulls" could see that the article was often selling below the cost of production, but they seldom had any show when attempting to raise prices. Where were then the virtuous howls at gambling in produce that now resounded on all sides when the other side holds the winning hand. The Rural New-Yorker, I remember, more than once raised a vigorous protest; but few of the other agricultural papers, and none of the political papers that came to my notice, had a word to say against the bare faced robbery.

It is now over three months ago since "Old Hutch" came to the conclusion that wheat was selling a good deal below its intrinsic value. In this country there was a very heavy shortage in this year's crop, and the surplus on hand from old crops at the beginning of the cereal year, was unusually small. The best authorities declared that there was a shortage of several hundred million bushels in the aggregate wheat crop of the world. As usual, the bears' policy was to throw discredit on all such statements and beat down the price of wheat until most of it had gone from the producers' hands into their own; then to turn bulls and put up prices, putting all the difference into their own pockets. "Old Hutch," however, began to buy in wheat even before the present crop began to move, and kept steadily buying during all the early weeks when it began to move to market. Usually as the new crop starts for market prices begin to go down, and continue to descend till most of the crop has passed from the farmers' hands; this year, owing mainly to "Old Hutch," the reverse was the case. It should be borne in mind that the only kind of wheat handled for speculation is No. 2, and this was the only kind touched by Hutchison.

From a file of the "Rural" I see that on June 30 last No. 2 spot wheat at Chicago was 79c. and No. 3 nominal. On July 28, No 2 had advanced to 81c. and there was still little or no demand for No. 3. About August 25th, "Old Hutch's" operations began to influence the market, and No. 2 was quoted at 88½c., and no. 3 at 83. On September 1, the former went to 93½c., and the latter to 85. Wheat fluctuated considerably for the next three weeks, ranging, on Sept. 22, from 95½ for No. 2, to 83¾ for No. 3. Towards the end of the next week, the last day of which was the day of settlement, the "boys" at length realised that "Old Hutch" had them "cornered." On September 28 No. 2 went from $1.16 to $1.25 and No. 3 went up to 91c. Next day No. 2 jumped up to $1 65, and on September 30, it touched $2. Be it remembered that during the entire time when "Old Hutch" was cornering "No. 2 September wheat," for the purpose of "bullying the market" or raising the price in accordance with what he and hundreds of others considered its intrinsic value, the bears were selling the same grads of wheat "short" for delivery by Sept. 30, in the full expectation that before that date they would be able to buy it at a lower figure than that at which they sold it, and all the time they were on on the outlook for any pretext, however unscrupulous, for lowering prices and bamboozling the farmers who had wheat to sell. If they had been successful wheat would have sold at the ruinous figures which beggared so many farmers in 1885. Many keen observers honestly believe that wheat is really worth upwards of $1.25 per bushel. After the close of the corner, prices naturally tumbled, so that on October 6, No. 2 was only $1.09½ and No. 3 98c. On October 13, however, prices had again mounted to $1.14 for No. 2, and 99c. for No. 3, and to-day—October 30—quotations in Chicago are $1.17½ for No. 2.

To prevent the taking up of too much room, I have given quotations only for "spot" or "cash" wheat; that is, for wheat deliverable at once. Putting the present price of this non speculative kind at, say, $1.17, it has gone up 38 cents a bushel in Chicago since June 30 and 28½ cents since August 25. There is little doubt that even if there was no "corner," wheat would have steadily risen in price; but it would have done this so slowly that the farmers of the country would have gained comparatively little by the rise. As the case stands, the advance in the price of the product just at the time it occurred, has put many millions of extra dollars into the pockets of the farming community, especially in the West and Northwest. Thousands who have been struggling bravely but almost hopelessly along during the late years of depression in wheat, and who would have been inevitably ruined had prices this year been low, have been saved by the timely advance. Thousands whose decreased yield would have caused distress or ruin, have been relieved by the increase in price. It has replaced despair and distress by hope and relief. It has clothed half-naked children from the severities of winter. It has laid up unexpected stores of fuel to keep out frosts and blizzards. It has lifted mortgages or paid interest on them and deferred or prevented foreclosure. It has made of a year of apprehended disaster one of comparative prosperity. Nor are the good effects of the advance in the price of wheat likely to be confined to farmers. When farmers are prosperous, every other industry thrives because there is a demand for their wares. Laborers and artisans are relieved because they find profitable work. Railroads are busy transporting the products of the soil and of the workshop. Should the other products of the farm bring remunerative figures a prosperous season for all classes is before us. The advance in the price of wheat-bread is not general, and it is at most a mere trifle. The outlay for bread is a comparatively small item in any family. Three years ago wheat was down so low that farmers lost by its production; now it is up to its intrinsic value in the markets of the world, and farmers are making a fair profit from it. "Old Hutch's" manipulations of this market were doubtless selfish but they have accomplished an excellent result for the largest and most deserving industry in the country: and why should farmers revile the old speculator who merely succeeded where hundreds of the loudest denouncers have failed? Why clamor so vociferously when the farmers' products go up to their legitimate value, and remain so mum when they are dragged down far below their real worth?

I feel no inclination whatever to canonize "Old Hutch," but the farming community at least should give the old man his due.

To sum up: the late Chicago corner in wheat was a struggle between the "bulls" and the "bears," the former trying to raise prices, the latter to depress them. For the last nine years, in similar contests, the bears have been nearly always successful, and little or no clamor was made at their victory now, for once, the bulls have triumphed, and the welkin rings with indignant uproar. Had the bears won, the bread-eaters would have been the gainers; while the victory of the bulls makes the bread producers the winners. For the last nine years the case has been generally the reverse; but surely "turn about is fair play." The fact that the price of wheat a month after the close of the corner, per bushel, only remains nearly 50 per cent. above its price at the opening of the "deal," and that all grades of wheat went up and have stayed up with the cornered grade, is a strong indication that wheat now is really worth about 50 per cent. more than its price in June last. It is really this fact much more than the conduct of Mr. Hutchison, which has raised the price of wheat, flour and bread. The old man perceived the true state of the case before others had done so, and in helping himself to a profit by his foresight, he helped the wheat raisers of the country also at a very timely moment. Just before the end, he warned his opponents of what would occur, thus enabling them to settle up at a moderate figure, and after the close of the corner he was unusually "easy" with those who persisted to the last in opposition, as is proved by the fact that there were much less bankruptcy and ruin among the losers in this "deal" than among those in any previous one of equal size. Yes, farmers, at least, the greatest benefactories of Hutch's corner, should give the old man his due.

The mausoleum of the Emperor Frederick, of which the corner stone has just been laid at Potsdam, will be a reproduction of the Sepulchre Church at Jerusalem.

The popularity of the ballet in Paris is on the wane. In 1884 the Opera House gave 32 ballet nights, in 1885 28, in 1886 22, and in 1887 13. Thus far, only 11 ballet performances have been had since last New Year's day.

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Imitation

Is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only positive corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine "Putnam's." Safe, sure, and painless. All druggists.

Quite a discussion has been held lately, in some of the New York papers, relative to the proper care of the complexion. Advice has been given by a lot of the most prominent actresses and "beauty women," telling how to preserve or purify the skin. But they all seem to the point at least—that is, that good health is the first requisite for a good complexion. "Out-door exercise and plentiful bathing," says one pretty singer. A good many of these women, however, say that they never actually wash their faces, a peculiarity we should be very slow to copy. There is no doubt, however, that to preserve a delicate bloom one should be sparing of ice-cold water, it should be tepid water; either very hot or very cold should be avoided. Rubbing a lather over the face is injurious to many delicate skins; a little in the water should be sufficient for cleanliness, and the skin is softer if it is rubbed with the hands, instead of a coarse wash-cloth.

To keep the face and lips soft and smooth, they should be annointed daily with cold cream or glycerine and rose water—a little experience will prove which is best suited to one's use. But a clear and rosy skin not only means good health; it is often the index of good temper into the bargain. Bad temper, fretting and worrying are usually quite as detrimental to the complexion as bad health. We can't all be angelic in disposition, but we can at least take life easily. Advice to the girl who wants to cultivate or to keep a good complexion may be easily summed up: Don't fret. Don't chew gum. Don't stay in-doors more than you can help. Don't drink too much tea or coffee. Don't eat all manner of trash, and too much of it at that. Don't neglect regular and frequent bathing. Don't stay up late, but have regular hours for sleeping as for everything else. Bear in mind all these "Don'ts," and you will have little use for powder.

A Warning to English Women.

A correspondent of a London paper writes as follows: Allow me to utter an oft-repeated and oft-neglected warning to English girls about to marry Frenchmen. It does not yet seem to be understood, as it ought to be, that though a woman may be married to a Frenchman according to all the forms of English law, she is not necessarily married in France. The French law still requires that the absurd and antiquated form of asking the head of the bridegroom's family to consent to a marriage shall be gone through; and if this is omitted the marriage is invalid. A very sad case came under my own cognisance recently. A young Frenchman, visiting in this country, became engaged to a young English lady. Enquiries were made, the gentleman's position and prospects appeared satisfactory, the affection was mutual, and the marriage was duly solemnised in the parish church and before a registrar. The latter precaution was taken because it appears to have been thought by the bride's friends that only a civil marriage was recognized in France. But nobody had thought of enquiring whether the bridegroom, a man of independent means, twenty-seven years of age, had troubled to ask anyone's leave before he got married. The man took his wife over to France, and a couple of years afterwards coolly informed her that they were not married at all! Apparently there was no redress for the unmarried wife who had to return to her relatives with this indelible stigma upon her. For the credit of human nature we may hope that such cases are rare; but English parents and guardians ought to know that it is possible for them to occur.

Neatly Nabbed.

A lady and gentleman were travelling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes. I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is complete, and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion turned into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank!" "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still!"

Notes.

In boas, now so fashionable, the longer they are the better. They should almost touch the ground.

A woman at Hutchinson, Kan., with fourteen children, applied to the city marshal the other day to make a split in her family as she could not support them all. She now hustles for eight.

A New York hostess marked the places of her guests at table by a single, perfect rose. Upon a petal of each was delicately written, by means of electricity, the name of the person to occupy the place.

When Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England, applied to a famous mathematical coach at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil, she was rudely repulsed, and the ungallant tutor remarked that he "would take no rabbles." Very well. This same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year in the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the ensuing year.

A retired Government clerk died in Vienna a few days ago, and bequeathed a considerable sum of money in these terms:—"Up a second flight of stairs there lives at door No. 63 a widow who has two daughters. I leave the sum of 80,000 florins to the one who always nodded in such a friendly way when she met me." The two sisters fell out as to which of them the old gentleman had left the money. Legal proceedings are impending, but the lawyers are said to be inclined for a compromise by dividing the money.

comes above ground. How does it solve the difficulty? It takes the ground out along with it. I have seen white ants working on the top of a high tree, and yet it was underground with them to the tree-top; just as the Kaimaxx heap snow up, building it into the low tunnel huts in which they live, so the white ants collect earth; but for some depths underneath the ground, and piece it into tunnelled ways. Occasionally these run along the ground, but more often mount in endless ramification to the tops of trees, meandering along every branch and twig, here and there debouching into large covered chambers which occupy half the girth of the trunk. Millions of trees in some districts are thus fantastically plastered over with tubes, galleries and chambers of earth, and many pounds' weight of subsoil must be brought up for the mining of even a single tree.

Peering over the growing wall one soon discovers one, two or more termites of a somewhat larger build, considerably longer, and especially of the mandibles. These important-looking individuals saunter about the rampart in the most leisurely way, but yet with a certain air of business, as if, perhaps, one was the master of works and the other the architect. They are posted there as sentries, and there they stand, or promenade about, at the mouth of every tunnel, like Sister Ann, to see if anybody is coming. Sometimes somebody does come in the shape of another ant—the real ant this time, not the defenceless neuropteron, but some valiant and belted knight from the warlike formicidæ. Single, or in troops, this rapacious little insect, fearless in its chitonous coat of mail, charges down the tree trunk, its antennæ waving defiance to the enemy and its cruel mandibles thirsting for termite blood.

The worker white ant is a poor, defenceless creature, and blind and unarmed, would fall an immediate prey to those well-drilled banditti who forage about in every tropical forest in unnumbered legion. But at the critical moment, like Goliath from the Philistines, the soldier termite advances to the fight. With a few sweeps of its scythe-like jaw it clears the ground, and while the attacking patry is carrying off its dead, the builders, unconscious of the fray, quietly continue their work. To every 100 workers in a white ant colony, which numbers many thousands of individuals, there are perhaps two of these fighting men. The division here is very wonderful, and the fact that besides these two specialized forms there are in every nest two other kind of the same insect, the kings and queens, shows the remarkable height to which civilization in these communities has attained:

These mounds are built into a mesh-work of tunnels, galleries and chambers, where the social interests of the community are attended to. The most spacious of these chambers, usually far underground, is very properly allocated to the head of the society, the queen. The queen termite is a very rare insect, and as there are seldom more than one, or at most two, to a colony, and as the royal apartments are hidden far in the earth, few persons have ever seen a queen, and indeed most if they did happen to come across it, from its singular appearance, would refuse to believe that it had any connection with the white ants. Her one duty in life is to lay eggs, and it must be confessed she discharges her function with complete success, for in a single day her progeny often amounts to many thousands.

Pancakes.

How dear to my heart is the food of my childhood
When poor hotel dinners recall it to view:
The chickens, the partridges shot in the [illegible] wild wood
And all kinds of jam that my infancy knew.
The plump fat old turkey with cranberries nigh it,
The mince pies which often I ate with such joy,
But best of them all and I cannot deny it,
Were those good buckwheat pancakes, I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes.
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy.

That old pancake griddle I hailed as a treasure,
For at noon or at night, when returned from my toil,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
Far better than food that you roast, bake or boil.
How ardent I seized them with countenance glowing,
And unto the table did bear them with joy.
And soon to my mouth mighty fragments were going
Of those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy

How nice from the griddle right hot to receive them,
To swallow them quickly and then call for more,
Not even ambrosia would tempt me to leave them,
When once they had entered my mouth's open door.
And oft when pursuing my way through life's wildwood,
And learning a bit of it's sorrow and joy,
My fancy returns to the scenes of my childhood
And those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent pancakes
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy

A man dressed in Tyrolese costume entered the shop of the principal barber in Innsbruck, sat down in a chair and made a sign that he desired to be shaved. The proprietor of the establishment, seeing a rough-looking fellow clad in the national Joppe reclining on the velvet plush, requested him to "get." "We don't serve peasants here; this is a saloon for gentlemen." The stranger rose with a smile. "Very well," he said, "but oblige me, in case my adjutant should come in, by telling him that I have gone to be shaved by your rival across the street. I am the Archduke Joseph."

The Hon. Edward Blake has intimated to a reporter for a British Columbia journal that he has no thought of resigning his seat in Parliament.

proceed to the extreme step of arresting a lawbreaker his face becomes clouded over with a pall of sorrow and solemnity that would do credit to an Irish undertaker taking the coffin measurement of an archbishop. Grasping the offender firmly with one hand, with the other he extracts from an invisible pocket of great capacity a roll of strong cord. Whispering polite and minute directions in the ear of the victim, who obeys them with scrupulous consideration for the feelings of his captor, he winds the cord several times around his waist and then attaches his wrists in optical contact with the small of his back. Six feet of cord remain; the policeman grasps the loose end, and bowing to the prisoner with an "After you, sir," the pair march away in a touching union of sadness and security. The neighborhood is paralyzed during the performance, business is suspended and traffic is stopped.

The formality of an arrest, however, is the only amusing side of Japanese justice. If you follow the white clothed policeman and his prisoner you will soon reach a police station in which sit a dozen clerks and functioners hard at work at books and accounts and reports, with nothing except their physiognomy and the little teapot and tobacco brazier beside each one to differentiate them from similar European officials. The prisoner will be taken before a superior officer, the charge against him noted down; he will be searched and then put in one of a dozen wooden cells, ten feet square perhaps, separated from the central passage by great wooden bars reaching from floor to ceiling, and making a cell curiously like an elephant house, but providing admirably for ventilation in this hot climate. At the police station he may not be kept more than twenty four hours, and then he is removed to a central station on a large scale minus the functionaries and plus the necessary arrangements for the dentention of prisoners for long periods. The courts are much like European courts.

After visiting many court rooms we reached a room where twenty particularly intelligent looking officials sat at both sides of a long table piled up with newspapers, scissors, blue and red pencils, paste pots and all the familiar equipment of the exchange editor's sanctum. I turned to my guides for an explanation, and caught them regarding me and each other with amused smiles. Then I saw the joke. It was the Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, and those gentlemen with the spectacles and scissors and paste were examining all the newspapers of Japan for treasonable or seditious sentiments or improper criticism of ministerial and imperial affairs. I was introduced, the twenty gentlemen rose simultaneously and the laugh became general. "This," said my guide, waving his hand proudly over the piles of newspapers and the teapots of the censors, "is an institution you have not yet reached in England."

The procedure of this branch of the Japanese police is simple in the extreme. A lynx-eyed censor discovers an article which seems to his conservative notions to threaten the stability of the government, to bring a minister into contempt or to foster improper agitation among the people. He extracts it and submits it to the director of the bureau, who probably takes counsel with the higher authorities. If the censor's view is confirmed the editor of the paper is peremptorily but politely summoned—everything is done politely in Japan, and I have no doubt that the school boy is politely birched and the criminal politely executed—to appear at the department of police at a certain hour on a certain day. When that summons comes to join the innumerable caravan of martyrs to a sense of journalistic duty he knows that—in the expressive language of the Bowery—he is a "goner." "Sir," he is told, "your estimable journal is suspended for so many days. Good-morning."

The whole system of secret police is highly developed in Japan. There is a regular staff of detectives who disguise themselves as laborers, merchants or travellers, or even in case it is necessary to hunt down some great criminal, hire a house in the suspected neighborhood and live there. One of these men loses caste very much in his office, if he does not actually suffer a degradation of position, by failing to return with the information he is dispatched to secure. Besides these however, there is a regular staff of private police correspondents in all parts of the country, and one whole bureau at the department of police is devoted to receiving, ordering, classifying these, and taking action upon them. A good deal of information must be picked up from the tea houses, each of which is a center of gossip, and in one or other of which almost every male well-to-do inhabitant of Tokio is an habitue.—[Tokio Cor. New York World.

Lord Dufferin.

The Earl of Dufferin has been made a marquis, and in future will be known as the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. This honour has been worthily won. Few men have served the State with greater efficiency. Thirty-three years have passed since he entered upon the service of his country. In 1885 he appeared in Vienna attached to the mission undertaken by Lord John Russell to the Austrian Court, a mission which proved unsuccessful. But for its lack of success the youthful diplomatist was in no sense responsible. Whatever work he has since undertaken has almost invariably been crowned with success. The noble marquis is the son of Helen Selina Sheridan, the eldest, if we mistake not, of the three famous daughters of Mr. Thos. Sheridan—ladies renowned alike for their beauty and their accomplishments. The late Earl of Beaconsfield, charmed with all of them, used to speak of Lady Dufferin as possessing even greater ability than Caroline Norton, subsequently Lady Stirling Maxwell. Both sisters were endowed with a large measure of genius: but probably Lord Beaconsfield was right in awarding the palm to the author of the "Emigrant's Farewell." In "Letters from High Latitude," Lord Dufferin showed himself at once an able writer and a plucky seaman. For a time he had Prince Jerome Napoleon as a companion in his voyage to Iceland. But the vexed ocean was too much for Jerome. The Prince preferred Paris to the North Pole, having no fancy for a home upon the deep. In Syria, in Canada, in Turkey, in Egypt, in India and in Burmah, wherever the affairs of England required special attention during the last thirty years, thither Lord Dufferin has been sent with success.

A ministry without love, however educated or otherwise efficient, is as "sounding brass."

2,600 square miles with an average depths of forty feet, no man has yet found its outlet. Fresh streams pour into it from all sides, and yet to day it is briny as when first discovered. It is one fifth pure salt, and so dense is it that it is impossible to sink in it. It has puzzled scientists from all quarters of the globe to tell what becomes of the water that constantly flows into its capacious maw, and while some have given as a solution the possibility of a subterranean outlet, and some have accounted for its disappearance by solar evaporation, no absolute satisfactory theory has yet been adjudged for the lake maintaining its average volume since its first discovery. Strange to relate, while there is no outlet to this enlire mass there is yet a strong current found in two places. Old seamen who have navigated the lake for years have always held to the theory that this was the fastest water in the world for rowing, for two reasons. One of these was that the water being so buoyant a boat would naturally float higher and therefore displace less water; and the other, that the water being so dense the blade of the oar necessarily had much more purchase because of the great resistance of the heaven water. It is further argued that the greater the speed of the boat the less the displacement, and hence the faster ought to be the time made in covering a certain distance. One of the peculiarities of the lake is its proneness to sudden and totally unexpected storms. On the clearest possible day, when not a cloud can be seen overhead and the sun is shining brightly, a squall is liable to rise on the water, and the wind has been known under these circumstances to blow at the rate of sixty miles an hour. These winds come from the mountain tops and hillsides which are only a few miles to the eastward. Sometimes they rush down the narrow canons, and, stealing silently across the plains between the mountains and water, spend their force on a current of air coming across the lake from the north. At the point of contact the storm will be terrific, and then there is great danger to unseaworthy vessels.

The Coal Miner's Strike.

If the coal strike in England actually takes place, it will be the most formidable movement of organized labor that has ever occurred. It has been estimated that it would throw out of work 240,000 men and boys, representing with their families, quite 1,000,000 people. The object of the proposed strike is to secure an increase in wages of 10 per cent., this corresponding to the reduction in wages that was made three years ago. At the time of the cutdown the coal trade of England was in an exceedingly depressed condition, and it was generally admitted, even by the miners themselves, that a reduction in wages was inevitable. But within the last twelve or eighteen months the coal business has improved, though the owners of the mines assert that the improvement consists in larger sales, but not in increased prices. However, there seems to be a difference of opinion on this subject, for the mine owners in Lancashire offered to increase the pay of their men 5 per cent. without condition, and even 10 per cent. if the mine owners in other parts of England made corresponding increase. But the conditions of mutual support made it impossible for the Lancashire miners to accept this proposition, though it was understood that quite a number of them were favorable to it. The trouble with coal mining in England is that prior to 1873 the prices of coal were abnormally high, which led to the opening and developing of a large number of mines, so that the average output has frequently been considerably greater than the ordinary consumption, thus leading to an inevitable decline in prices.

Fashion Notes.

Nothing so useful, and at the same time so elegant, has appeared as yet this season as the embroidered French cashmeres. They are brought out in reseda, rosewood, gold, terra cotta, pine green, olive—in shor, all the newer art colours. The embroidery is worked in self coloured silks, exquisitely done, and the price of each pattern, though rather expensive at first, pays for itself in the wear of the gown when made up. These dresses are charming in appearance, they do not wrinkle or soil quickly, and can, after long use, be cleaned equal to new if desired.

For head garniture in full dress, we see visible indications of a return to narrow flower-wreaths, sometimes two and three rows of fine blossoms going round the head, after the fashion of the classic calf worn by the ancient Greeks. This, however, is a special mode, adapted to the style and carriage of but few women. But more general, and much more simple, is the fashion of wearing an osprey of delicate flowers, or one large damask rose with foliage. This is the "Jenny Lind" fashion revived, and the cluster is worn on the left side of the head, just below the bump of caution.

One of the fashions of the day which is something more than a fashion—almost a craze, indeed—is passementerie. From plain silk cords simply tied in hard knots like a friar's girdle, to placques as intricately wrought as the richest laces, all sorts and kinds are represented. Passementerie appears everywhere, even on the neck for a brooch, at the belt for a buckle, and upon bonnets, hats wraps, gowns, jackets, and even shoes. There are imported entire skirt-front borders three quarters of a yard deep, Russian and zigaro jackets and sleeves entirely of passementerie. Nothing can equal the grace of the design and delicacy and elaborateness of the work. Beads are still intermingled in many of the patterns, and there are, among other importations, very elegant narrow panel-pieces to be laid upon wide box-pleatings, also other large devices for portions of the gown, all of nasturtiums and wall-flowers, executed in bronze, mahogany, gold, amber, and terra cotta silk cords and beads, the richness of effect of this handwork being unsurpassed in beauty and art by any of the treasured relics of the sixteenth century.

Denmark, which twenty years ago exported bad butter of $420,000 annual value, last year exported excellent butter of the value of $2,600,000. The improvement in quality has been mainly wrought by a judicious expenditure of a sum not exceeding £11,000 a year in providing the country with dairy schools, where the pupils are trained in the theory and practice of dairy work, and are taught to make butter and cheese of best quality during all seasons of the year.

of the Guard du Corps, with whom I was acquainted, came in. He was commanding the escort of a distinguished foreigner at Berlin, who came to pay his respects to the new Emperor, Frederick. The officer sat down on a bench beside me, after sending up his card, and, learning that the Ambassador was still in bed enjoying his afternoon nap, we had a talk about court matters in Germany. It was impossible to hold a conversation of interest on any other subject at the Capital at that time. The whole civilised world had its eyes centered on the Capital of the German Empire, just as it is to day, and the English-speaking world was particularly interested in the attitude of the Crown Prince—the present Emperor—toward the people of Great Britain.

"He hates the people across the channel, does he not?" I asked.

"Hate scarcely expresses his sentiments," said the Captain, with a shrug. "It is curious, in all the delving and investigating of the newspaper correspondents that the real reason has never been published of the Crown Prince's antipathy toward the English. He is of a peculiarly revengeful and resentful disposition, and his dislike for his mother's people dates back from the moment of his birth. When it was learned that the Empress Victoria was about to give birth to a child, and to the probable heir to the throne of the German Empire, there was a great deal of excitement in Berlin. The Empress, as you probably know, is a woman of strong mind. She is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, and, over there, she imbibed all sorts of notions concerning the superiority of woman to the man, and the mission in life of the Queen's daughter, and so on. The result was that, at an early period of her married life, she convinced Frederick that she must have her own way at all hazards, and when she made up her mind on the eve of the birth of her child that she must have an English physician to attend her there was a great skurrying and rushing around the palace. At the last moment an English physician was found and taken to the palace. He was clumsy and excited. The result was that when the child was born it was found that the surgical instruments had crushed his left arm and hand. From the instant of his birth young Prince Wallam's arm was withered. He grew up a soldier in every fiber of his body—a wonderful horseman, skilful with his sword, and full of fire and dash. But, even at the outset of his career as an athlete and horseman he found himself handicapped by the awful drawback of the withered arm. He was obliged to eat with a queer sort of combination of knife and fork, which could be held in one hand, and, for a long while, it was impossible for him even to hold the reins of his horse in his left hand. By dint of continuous practice in developing the muscles that were not withered in the hand and arm he succeeded in acquiring the grip on the reins, and he has it to this day. A species of blind and angry rage possessed him that he—the prospective heir of one of the greatest empires in the world, descendant of a line of kings extending over 900 years, and the possible future master of Europe—should find himself crippled in the face of every worldly advantage. By degrees this peculiar, sullen resentment for which he is notable settled upon the bungling physician who had caused him all this trouble, and thence, by easy stages, he grew to dislike not only the physician, but also the people of his race, and this feeling extended so far that William was actually and pointedly antagonistic to his own mother because she was English born. Nothing on earth will ever convince him that the English are not in some way responsible for his withered arm."

The Mocking Bird on Guard.

This amusing songster, so highly esteemed in the countries to which it is imported, is almost as common in some parts of Central America as the robins are in our country lanes. Free in the woods they learn to imitate a number of birds so correctly as to deceive any one. The mocking bird is by no means weak or timid, and can defend itself against a score of other birds, as we have more than once had occasion to see. They are quarrelsome, living alone, except at certain seasons when they seek mates, soon to separate again.

The mocking bird selects some tree, particularly that called palma real, or royal palm, and makes it its headquarters as soon as the fruit is ripe, appearing like clusters of golden berries beneath the broad waving leaves. The bird in possession of the tree devotes his time and attention to guarding the fruit. He cannot possibly eat it all, but will allow no other a share of it, and this is not so much because he thinks of the morrow as because he loves to dispute. He pretends to be not at home while all the time he is lying in wait. He will perch on the roof of the nearest house, or if away from habitations, on another tree, keeping as silent as a mouse does when a cat is hard by, not even indulging in "forty winks." The instant some bright winged songster alights among that yellow fruit, down swoops the watcher, and trouble ensues, generally ending in the unwelcome visitor being driven off as hungry as he came, temper and feathers both ruffled. Then back to the housetop or tree flies the mocker to await patiently another adversary.

The natives of Honduras and adjoining countries take the fledglings from their nest and bring them up on corn, boiled, ground, and mixed with water to the consistency of dough. They thrive well on it, and having had one wing clipped, are left free in house and garden, subsisting on earthworms and other insects; but they generally become in the end the prey of cats.

Love.

Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks, if she seems to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject, why, look then, for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant hills of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to set her pretty little fa's hood before you.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks can never be wise.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 on long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.

Death of James Cook, of Rawdon.

We regret to learn that James Cook, of Rawdon, died at his home in that township on the 17th inst., at the age of about 70 years. Mr. Cook, who was a native of the north of Ireland came to Canada when a young man and settled in the township of Rawdon, where he resided during upwards of forty years. He soon entered public life, and during many years rendered able and faithful service to his township in the local council and as Reeve and Deputy-Reeve in the County Council. He was one of the leading members of the Conservative party in North Hastings, and was also a prominent Orangeman, being County Treasurer of the latter order for over 20 years. He was widely known and respected.

Cold Weather Rules.

The following from the *Sanitarian* may save pain and a doctor's bill at this season of the year:—

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

—A young man named Walter Clarke was lost in the woods for two days, near L'Amable. He suffered greatly by the exposure.

The Trustee Board of the McCoy's Church, Rimington, have been making some much needed improvements in their Church and puspose, D. V., holding their annual Xmas Eve Tea Meeting and deserved reputation. Look out for No. 1 programme and posters.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Black Cashmere Gloves, and Ladies Jersey Jackets, is at Cross & Mouncey's, as they keep all the latest and newest lines, and sell at the lowest price. Call and see. Judge for yourselves.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last week to burglarize the premises of Hodgson & Son, cheese exporters, Belleville.

Lyman Hodge committed suicide at his residence about four miles from Brighton on the Warkworth road. He used a chain to hang himself in the barn. Deceased was a man of about 55 years of age, and had a wife and five children four boys and one girl. Temporary insanity is stated to be the cause.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Whilst the inhabitants of our great cities suffer from the effects of overcrowding and all its attendant evils, both physicial and moral, the more robust and energetic emigrant will in his turn be liable to suffer in his new home from the want of ready skill and great medical resources of his native land always at command. The best advice a friend can give is for him to take a supply of these well-known remedies as part of his outfit, for by attention to the easily understood and yet ample directions which accompany each box and pot he will never be at fault when taken ill or under any adverse sanitary conditions of life.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Peterboro train one day last week made the run from Campbellford to Peterboro, thirty-three miles in forty-five minutes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

HOUSE TO LET

BRICK HOUSE occupied recently by C. G. Wilson.

D. C. CLARKE.

Inquire of MISS CLARKE.

ESTRAY CATTLE.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot 10, 3rd concession of Tudor, in May last, four head of yearling heifers, one red, one brindle, one brindle white, and one red and white muley. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

SIDNEY SPENCER.

Bannockburn, Nov. 27, 1888. 35-3w

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Golden Cheese Manufacturing Company will be held in the factory on Thursday, the 6th of December, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers, selling milk routes, and general business.

JAS. ENGLISH, President.

Madoc, Nov. 27th, 1888. 35-1w

AUCTION SALE

Of Valuable Hotel Property.

THERE will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at

MOON'S HOTEL,

—IN THE—

Village of Madoc.

—ON—

Wednesday, 12th December, 1888,

at two o'clock in the afternoon,

Lots 14 and 15 on the south side of Store street, and Lots 16 and 17 on the east side of Hungerford street, in the Village of Bridgewater, in the County of Hastings, comprising the large frame hotel known as the "Bridgewater House," and the stables, shed, and drive-house connected therewith.

This hotel has about 132 feet frontage on Hungerford street, and about 82 feet frontage on Store street, is 3 stories high and is most eligibly situated.

The Toronto and Ottawa Railway already connects Bridgewater with Madoc and the Midland Railway system, and a charter has been granted for a railway to be built to run northward from Belleville through Bridgewater.

The prospect of this railway being built, the patronage of the lumber trade carried on extensively in this district, the refitting of a first-class grist mill, the development of the excellent marble quarries and the other mineral deposits in this district, and it being the central place of business for the large and prosperous farming community adjacent thereto, combine to make Bridgewater a busy place and the purchase of this property a good investment.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserve bid.

For terms, which are easy, apply to

GEO. J. SHERRY,

Belleville, Ont.

Solicitor for Andrew Robertson and Thomas Workman, Trustees, Montreal.

Dated Nov. 20th, 1888. 35

1888. 1888.

CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS.

The place to get your Christmas Presents is at

WILSON'S

BOOK AND DRUG STORE.

A Large and Varied Assortment, Consisting in part of Plush Goods of Great Variety,

BOOKS, BOOKLETS, CARDS,
MUSIC BOXES,
MOUTH ORGANS,
FLUTES, FIFES,
VIOLINS, ACCORDIANS,
TOYS AND FANCY GOODS.

Prices to suit everyone.

C. G. WILSON,

Durham St., Madoc.

T. ROBERTS

—DEALER IN—

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Underclothing,
Men's Furnishings,
Boots, Shoes, Rubbers,
Trunks, Valises, etc.

WEISS BLOCK, - MADOC.

N. B.

I am not selling at desperate prices, nor do I keep a slaughter house, but I sell good goods lower than any house in Madoc. Nothing kept but the best. Come and see.—T. R.

MADOC MARKETS.

Fall Wheat	$1 05 to $1 07
Spring Wheat	1 05 to 1 05
Barley	60 to 65
Rye	60 to 65
Oats	40 to 45
Peas	70 to 75
Buckwheat	50 to 60
Corn	70 to 70
Flour per 100 lbs	2 75 to 3 00
Butter per pound	18 to 20
Eggs per dozen	15 to 16
Lard per pound	10 to 12
Potatoes per bag	45 to 50
Hay per ton	12 00 to 15 00

WIDE AWAKE

1 J. T. TROWBRIDGE. SUSAN COOLIDGE.
MARGARET SIDNEY. SIDNEY LUSKA.
8 JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. JEAN INGELOW.
8 JOHN STRANGE WINTER. ANDREW LANG.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. NOAH BROOKS
9

INGE, THE BOY-KING. *Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new dramatic ballad, illustrated by Howard Pyle.*

SERIAL STORIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID VANE AND DAVID CRANE. By J. T. Trowbridge. Splendid story, swarming with real Yankee young folk.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS MIDWAY. By Margaret Sidney. The best of home stories.

A LITTLE KNIGHT OF LABOR. By Susan Coolidge. A girl who sought her fortune "'cross lots."

SYBIL FAIR'S FAIRNESS. By Charles R. Talbot. Story of washtubs and steamboats.

SERIES OF ARTICLES.

EARLY DAYS IN THE WILD WEST. By Jessie Benton Fremont. Thrilling true tales, of all of which Mrs. Fremont herself was a part.

CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton. The illustrated National articles.

COOKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Sallie Joy White. Introduces the successful Boston experiment to other schools.

STORIES OF THE FAMOUS PRECIOUS STONES. By Mrs. Goddard Orpen. Romantic true tales.

DAISY'S LETTERS TO PATTY. By Mrs. Wm. Claffin. Short Letters on Social Matters.

MISS RISLEY SEWARD'S TRUE STORIES.

I. The Naughtiest Boy I ever Met. II. My Grandfather with Commodore Perry. III. Tom the Star Boy. IV. A Statesman's Pets.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

I. THE BOY JOHN BURROUGHS. By John Burroughs. With portrait at twenty. II. "H. H." By Susan Coolidge. Portrait from Miss Bartol's charcoal. III. PET MARJORIE. By Mrs. F. A. Humphrey. With portrait of Pet Marjorie from water-color by her sister.

REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES.

YUM-YUM. By John Strange Winter.
WHO WON THE TODDLETHWAITE PRIZE? By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
THE SILVER HEN. By Mary E. Wilkins.
WHO ATE THE QUEEN'S LUNCHEON? By Susan Coolidge.
BIN. By Grace Denio Litchfield.
Also short stories and articles by Sidney Luska, Rose G. Kingsley, Noah Brooks, Elbridge S. Brooks, etc.

NOTABLE ARTICLES.

HOW MANY INDIANS IN THE UNITED STATES? By Major-General O. O. Howard.
FISHING IN THE TWEED AND YARROW. By Andrew Lang.
EARLY AMERICA IN CLAY. By Emilie Poulsson.
THE CASCARONI DANCE. A novel Easter entertainment. By E. L. H. Willis.
AMBROISA DE BOUFFLERS. By Mrs. Alphonse Bernhard (niece of Gen. Grant).
A THOUSAND JACK-KNIVES. By Prof. O. T. Mason.
DOLLS OF NOTED WOMEN. By Miss Risley Seward.
Poems by Jean Ingelow, M. E. B., etc., Pictures, Puzzles, Post-Office and Prize Questions.

Only $2.40 a year. Good pay to agents.

The book FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW, by Margaret Sidney, will be presented to every one sending a subscription for *Wide Awake*, 1889, together with a subscription for *Babyland*, 1889.

Three dollars must be remitted at one time, direct to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, to pay for the two subscriptions and the postage and packing of the book.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

AN AWFUL SCARE

has been caused among certain competing houses by the present low prices we quote on strictly first class new goods. We are sorry to break up time-honored customs or keep anybody awake nights, but our stock must be sold regard less of what others have asked or are asking for similar goods. We are "loaded for bear." We are bound to have patronage and lots of it. The way to do this is to let the prices talk. Now you know what to expect, so come and buy your boots, shoes and rubbers at the

NEW BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM,

Next door North of Dr. Loomis' private residence, Madoc.

JOHNSTON CAREY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of Cold Spring cheese factory will be held in the factory on Monday, December 3rd, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of general business.

A. M. KETCHESON, President.

34-2w.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Spring Hill cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 1st, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., sharp, for the transaction of general business.

DONALD McKENZIE, President.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Brook Valley cheese factory will be held in the factory on Friday, November 30th, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the transaction of general business and receiving tenders for cheese making next year.

RICHARD FARRELL, President.

34-2w

FOR SALE.

LOT 7, on the south side of Cooper street, in the Village of Madoc. Title perfect. For further particulars apply to

D. E. K. STEWART, Barrister, Madoc, or to
FRANCIS S. WALLBRIDGE, Barrister, Belleville.

34-tf

BABY-LAND, 1889

This is the one magazine in the world that combines the best amusement for Babies and the best help for Mothers.

Emilie Poulson will contribute the stories of some of **Baby's Benefactors**, being the tale of the flax and how it furnished linen for Baby; of the lamb, the toy-maker, etc. Many pictures by Mr. L. J. Bridgman.

Baby Bunting's Neighbors, verses and pictures both, by Margaret Johnson, will tell about the strange Babies of different nations.

Dainty stories, tender poems, gay jingles, pictures beautiful, pictures funny, will fill each number. Large type, heavy paper, pretty cover, twelve times a year—and all for only 50 cents. Sample copy 5 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Our Little Men and Women, 1889.

This is the magazine for little folks beginning to read for themselves.

Mrs. M. F. Butts has written a new story in twelve parts entitled **Patchy and Hippity-Hop.** It will have a dozen delightful full-page pictures.

Boy Bob's Menagerie will picture many animals, and give Bob's peculiar account of them.

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates will contribute a dozen poems about **Dame Nature's Elves**, the *real* elves. Many pictures by Mr. L. J. Bridgman.

There will be stories of home and foreign life, games, sports, some Western floral wonders, little "pieces to speak," and seventy-five full-page pictures, besides no end of smaller ones. Twelve times a year, and all for only $1.00. Sample copy 5 cents.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers
BOSTON, MASS.

MILLINERY.

Spring and Summer

STOCK

NOW ARRIVING.

CALL AND SEE.

My display of Millinery and Fancy Goods discounts anything ever seen in Madoc.

New Goods, Latest Styles, Prices Right. Don't fail to see them before ordering.

We actually keep the largest stock of

Trimmed Hats & Bonnets

in Town.

A splendid variety of Holiday Notions now on hand.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

Wilson Block, Madoc.

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

NEW CLOCKS,

WATCHES,

And SCARF PINS

15k. Keeper Rings.

18k. Plain Rings.

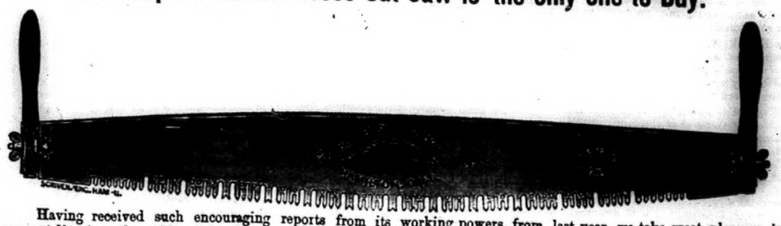
SPECTACLES, BRONZES, VIOLINS, JEWEL CASES, ETC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

THE ONLY ONE!

The Cooper's Runner Cross Cut Saw is the only one to Buy.



Having received such encouraging reports from its working powers, from last year, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the public again, this year.

It differs from other Saws in being THREE GUAGES THINNER on the back than in the teeth, thus allowing it to saw easier, cut faster, and requires far less setting.

EVERY SAW GUARANTEED.

Cheapest stoves in town. Palace Aladdian and Royal Art Square Base Burners, Parlor Cooks and Heating Stoves. Call and See for Yourselves.

M. W. CONNOR & Co.

....SAVE....

your money by coming direct to the

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT

and we will help you save it.

NEW GOODS,
NEW DESIGNS,
NEW PRICES.

We are Headquarters for all qualities in wire and filled Mattresses, at old prices

CUT IN TWO.

TRY US! PROVE US!

We always have in stock every requisite to furnish funerals in a manner second to none. We make a specialty of preserving as near as possible the life like appearance of bodies entrusted to our care, for which we make no charge. Have no connection whatever with *THE UNDERTAKER'S COMBINE.*

J. G. FROST,

Latest Local News.

—A number of Italians moved into town this week.

—The County Council is in session this week in Belleville.

—Madoc Township Council meets on Monday next, at Eldorado.

ss Call at Hudgins' this year for Christmas goods.

—See T. Roberts' new advt. in this issue. He keeps only the best goods in his lines that can be procured.

—An exchange says: "Nobody knows where the flies go to." Perhaps not; but we know where people tell them to go to, though.

ss Bargains in overcoats and pea jackets, at Roberts'.

—New subscribers are getting THE REVIEW from now to the end of 1889, for $1.00. Everybody is welcome to it at this low figure.

—Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, of this village, is a subscriber to the amount of $100 in aid of the recent improvement to Albert College, Belleville.

ss Special bargains in youth's and boy's overcoats, at T. Roberts'.

—Mr. James Hobson, of Benmiller, gave us a call this week and renewed his subscription for the balance of this year and next year in advance.

—If you are in want of a first-class sewing machine call at the Singer Agency, next door to Bowen's bakery. Mr. W. D. Ross, the agent, has a large stock of these celebrated machines now on hand.

ss Trunks and valises away down fine at T. Roberts.

—Mr. W. F. Baker moved his family from this village last week to Havelock, where he is engaged in the livery business. He took the precaution to have THE REVIEW sent him for the coming year.

ss Rubbers, crack proof, the celebrated Goodyear make, at Roberts'.

—C. G. Wilson's new advt. will be found in this issue. Mr. Wilson makes a specialty of the best kind of goods suitable for Christmas presents, and his stock will be found well worth inspecting.

ss Cardigan overshoes at Roberts'. The only place in Madoc where they can be bought.

—A cablegram from Miss Jennie Sinclair, now on her way to India, reached her mother in this village on Friday evening last, from Moville, off Ireland, announcing her safe arrival that far on her long journey. She goes by steamer from Liverpool direct to India, and will probably reach her destination early in January.

ss A fine line of ladies' neckerchiefs at Roberts'.

—Messrs Wellington & Caverley are fixing up an enclosure for an ice rink on the lot just south of the T. & O. railway track, and expect to have it ready for skaters the end of this week. It will be much larger than any rink heretofore in Madoc, and with proper management ought to be a source of revenue to the owners, as well as of enjoyment to our villagers.

ss Youths', boys' and men's underclothing at Roberts'.

—Belleville is a horribly wicked place. The place is just now infested with thieves of nearly every description. Last week several citizens had game chickens stolen, several clothes lines were stripped, a little girl had her gloves stolen out of her jacket pocket, and a policeman had a dog stolen. Then another citizen had a dog stolen, another a buggy, another a horse, and finally a lady had a shawl taken from her buggy while she was attending church on Sunday last.

ss Seamless Boots, youths' and boys', at Roberts'.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

To Leave Madoc.

It is reported that Rev. Father Davis, R. C. Priest of this village, is shortly to be removed to another parish, Picton or Brockville being mentioned.

To Our Advertisers.

All changes of advertisements must be in our hands not later than Tuesday noon, otherwise they will be obliged to lay over until the next week. We cannot change advts. at the last moment.

Township Councillors.

We would remind officers and members of township councils, for their own good, of the new law calling for a special meeting in December for the preparation and issue of the financial statement of the municipality at that date.

Cheese Factory Reports.

We would request presidents and secretaries of cheese factories to send us a report of what has been done in these institutions this year. Information of this kind is of very much interest to a large number of our readers; and we think as do the best and influential dairymen, that a statement of every factory should be published in the local paper.

Fire in Huntingdon.

On the 13th, a barn situated on the farm of Mr. W. Collins, in the 11th concession of Huntingdon, and leased by Mr. G. Post, was totally destroyed by fire with its contents. The contents of the building consisting of the season's crop, and some farming utensils, were fully covered by insurance. The building was partially insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

School House Burned.

This week Mr. Mackintosh, I. P. S., received information of the burning of the school house at Long Lake, Mayo township, on the evening of the 23rd inst. When discovered the fire had made too much headway for a successful attempt to save the building, but a quantity of the school furniture was saved. The loss will be a serious one to that school section.

Hotel Property for Sale.

An advertisement in another column this week announces the sale by public auction, on December 12th, next, of the hotel property known as the "Bridgewater House," Bridgewater. It is a very large building, and was erected years ago when the mining boom struck that part of the county, and Bridgewater expected to become a great city. We believe it is the largest hotel in the county, and no doubt ought to be a source of revenue to a live owner. Mr. Geo. J. Sherry, barrister, of Belleville, has the sale in charge in behalf of the Montreal trustees.

A Strange Occurrence.

The Norwood *Register* says:—The other day the wife of Mr. Thomas Howson, Queen Street, had rather a narrow escape from bleeding to death. She had had two teeth extracted and although the gum bled considerably she was in no way alarmed, thinking it only a natural consequence. The blood, however, continuing to flow, she became alarmed and a doctor was called in. Mrs. Howson was now weak from the loss of blood, and while the doctor was attempting to stop the flow, she fainted. This latter occurrence, combined with the prompt measures adopted, the doctor says, probably saved her life. She is now as well as ever.

One Thousand Dollars Reward.

A reward of one thousand dollars is offered by the publishers for the best letter of suggestions for a Christmas souvenir that will equal the Christmas Number of the *Montreal Star* at the published price. Competitors to give their full name and address. This year's *Christmas Star* has twenty-eight pages of beautiful illustrations, articles by eminent writers, four superb supplements and other attractions of a surpassing character. It is far and away ahead of anything yet published. Orders for copies to send to England are the largest on record. Those who cannot procure it from a newsdealer will receive it by sending the small amount of 40 cents to the publishers, Montreal. Postage stamps of one and three cent denomination will be accepted.

Fatal Shooting Accident.

The following, which we take from the Newberry (Mich.,) *News* of November 17th will be read with deep regret by the friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Liberty, late of Madoc:—About 11 o'clock yesterday our citizens were horrified to learn that Joseph Liberty had shot his oldest daughter, Hattie, aged about 14 years. It appears that Mr. Liberty was unloading his rifle, and one of the cartridges had become fastened, and in trying to get it out accidentally discharged the weapon, the ball from which shattered his daughter's right hand and passing through her body came out below her left shoulder. Dr. Frazer was immediately summoned but could do nothing to relieve her beyond dressing her hand. She expired about 7 o'clock the same evening. The parents are crased with grief and the accident has cast a gloom over the entire community.

ss Boys rubber coats at Roberts'.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Father Chiniquy.

Will visit Madoc and vicinity, as follows:—Tuesday, December 4th, at Fox Church, Eldorado; 5th at McCoy's Church; 6th at Queensboro; 7th at Tweed; 9th and 10th at Madoc. Further notice next week.

Look Out for Them.

There are two artists travelling through this section of the country taking orders for the enlarging of pictures, who ask for a deposit of $5 and that the remaining amount, whatever it may be, will be collected when the picture is delivered. Have your goods delivered and then pay for them, as it is said that some have already regretted the visit of these parties.

Two Drowning Cases.

A young man named Wm. McKenty, 21 years of age, whose home is a few miles from Madoc village, was drowned at the Sudbury mines on Friday last by accidentally falling into one of the shafts which was half full of water. His body was brought home on Tuesday.

On Sunday last a man named Thomas Gordon, 37 years of age, sometimes known as Dalton, while on his way from Millbridge to one of the shanties, fell into a well and was drowned. The body was recovered on Monday.

The funeral of both the above parties took place yesterday to the R. C. Church burying ground in Madoc. A curious incident is that the two hearses and funeral processions met each other, one going to the church while the other was going from the church to the cemetery.

Honors in Music.

The last issue of the Trenton *Advocate* thus refers to the musical abilities of Miss Rawe, a native of Madoc, and who left this village only a few years ago:—

Miss Emily Rawe left here for Boston on Wednesday to spend the winter months at the N. E. Conservatory, where she finished her musical education. It is four years since she left that institution; the first was spent at the Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto, where she filled the post of assistant in singing and piano with great success. For the past three years Miss Rawe has taught in Trenton. Her classes have always kept up to the right number and several pupils have made a name for themselves by their fine rendering in public of both singing and piano playing. Miss Rawe for nearly three years filled the position of organist of St. Andrew's Church, showing her ability to execute on that fine instrument. Her pupils and friends are looking forward to her return in March, after a good rest.

ss Groceries, crockery, boots and shoes away down, for cash at D. W. Wright's.

ss An awful scare, and no one hurt or wounded, only their feelings and pockets were a little bit disturbed after carrying home those rubbers at seventy-five cents a pair and wearing them twice and dropping off their feet. We do not sell such trash as that. What we sell are reliable goods, no paper soles, or gum rubbers pasted with a little flour that drops off your feet the first time you wear them in the wet. Buy your goods from reliable dealers and give D. W. Wright a trial.

The Rathbun Company have opened up a grain market at Campbellford.

ss Hand-made long boots at Roberts'.

ss J. R. Irish, Dentist, visits Madoc twice a month, 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday. For December the dates will be 4th and 18th.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

ANOTHER ONE!

JUST RECEIVED

our 3rd shipment this fall of those famous

PERSIAN LAMB CAPS

which we are selling so cheap.

The Price and Quality Sell Them.

Look at them Before Buying.

JOHN DALE & SON'S.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Alexandria cheese factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, December 1st, at the hour of 1 o'clock, sharp, for the purpose of paying dividends, electing officers, selling milk route, and transacting general business.

JOHN CASKEY,
President.

34-2w

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north-east ¼ of lot 12, 9th concession, Township of Madoc, containing 50 acres, all cleared, 45 acres under the plow, well watered and well fenced and in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

FRED. McKINNON.

Madoc, October, 1888. 30-2m

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

ON Church Street, in the Village of Madoc, a good frame house, situated about 50 yards from the Model School, and about 100 yards from the new High School. The lot is a corner lot, 95 feet frontage. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Nov. 1st, 1888. 31

HAVING ADDED LARGELY

To the stock bought from J. Robertson, I am prepared to sell as

Close for Cash

as can be done by the trade.

COME AND SEE US.

Eggs, Butter and other produce taken at cash value.

E HILL.

OVERCOATS AND SUITS

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

20	Overcoats	at	$5.00	each.	12	Men's Suits at	$6.00 each.
20	"	"	7.50	"	10	" "	8.25 "
15	"	"	8.75	"	20	Nice Dark Check Suits at	9.50 "
20	"	"	10.00	"	15	" "	10.50 "
10	"	"	10.50	"	50	pair Pants, assorted, from	1.90 up.

Big reduction in Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth, Flannels, Tweeds, Table Linens, Towels and Towelling.

See Our 40 Inch Grey Cotton at 8 Cents a Yard.

T. McNAMARA.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

When the hired man from the room behind flung open the drawing-room door in his lordly way and announced in a very loud voice, "Mrs Bouverie Barton and Mrs. Hugh Massinger," neither Warren nor Edie was in the front room to hear the startling announcement, which would certainly for the moment have taken their breath away. For communications between the houses of Relf and Massinger had long since ceased. But Warren and Edie were both up-stairs. So Winifred and her hostess passed idly in front shaking hands by the doorway with good old Mrs. Relf, who never by any chance caught anybody's name) and mingled cheerily with the men of the visitors. Winifred was very glad indeed of that, for she wanted to escape observation. Sir Anthony's report had been far from reassuring. She preferred to remain as much in the background as possible that afternoon: all she wished was merely to observe and to listen.

As she stood there mingling with the general crowd and talking to some chance acquaintance of old London days, she happened to overhear two scraps of conversation going on behind her. The first was one that mentioned no names: and yet, by some strange feminine instinct she was sure it was of herself the speakers were talking.

"Oh Yes," one voice said in a low tone, with the intonation that betrays a furtive side-glance; "She's far from strong—in fact, very delicate. He married her for her money—of course: that's clear. She hadn't much else, poor little thing, except a certain short-lived *beauté du diable*, to recommend her. And she has no go in her; she won't live long. You remember what Galton remarks about heiresses? They are generally the last decadent members, he says, of a moribund stock whose strength is failing. They bear no children, or if any, weaklings: most of them break down with their first infant; and they die at last prematurely of organic feebleness. Why, he just sold himself outright for the poor girl's property; that's the plain English of it; and now I hear, with his extravagant habits, he's got himself after all into monetary difficulties."

"Agricultural depression?" the second voice inquired—an old man's and louder.

"Worse than that, I fear; agricultural depression and an encroaching sea. Besides which, he spends too freely.—But excuse me, Dr. Moutrie," in a very low tone: "I'm afraid the lady's rather near us."

Winifred strained her ears to the utmost to here the rest; but the voices had sunk too low now to catch a sound. Even as she did so, another voice, far more distinct, from a lady in front, caught her attention with the name "Miss Challoner." Winifred pricked up her ears incontinently. Could it be of her Elsie that those two were talking?

"Oh, yes," the second lady addressed made answer cheerfully; "she was very well when we last saw her in April at San Remo. We had the next villa to the Relfs on the hillside, you know. But Miss Challoner doesn't come to England now; she was going as usual to St Martin de Lantosque to spend the summer, when we left the Riviera. She always goes there as soon as the San Remo season's over."

"How did the Relfs first come to pick her up?" the other speaker asked curiously.

"Oh, I fancy it was Mr. Warren Relf himself who made her acquaintance somewhere unearthly down in Suffolk, where she used to be a governess. He's always there, I believe, lying on a mudbank, yachting and sketching."

Winifred could restrain her curiosity no longer. "I beg your pardon," she said, leaning forward eagerly. "but I think you mentioned a certain Miss Challoner. May I ask, does it happen by any chance to be Elsie Challoner, who was once at Girton? Because, if so, she was a governess of mine, and I haven't heard of her for a long time past. Governesses drop out of one's world so fast. I should be glad to know where she's living at present."

The lady nodded. "Her name's Elsie," said he with a quiet inclination, "and she was certainly a Girton girl; but I hardly think she can be the same you mention. I should imagine, indeed, she's a good deal too young a girl to have been your governess."

It was innocently said, but Winifred's face was one vivid flush of mingled shame and humiliation. Talk about *cosaute du diable* indeed; she never knew before she had grown so very plain and ancient. "I'm not quite so old as I look, perhaps," she answered hastily. "I've had a great deal to break me down. But I'm glad to learn where Elsie is, anyhow. You said she was living at San Remo, I fancy?"

"At San Remo. Yes. She spends her winters there. For the summers, she always goes up to St Martin.,,

"Thank you," Winifred answered with a throbbing heart. "I'm glad to have found out at last what's become of her.—Mrs Barton, if you can tear yourself away from Dr. and Mrs. Tyacke, who are always so alluring, suppose we go up-stairs now and look at the pictures."

In the studio, Warren Relf recognised her at once, and with much trepidation came up to speak to her. It would all be out now, he greatly feared: and Hugh would learn at last that Elsie was living. For Winifred's own sake—she looked so pale and ill—he would fain have kept the secret to himself a few months longer.

Winifred held out her hand frankly. She liked Warren; she had always like1 him; and besides, Hugh had forbidden her to see him. Her lips trembled, but she was bold, and spoke. "Mr Relf," she said with quiet earnestness, "I'm so glad to meet you here to-day again—glad on more than one account. You go to San Remo often, I believe. Can you tell me if Elsie Challoner is living there?"

Warren Relf looked back at her in undisguised astonishment. "She is," he answered. "Did my sister tell you so?"

"No," Winifred replied with bitter truthfulness. "I found it out." And with that one short incisive sentence, she moved on coldly, as if she would fain look at the pictures.

"Does—does Massinger know it?" Warren asked all aghast, [illegible] like, and unwittingly trampling on h[illegible] rest feelings.

Winifred turned round upon him with a angry flash. This was more than she could bear. The tears were struggling hard to rise to her eyes; she kept them back with supreme effort. "How should I know, pray?" she answered fiercely, but very low. "Does he make me the confidante of all he loves, do you suppose, Mr. Relf?—He said she was in Australia.—He told me a lie.—Everybody's combined and cabalied to deceive me.—How should I know whether he knows or not? I know nothing. But one thing I know: from my mouth at least he shall never, never, never hear it."

She turned away stern, and hard as iron. Hugh had deceived her; Elsie had deceived her. The two souls she had loved the best on earth! From that moment forward, the joy of her life, whatever had been left of it, was all gone from her. She went forth from the room a crushed creature.

How varied in light and shade the world is! While Winifred was driving gloomily back to her own lodgings—solitary and heart-broken, in Mrs. Bouverie Barton's comfortable carriage—revolving in her own wounded soul this incredible conspiracy of Hugh's and Elsie's—Edie Relf and her mother and brother were joyfully discussing their great triumph in the now dismantled and empty frem drawing room at 128 Bletchinsly Road, South Kensington.

"Have you totted up the total of the sales, Warren?" Edie Relf inquired with a bright light in her eye and a smile on her lips; for the private view—her own inception—had been more than successful from its very beginning.

Warren jotted down a series of figures on the back of an envelope and counted them up mentally with profound trepidation. "Mother," he cried, clasping her hand with a convulsive clutch in his "I'm afraid to tell you; it's so positively grand. Its seems really too much.—If this goes on, you need never take any pupils again, Edie, we owe it all to you.—It can't be right, yet it comes out square. I've reckoned up twice and got each time the same total—Four hundred and fifty!"

"I thought so," Edie answered with a happy little laugh of complete triumph. "I hit upon such a capital dodge, Warren. I never told you beforehand what I was going to do, for I knew if I did, you'd never allow me to put it into execution; but I wrote the name and price of each picture in big letters and plain figures on the back of the frame. Then, whenever I took up a person with a good, colny, solvent expression of countenance, and a picture-buying crease about the corners of the mouth, to inspect the studio, I waited for them casually to ask the name of any special piece they particularly admired. "Let me see," said I. "What does Warren call that? I think it's on the back here." So I turned round the frame, and there they'd see it, as large as life: "By Stormy Seas—Ten Pounds;" or, "The Haunt of the Sea-Swallow—Thirty Guineas." That always fetched them, my dear. They couldn't resist it.—Warren, you may give me a kiss, if you like. I'll tell you what I've done: I've made your fortune."

Warren kissed her affectionately on the forehead, half abashed. "You're a bad girl, Edie," he said good-humouredly; "and if I'd only known it, I'd certainly have taken a great big cake of best ink-eraser and rubbed your plain figures all carefully out again.—But I don't care a pin in the end, after all, if I can make this dear mother and you comfortable."

"And marry Elsie," Edie put in mischievously.

Warren gave a quiet sigh of regret. "And marry Elsie," he added low. "But Elsie will never marry me."

"You goose!" said Edie, and laughed at him to his face. She knew women better than he did.

And all this while, poor lonely Winifred was rocking herself wildly backward and forward in Mrs Bouverie Barton's comfortable carriage, and muttering to herself in a mad fever of despair: "I could have believed it of Hugh; but of Elsie, of Elsie—never, never!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE STRANDS DRAW CLOSER.

"I feel it my duty to let you know," Sir Anthony Wraxall wrote to Hugh a day or two later—by the hand of his amanuensis—"that Mrs Massinger's lungs are far more seriously and dangerously affected than I deemed it at all prudent to inform her in person last week, when she consulted me here on the subject. Galloping consumption, I regret to say, may supervene at any time. The phthisical tendency manifests itself in Mrs Massinger's case in an advanced stage; and general tuberculosis may therefore on the shortest notice carry off with startling rapidity. I would advise you, under these painful circumstances, to give her the benefit of a warmer winter climate; if not Egypt or Algeria, then at least Mentone, Catania, or Malaga. She should not on any account risk seeing another English Christmas. If she remains in Suffolk during the colder months of the present year, I dare not personally answer for the probably consequences."

Hugh laid down the letter with a sigh of despair. It was the last straw, and it broke his back with utter despondency. How to finance a visit to the south he knew not. Talk about Algeria, Catania, Malaga! he had hard enough work to make both ends meet anyhow at Whitemead. He had trusted first of all to the breakwater to redeem everything: but the breakwater, that broken reed, had only pierced the hand that leaned upon it. The sea shifted and the sand drifted worse than ever. Then he had hoped the best from "A Life's Philosophy;" but "A Life's Philosophy," published after long and fruitless negotiations, at his own risk—for no firm would so much as touch it as a business speculation—had never paid the long printer's bill, let alone recouping him for his lost time and trouble. Nobody wanted to read about his life or his philosophy.

Of Winifred's health, Hugh thought far less than of the financial difficulty. He saw she was ill, decidedly ill, but not so ill as everybody else who saw her imagined. Wrapped up in his own selfish hopes and fears, never really fond of his poor small wife, and now estranged for months and months by her untimely discovery of Elsie's watch, which both he and she had entirely misinterpreted, Hugh Massinger had not that frail young creature more than once or twice day by day without at any time realising the profundity of the change or the actual seriousness of her failing condition.

He went out into the drawing-room to join Winifred. He found her lying lazily on the sofa, pretending to read the first volume of Besant's last new novel from Mudie's. "The wind's shifted," he began uneasily. "We shall get it warmer, I hope soon, Winifred."

"Yes, the wind's shifted," Winifred answered gloomily, looking up in a hopeless and bewildered way from the pages of Besant's story. "It blows straight across from Siberia yesterday; to-day it blows straight across from Greenland."

"How would you like to go abroad for the winter, I wonder?" Hugh asked tentatively, with some faint attempt at his old kindness of tone and manner.

His wife glanced over at him with a sudden and strangely suspicious smile. "To San Remo, I suppose?" she answered bitterly.

She meant the name to speak volumes to Hugh's conscience; but it fell upon his ears as flat and unimpressive as any other. "Not necessarily to San Remo," he replied, all unconscious. "To Algeria, if you like—or Mentone, or Bordighera."

Winifred arose, and walked without one word of explanation, but with a resolute air, into the study, next door. When she came out again, she carried in her two arms Keith Johnston's big Imperial Atlas. It was a heavier book than she could easily lift in her present feeble condition of body, but Hugh never even offered to help her to carry it. The day of small politenesses and courtesies was long gone past. He only looked on in mute surprise, anxious to know whence came this sudden new-born interest in the neglected study of European geography.

Winifred laid the Atlas down with a flop on the five o'clock tea table, that staggered with its weight, and turned the pages with feverish haste till she came to the map of Northern Italy. "I thought so," she gasped out, as she scanned it close, a lurid red spot burning brightin her cheek. "Mentone and Bordighera are both of them almost next door to San Remo.—The nearest stations on the line along the coast.—You could run over there often by rail from either of them."

"Run over—often—by rail—to San Remo?" Hugh repeated with a genuinely puzzled expression of countenance.

"Oh, you act admirably!" Winifred cried with a sneer. "What perfect bewilderment! What childlike innocence! I've always considered you an Irving wasted upon private life. If you'd gone upon the stage, you'd have made your fortune; which you've scarcely succeeded in doing, it must be confessed, at your various existing assorted professions."

Hugh stared back at her in blank amazement. "I don't know what you mean," he answered shortly.

"Capital! capital!" Winifred went on in her bitter mood, endeavouring to assume a playful tone of unconcerned irony. "I never saw you act better in all my life—not even when you were pretending to fall in love with me. It's your most successful part—the injured innocent:—much better than the part of the devoted husband. If I were you, I should always stick to it.—But it's very abrupt. this sudden conversion of yours to the charms of the Riviera."

"Winifred," Hugh cried, with transparent conviction in every note of his voice, "I see you're labouring under some distressing misapprehension; but I give you my solemn word of honor I don't in the least know what it is you're driving at. You're talking about somebody or something unknown that I don't understand. I wish you'd explain. I can't follow you."

But he had acted too often and too successfully to be believed now, for all his earnestness. "Your solemn word of honor!" Winifred burst out angrily, with intense contempt. "Your solemn word of honour, indeed! And pray, who do you think believes now in your precious word or your honour either? You can't deceive me any longer, thank goodness, Hugh. I know you want to go to San Remo; and I know for whose sake you want to go there. This solicitude for my health's all a pure fiction. Little you cared for my health a month ago! Oh so, I see through it all distinctly. You've found out there's a reason for going to San Remo, and you want to go there for your own pleasure accordingly."

An idea flashed suddenly across Hugh's mind. "I think, Winifred," he said calmly, "you're labouring under a mistake about the place you're speaking of. The gaming tables are not at San Remo, as you suppose, but at Monte Carlo, just beyond Mentone. And if you thought I wanted to go to the Riviera for the sake of repairing our ruined estate at Monte Carlo, you're very much mistaken. I wanted to go, I solemnly declare, for your health only."

Winifred rose, and faced him now like an angry tigress. Her sunken white cheeks were flushed and fiery indeed with suppressed wrath, and a bright light blazed in her dilated pupils. The full force of a burning indignation possessed her soul. "Hugh Massinger," she said, repelling him haughtily with her thin left hand, "you've lied to me for years, and you're lying to me now as you've always lied to me. You know you've lied to me, and you know you're lying to me. This pretence about my health's a transparent falsehood. These prevarications about the gambling tables are a tissue of fictions. You can't deceive me. I know why you want to go to San Remo!" And she pushed him away in disgust with her angry fingers.

The action and the insult were too much for Hugh. He could no longer restrain himself. Sir Anthony's letter trembled in his hands; he was clutching it tight in his waistcoat pocket. To show it to Winifred would have been cruel, perhaps, under any other circumstances; but in face of such an accusation as that, yet wholly misunderstood, flesh and blood—at least Hugh Massinger's—could not further resist the temptation of producing it. "Read that," he cried, handing her over the letter coldly; "you'll see from it why it is I want to go; why, in spite of all we've lost and are losing, I'm still prepared to submit to this extra expenditure."

"Out of my money," Winifred answered scornfully, as she took the paper with an inclination of mock-courtesy from his tremulous hands. "How very generous! And how very kind of you!"

She read the letter through without a single word; then she yielded at last, in spite of herself, to her womanly tears. "I see it all, Hugh," she cried, flinging herself down once more in despair upon the sofa. "You fancy I'm going to die now; and it will be so convenient, so very convenient for you to be near her there next door at San Remo!"

Hugh gazed at her again in mute surprise. At last he saw it—he saw it in all its naked sidenuzzess. A light began gradually to dawn upon his mind. It was awful—it was horrible in its cruel Nemesis upon his unspoken crime. To think she should be jealous—of his murdered Elsie! He could hardly speak of it; but he must, he must. "Winnie," he cried, almost softened by his pity for what he took to be her deadly and terrible mistake, "I understand you, I think, after all. I know what you mean.—You believe—that Elsie—is at San Remo."

Winifred looked up at him through her tears with a withering glance. "You have said it!" she cried in a haughty voice, and relapsed into a silent fit of sobbing and suppressed cough, with her poor wan face buried deep once more like a wounded child's in the cushions of the sofa.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"IN THE SOUP."

Two Theories as to the Origin of this Latest Bit of Popular Slang.

Everybody who is running for office, together with every party that is running a candidate, is, according to one statement or another, "in the soup." Outside of politics, the same fact is observable. Everything and everybody that doesn't just suit everybody else is sure to be consigned by somebody or other to "the soup." The world, in fact, seems to have become an immense tureen, and all its inhabitants are floating around like chopped vegetables in a julienne. Why this should be so, and why the "in the soup" idea should be uppermost now in the mind of every citizen who wants to say something funny, is not more apparent than was, awhile ago, the reason for every one being inclined to tell every one else to "Let her go, Gallagher." The origin of both expressions is involved in obscurity.

"In the soup" first achieved classic authority, so far as can now be ascertained, in one of the picturesque stories of what are called "sporting" events. The event was the arrival in America last fall of Kilrain, the pugilist. The situation was that the big Cunarder Etruria, with the pugilist aboard, lay in the darkness off Quarantine, waiting for morning, and a tug with Kilrain's friends aboard, was hovering about, anxious to get Kilrain off and bring him up to the city. The Captain of the Etruria had announced with a severity that seemed unnecessary that no such drunken crew should come anywhere near his vessel. The disconsolate but not unhappy crowd on the tug had to content itself with howling greetings to Kilrain across a watery gulf that separated the two vessels. One of the men on the tug, Johnston by name, was so anxious to get as near Kilrain as possible that he tumbled overboard. One of his companions, witnessing this act, instead of assailing the still depths of the darkness that brooded over the waves by shouts for help, or shocking the calm stars overhead with frantic cries for a rope, simply balanced himself against the rail and called out:

"He! Johnston's fell in de soup!"

The sublime audacity of the comparison of the Great Atlantic to a plate of soup was wasted on the drunken crew that heard it, but the waves chuckled gleeful ripples against the tug's sides, the stars twinkled merrily, and next morning, when people read about it, it tickled the public fancy so that the new slang became quickly the pet expression of the day, and by this time is has attained just about ripeness enough to make it ready to pick any lay away along with Mr. Gallagher and other slang once of repute.

Nobody knows just where this "in the soup" expression came from, but two ingenious theories have been broached to a reporter who attempted to trace the "soup" to its lair—to its kettle, as it were. Mr. Gaffney, who is the language sharp of the "Police Gazette," says that the expression first became current in sporting circles about eight or ten months ago, but that for long before that he remembered to have heard the street gamins cry after a drunkard man that he was "full o' soup" and he also thinks that among criminals the expression "he's got in soup" was used to express the idea that a person has fallen into the hands of the law, and was locked up. From using "soup" to express the idea of drunkeness the step was to make it cover the misfortune to which drunkenness led, and so to convey the idea of any misfortune, so that "in the soup" came to have its present significance.

The police, on the other hand, say that they never heard of the expression "in soup" being used by criminals to mean imprisonment. They derive the phrase, "in the soup," from an entirely different source, the theatre, and make his original spelling "supe." "He's the supe," according to this theory, was first a contemptuous designation of an actor's place, classing him among the supernumaries, and then a general expression of contempt for anything, so growing naturally into its present significance.

Neither of these theories of the derivation of the slang may be right. They fit suspiciously well, and have a "made to order" air about them. But any body who thinks he has a better theory is welcome to try it on.

The effects of the defunct Gladstone Club, in Kingston, were sold by auction on Friday.

Professor Chandler Roberts estimates the weight of the smoke cloud which daily hangs over London at about 50 tons of solid carbon, and 250 tons of carbon in the form of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide gases. Calculated from the average results of tests made by the Smoke Abatement Committee, the value of coal wasted from domestic grates reaches, upon the annual consumption of 5,000,000 people, to £2,257,500. The cost of carriage on this wasted coal is calculated to be £268,750, while the passage of a large number of horses through the streets in drawing it adds considerably to the cost of street cleaning and repairing. There is also the cost of taking away the extra ashes, £43,000 a year. Summing it all up, the direct and indirect cost of the wasted coal is set down at £2,600,000, plus the additional loss from the damage done to property caused by the smoky atmosphere, estimated by Mr. Chadwick at £2,000,000—the whole amounting to £4,600,000 or $23,000,000.—[Ex.

STATISTICS.

All the money which the world possesses to-day would only purchase one-third of its railways, since to-day the railroads of the world are worth nearly $30,000,000,000 of about one-tenth of the total monetary wealth of the civilized nations, and ever one quarter of their invested capital. In comparison with this sum the amount of money invested in banking throughout the entire world is but a trifle. The railroad business is one which is increasing at an almost incredible rate of speed. In 1870 the world's railways aggregated 155,000 miles, while in 1885 there were over 300,000 miles of railroad, thus showing an increase of 118,000 in ten years, or, on an average, upward of 11,000 miles a year. When it is considered that this would mean the laying each year of railway enough to reach nearly half around the earth the magnitude of the increase can be in a measure appreciated.

No better illustration of the wonderful wealth of the United States is furnished than the figures which David T. Day, of the division of mining statistics of the United States geological survey, gives regarding the immense mineral output of the country for the past year. They show that the total value of all minerals raised that year amounted to $338,000,000. This is $70,000,000 more than the output during the previous year, and more than $100,000,000 greater than that of 1885. The last year's output is not only the greatest ever raised in the United States, but is at least $100,000,000 greater than the output of any other country, and leaving out England is greater than that of all Europe put together. Verily we are living in a marvellous country, which the ready ingenuity of the people is doing more and more to develop.—*Springfield Republican.*

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A NEW YORK ELECTION—A ROUGH ESTIMATE OF WHAT TUESDAY'S FIGHT COST THE CITY.

Whole expense at polls	$620,560
Mayoralty fight	273,000
Ballot printing	60,000
Banners	24,000
Parades	350,000
Three aldermanic candidates in each of the twenty-four districts at $1,000 each	72,000
Three candidates for Congress in each of the nine districts at $2,500 each	67,500
Three candidates for sheriff at $20,000 each	60,000
Three candidates for county clerk at $20,000 each	60,000
Three candidates for president of the Board of Aldermen at $5,000 each	15,000
Ten candidates for coroner at $5000 each	50,000
Cost of the election in the city	$1,724,060

The statistical returns of the export trade of India during the last ten years show a very considerable and gratifying increase in almost all the chief products of the country. The amount of raw cotton exported has risen from 93 800,000 to 134,700,000 rupees, wheat from 28.700,000 to 86,200,000 rupees, and rice from 69,500,000, to 88,300 000 rupees. In cotton twist and yarn there has been a largely increased export—from 7,400,000 to 34,100,000 rupees. The only marked falling off is in opium which declined from 123,700,000 to 110,700, rupees. The tables further show that the growth indicated has been steady and is still kept up, the total export trade of India which has increased about 35 per cent. in the ten years, having been larger last year than in any year preceding. The figures respecting cotton and wheat are particularly suggestive. They point to undeveloped possibilities which have a serious meaning for America, no less than for Europe. But increased abundance of food and clothing must be in direct line with the world's well-being.

A sensation has been created in Woodstock by a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Farthing, of the Episcopal church there. In denunciation of gambling. Mr. Farthing condemns the practice as tending to deprave the community and to divert men from honest toil to speculative means of making a living. The practice is a tremendous deception in more ways than one. Whenever a man falls a victim to the gamblers the popular feeling for him is one of regret. But a due regard for the circumstances will show that the man has really made a fool of himself by deliberately walking into a trap. Nobody but the professional makes money at gambling. The games of chance are not devised with a view to giving the greenhorn on equal opportunity with his gambling acquaintance. Even if the appliances are not fixed so as to prevent the novice from winning, the superior knowledge of the game possessed by the professional renders loss to the beginner a certainty.

The degree of civilisation which a country has reached may be fairly gauged by its freedom from bigotry and intolerance. Judged by this standard, Russia must be a semi-barbarous country, another anti-Semitic crusade having been started in the Czar's dominions. Foreign Jewish farmers have been ordered to quit Podolia, and it is expected an edict of expulsion will be pronounced against the foreign Jews in Southern Russia. There was a time when the Jews were persecuted in every country in Europe, but the unreasoning prejudice against them has in most cases been weakened or removed altogether by the spread of civilizing influences among the masses. As the probabilities are that of the European nations Russia will be the last to obtain free institutions, it may be expected that persecution will there find its last stronghold.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mushrooms Easy To Grow.

It is a little singular to put it mildly, that such a delicacy as the mushroom, one that is such a general favorite, should not be more generally cultivated—or rather grown, as it needs no cultivation—so plentifully that every owner of a pasture lot or moderate sized lawn can have enough for family use when first gathered and for pickling and canning for winter's use. To grow mushrooms in order to have them fresh during winter is quite an expensive undertaking and a practice that cannot become general because of the cost. Modern improvements in the modes of preserving vegetables have made this vegetable a necessity rather than a luxury. How can they be grown in quantities at a trifling expense is the question, and it is an easy one to answer. All that is necessary is to obtain some spawn at any reliable seed store (it is not expensive), break it into small pieces, say the size of an egg and plant it in lawn or meadow.

The method of planting is simple and may be performed as follows: Take a spade and lift the sod just sufficient to get the spawn under it; then let drop back to its place and press it down firmly, so that the lawn will not show signs of any disturbance. Without further care an abundant supply of mushrooms can be obtained from August until November. In a favorable season an ordinary lawn or farmer's dooryard will yield sufficient for winter's use.

The spawn should not be put in until about July 1, when the ground is warm and dry; if put in earlier it is liable to rot. The distance apart of the planting will depend upon circumstances; if there is plenty of room, as in the pasture lot, 6 to 8 feet apart would be better. If room is limited put the pieces 1½ feet apart each way. One person can easily plant an acre in half a day, and the cost of spawn will not be more than $3. Try it, as we have tried it, and get more delicious vegetables than you can from the garden at ten times the cost.

Packing Butter in Brine.

Last season we packed our surplus butter on the following plan and found when we sold in December, when the butter was unpacked for sale, it came out just as fresh and well tasted as it was when packed, says the "Dairyman." We adopted the following method:

Bought new pork barrels, scalded them out thoroughly with boiling water three different times, the last time covered the barrel with a cloth to keep in the steam. Let stand until the water cools, then rinse out the barrel with cold water, and the barrel is ready for use. We made a strong brine, by boiling, that would float an egg, skimmed off any scum that was on top, and let stand over night. In the morning the brine would be as clear as crystal. Butter was salted in the usual way, one ounce to the pound. Made into five or six pound rolls, wrapped carefully up in cheese cloth and tied with cotton wrapping twine to keep the cloth in place. The rolls were then placed into the barrels and covered with the brine and kept covered. The air is not allowed to come in contact with it again until unpacked. And my opinion is, right here is where the secret lays in keeping the air excluded, no foul odors can get to it. Some might think the butter would get too salty in such strong brine. Not one bit of danger, if the butter has been properly handled before going in the barrel. We make our butter on the granular plan and press it solidly together. We packed several barrels in this way, and it was in the brine four or five months, and not a fault found to a pound of it. I have no doubt that butter packed in this way can be shipped to any market in the United States or Europe, if ordinary care is taken not to let it lay outside, exposed to the hot sun. Butter can be packed in this way in firkins or in any vessel that will hold the brine.

Dairy Cows.

In selecting a dairy cow, the question is generally asked, how much milk does she give per day; but the more important one, "how long does she continue to give that amount," is not always asked. How many cows are there which do not give milk longer than about six months per year. They will give a large flow, but it does not last any length of time. Such an animal is not wanted in the dairy and should go to the butcher. An animal averaging say 50 pounds—equal to about 25 quarts—per day, for seven months will give during that year in round numbers about 10,500 pounds. Another giving but 40 pounds per day—or 12 gallons less—for ten months will during the year give 12,000 pounds, a difference in 1,500 pounds in favor of the cow giving the 12 less per day. Considering the milk worth 3 cents per quart, will make a difference of $22 50 per year. The same is true of the quality. In comparing two animals, the one may give a third more milk during a certain period than the other, but the difference in the quality may be such that the second will yield a third more butter than the first. These are questions which interest every farmer more or less, and a careful test of every animal upon the place may save much in the end.

Tomato Rot.

A subscriber wants to know what is the cause of tomato rot. He says "the season has been unprecedentedly dry." That accounts for the whole trouble. When rain comes in sufficient quantity the tomatoes will cease to rot. Very dry weather for the last three years rotted all our tomatoes but gave us a big grape crop. A very wet season in 1884 rotted all our grapes but gave us plenty of tomatoes. This year was dry at first, which secured the grape crop but rotted our first tomatoes, and now that we are having rain, the tomatoes have quit rotting and we have both.

Agricultural Notes.

Give the birds you want to fatten plenty of charcoal. Now is the time to feed it to turkeys.

Fifteen million gallons of cotton seed oil were used last year in manufacturing "refined lard."

Eleven of the eighteen presidents of the United States elected by the people were sons of farmers.

In teaching a young horse to back give him the advantage of a down grade until he has learned what is required of him.

It is the verdict everywhere that creamery is stimulate farmers to keep more and better cows, Mr. Hale says in the "Connecticut Courant."

No branch of farming is more profitable or conducted with less labor than orcharding when the products can be sold even at a moderate price. Besides this, apple trees may be planted on land too rough for root or grain culture, and high altitudes are more exempt from killing by frost than orchards in the valleys or lowlands.

Feed your horses regularly three times daily, but never over-feed. Water before feeding, but not while the horse is hot from work. Use the whip very little, and never when the animal shies or stumbles. Never leave a horse standing unhitched. It is the way to make them runaways. Do not storm and fret. Be quiet and kind, and the horse will be so too in most cases.

The advice on the apple crop from Lockport, N. Y., are: The thousands of barrels of apples lying ready for shipment in the buying centres of the great sections of New York State are beginning to move toward the Western markets. Apple-growers who hoped to realize a small fortune of their fruits will be sadly disappointed. Apples, apples everywhere! Fall fruit brought a fair price. Then came the drop, and now buyers say that there is so much fruit that they could obtain all they want even at lower figures, but are ashamed to ask the farmer to take less. The King apples are mostly in demand, but the crop is almost through. The remnant brought only $1.50 in Western New York. There seems to be a scarcity in Greenings, if scarcity it could be called, as that variety will be next in demand. Thy will bring $1.20 to $1.30 a barrel. Baldwins and Russets are so numerous that buyers do not seem anxious to touch them. In all probability they will bring less than $1. There seems to be no chance for the market to improve, so great is the supply.

Pearls of Truth.

The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing.

Of all the created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.

Each year, one vicious habit rooted out in time ought to make the worst man good.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself upon what he has honestly got and prudently used.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

We can finish nothing in this life; but we make a beginning and bequeath a noble example.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence which costs us nothing.

The wealth of man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Our happiness, as thinking beings, must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge.

The way to cure our prejudices is this—that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.

Hold fast by the present! Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite valeu, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.

The ideal, life, the life of full completions, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.

Every widespread error contains a concealed truth. That is the point on which we must fasten if we wish to overthrow the error.

They who call themselves men of the world, and pride themselves accordingly upon their knowledge, are of all men those who know least of human nature.

The grandest attribute of our created minds, one that belongs to no other finite creature whatever, is that they have the gift of a growth everlasting.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends. It involves many things; but, above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and approaching whatever is noble and living in another man.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Reasoning Power—A high, long and well defined nose and a broad face exhibits this great faculty.

California.

Ask for tickets via the old established and favorite Overland route comprising the Chicago and North Western, and Union and Southern Pacific Railways. Two fast trains leave Chicago daily with unrivalled accommodations for first and second class passengers. Rates no higher than by other lines. Baggage checked through. Full information, covering rates, etc., with time tables and maps given by J. H. MORLEY, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

At Nice—M. le Baron (complacently)—"Weally, Miss Amidon, I cawnt see what makes Mees Jenkins fleert so outwageously wiz me! Waat can I do to get rid of her?" Miss A.—"Propose to her. She's a girl of sense."

A Seattle (Wash. T.) house has been cut in two through a dispute between the owners of the site.

A Good Light is indespensible to the comfort of a family during the long winter evenings. Poor coal oil in a house is next thing to bad bread. Housekeepers who cannot have gas should use "Carbon Safety Oil." Sold by dealers everywhere.

It is reported that much of the cod liver oil of Russia is adulterated with liquid paraffine, in some cases as much as 50 per cent.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Book sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M V Lubon 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

A New York jeweler sells watch movements as low as twenty-five cents.

Rattlesnakes as Food.

It is said of a strong political partizan that he would swallow rattlesnakes if party interests demanded it. It is only men of this sort who, without protest, swallow the large, old-fashioned pills. Sensible people, requiring medicine to cleanse their systems, invariably use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are unrivaled in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

Irrigation has produced a great crop of mosquitoes at Los Angeles, Cal.

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The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being daily wrought by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it trial. All druggists.

A. P. 425

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Commencing on Saturday, Nov. 10th, there will be a daily first-class through train service between St. Paul and Butte, Montana, comprised of Drawing-room, Sleeping Car, Day Coaches, Dining Car and Free Colonist Sleeper. Equipment new, modern and equal to the best.

Leaving St. Paul every morning and running directly through to Butte. The only line without change and the only line via Ft. Buford Ft. Benton, Great Falls and Helena.

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J. M. HUCKINS, Travelling Pass. Ag't, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto.

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ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON

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This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

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Because we allow the nerves to remain weakened and irritated, and these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

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We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—
Mamma tried all the rest, [*Yes indeed,*
So she knows it's the best,
**Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the*
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

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ONTARIO—TORONTO, 30 Front street East.
" OTTAWA, 30 Sparks street.
" BELLEVILLE, L. W. Yeomans & Co.
QUEBEC—MONTREAL, E. Cavanagh.
MARITIME PROVINCES—St. John, Jos. Bullock & Sons.
MANITOBA and N.W.T.—BRANDON, W. Johnston & Co.

Sam'l Rogers & Co., Toronto, Canada.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSN.

CAPITAL AND FUNDS NOW OVER $3,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, 32 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

A HOME COMPANY, ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1871.

To this date, October 31, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heirs of Policy-holders (death claims)	$949,349 00
To the holders of matured End. wment Policies	96,492 68
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	96,656 00
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	432,544 03
To holders of Annuity Bonds	16,967 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on Security of their Policies	82,266 90
	$1,806,174 47

Policies in Force over 10,000. Amount over $15,000,000.

PRESIDENT—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ESQ.; EDWARD HOOPER, ESQ.
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

RELY ON HOP BITTERS.

A WONDERFUL NERVE TONIC. A Medicine, not a Drink. Cure All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints, DRUNKENESS.

It may Save Your Life. $1,000 Reward paid for a case they will not cure.

OUR DRESS GOODS

STILL HOLD THE LEAD.

We have this week received another lot of Dress Goods, bought very low, and can sell them at less than wholesale prices. Our selection has been a happy hit, as dressy patterns and low prices rule the day.

B. O'HARA.

East Northumberland.

CAMPBELLFORD, Nov. 22.—The election in East Northumberland yesterday to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the unseating of Edward Cochrane (Con.), resulted in his return by a majority of 53 over Albert E. Mallory (Lib.).

East Northumberland had several contests since 1880. In that year Darius Crowter, a local preacher and a Liberal, defeated William Kennedy (Con.) in a contest for the seat made vacant by the death of the late Joseph Keeler; his majority was about 200. In 1884, Edward Cochrane, the new member elect, left Mr. Crowter at home. At the general election in 1887 Dr. Mallory fought the constituency and beat Mr. Cochrane by 8 votes. He was unseated and at the next election in December, 1887, Mr. Cochrane was successful by 24 votes, only in his turn to be unseated.

Terrible Accident.

A DESERONTO SAWYER MAIMED IN A MOST SHOCKING MANNER.

DESERONTO, Nov. 24.—A terrible accident happened at the big lumber mill of the Rathbun Company this morning. Felix Cautre, a man about 40 years of age, was employed on the bucking saws and in some way got caught in the gang and was drawn on to the saws. One saw cut his head open, exposing the brain, another nearly cut off his left arm, while the third split his left foot open. Both legs were also badly cut. He was immediately taken to his home, where the arm was amputated and the other wounds dressed by Dr. Newton. He withstood the operation finely and may recover from the accident. He had been at work in the mill but a short time and has a large family.

A Sad Case.

A Widowed Mother's Painful Experience With Two Lawyers.

(Ontario.)

A sad case is reported from Hungerford Township, where a widowed mother is shortly to be ejected from her home through the duplicty of two dishonest lawyers. Her name is Mrs. Dirkin and she lives directly opposite the Catholic Church in Stoco. Her story as related to the neighbors is a particularly distressing wail of one who has been caught in the meshes of the law. For ways that are dark two lawyers who are now enjoying the freedom of Uncle Sam's domain, took money from her husband and afterwards from herself until she is left now with a family of children an object of public charity. Several years ago her husband borrowed $800 from a gentleman in Madoc township and by dint of hard work paid $200 on the mortgage. E. G. Ponton acting as agent then for the Credit Foncier, Toronto, induced Dirkin, to negotiate a loan in that Company and pay off the mortgage held by the Madoc man. This he consented to do and the papers were signed, but instead of the first mortgage being paid off poor Dirkin found that a second loan had been obtained and the farm was then mortgaged for $1200 Ponton left the country about the time of Dirkin's death and the widow gave Stephen O'Brien fees from time to time to get one of the mortgages set aside, but to her surprise one day she found he, too, had levanted, Then her last hope vanished and the machinery of the law was set in motion to eject her. She was served with a final notice of fore closure by the Credit Foncier and in a few days will be driven from the old homestead. She is now sick in bed, while her mother is looking after her and the children.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 1? W. St. N.Y.

WHEAT WANTED.

We are now prepared to buy any quantity of wheat, for which we will pay the highest cash price, delivered at Madoc Roller Mills.

FRED. ROLLINS.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOTS 6 and 7, in the 11th concession, Monteagle, will be offered for sale by public auction at Maynooth on January 10th, 1889, at 12 o'clock, noon.

34-tf MRS. JANE GREEN.

TO LET,

DWELLING HOUSE and store, together with outbuildings. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM GEORGE,
Maynooth P. O., Ont.

October 30th, 1888. 32-4w

THE PANSY FOR 1889.

Edited by PANSY.—Mrs. G. R. Alden.

THE PANSY is an illustrated monthly containing from thirty-five to forty pages of reading matter. It is devoted to young folks from eight to fifteen. Its contributors are among the best writers for young folks.

Pansy's New Serial will run throughout the year and is entitled *The Way Out.*

Pansy will also continue her *Golden Text Stories.*

Margaret Sidney has a serial story entitled *Bob: A Story for Boys.* It is full of the adventures, frolics and ambitions of a wide-awake boy.

Mrs. C. M. Livingston has tales of child-life and child-ways, in a new department, *Baby's Corner.*

The Bible Band Readings, The Queer Story column and *The P. S. Corner* will all be continued.

The Pansy is only One Dollar a year. A specimen copy for five cents.

☞ You can get your own subscription free by sending two new subscribers with two dollars to pay for same. You must remit direct to

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHS

PORTRAITS IN ALL THE STYLES.

BABIES TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY,

thus insuring a good portrait in almost every case.

By the use of the dry plates, finer work can be made in dark days than was possible by the old process. But we do not want anyone to depend on that, and defer coming till near sunset. The nearer the sun is to the zenith the better the light, and good results more certain. A dark day at noon is better than a bright day at 5 p. m.

BOOTS of all kinds on hand, and made to order on the premises.

D. MORRICE.

Madoc, April 21, 1887. 3ly

STAR GROCERY.

Wright's Block Madoc, Ont.

We beg to remind our numerous customers and the public generally that we are now receiving

NEW GOODS DAILY

for the Fall Trade, which will be found to be right, both in

QUALITY AND PRICE

Groceries of all kinds.
Teas a specialty.
Canned Goods, etc.
Flour, Pork, Rolled Bacon,
Hams, and Lard.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail.

CHURCH & TODD.

DON'T FORGET

The table. Of course we know you will not, but we thought we would remind you that we have

A DAINTY STOCK

of choice Groceries, which should claim your attention at this time. We have many

New Delicacies

which will satisfy the taste of the most critical epicure. And we have a

NICE FRESH STOCK

of Staple Goods which we are selling at prices that leave only a very small margin of profit.

Choice Teas,
Aromatic Coffee.

All kinds of this season's

CANNED GOODS

and a fine stock of all the requisites for a Christmas Pudding. If low prices for standard goods will please you, send your orders.

GRAY & McGREGOR,
MADOC.

WHITE'S
Agricultural, Wagon and Sleigh WORKS.

WE have in stock for this season's trade a choice assortment of

STEEL AND IRON PLOUGHS

including the steel Wellington. We are agents for the famous

Steel Frame Spring Tooth Harrow,

the best in the market.

LUMBER WAGONS,

Tubular Axles, Pipe Box and Skein, at prices to suit the purchaser.

A full and complete assortment of

STOVES

for Coal or Wood. We would invite inspection to our line of Cook Stoves.

Special attention given to

Wagon Repairng and General Blacksmithing.

Would be pleased to have farmers visit our works and examine the stock we are putting in wagons and sleighs.

J. & J. WHITE.

L. C. Adams'
CARRIAGE WORKS

A FINE THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT FOR SALE.

Wagons, Buggies, Democrats, &c., Always on hand.

Don't forge the place,

MULLETT'S CORNERS MADOC

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $8,700,000.

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Or to **E. D. O'FLYNN,**
Appraiser at Madoc.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

We have pleasure in announcing that in a few days our Fall and Winter Stock will be complete in every department, when we shall be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

Our stock, as usual, will consist of Dry Goods, Carpets, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

We feel confident that a better selected stock of goods has never been offered to the public in Madoc, and at the lowest possible prices.

We have some lines of fall and winter goods left over from last season which we are disposing of at below cost.

Rare bargains are now being offered. Don't fail to give us a call.

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, Sept. 19th, 1888. **POST OFFICE BLOCK**

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Its famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff o it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY's Establishment,
78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 78, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*